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MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF
ENGLAND : THE PRETENDER*
VOL. 2

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Memoirs of the Court of England

FROM THE FRENCH OF
MADAME DE MONTAIGNAC

By John Evelyn, Esq.

Translated from the French of
MADAME DE MONTAIGNAC

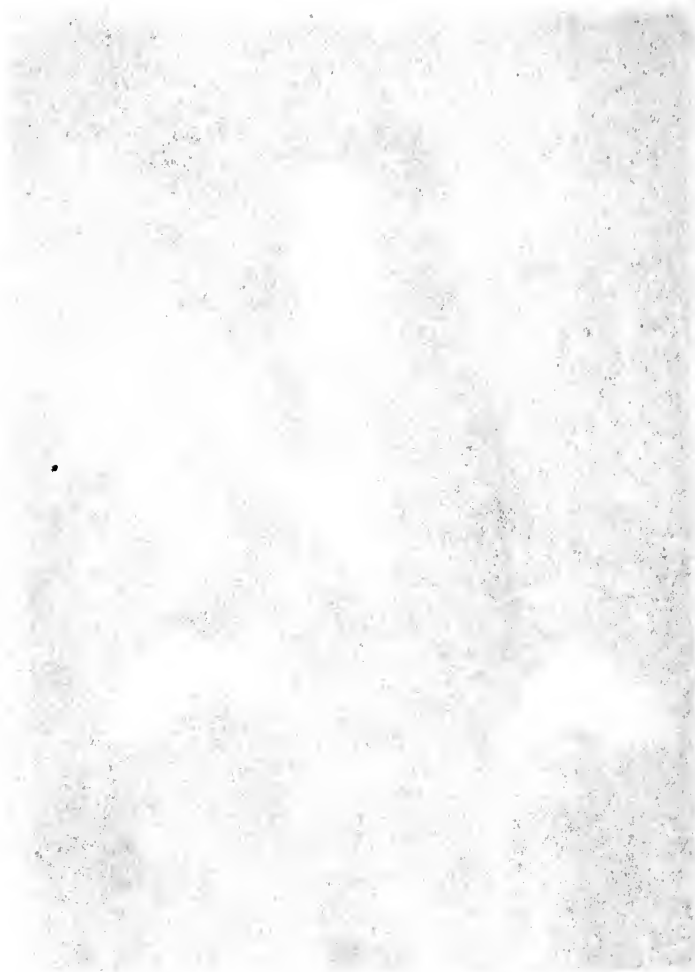


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Prince James Francis Stuart

From the painting by Alexis Belle



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Memoirs of the Court of England

THE PRETENDERS AND
THEIR ADHERENTS

By John Heneage Jesse

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Volume II.



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THE PRETENDERS

AND THEIR ADHERENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Pusillanimous Conduct of the Clergy — Proclamation of Charles Inviting Them to Return to Their Duties — Daily Courts at Holyrood — Balls — Charles's Desire to March into England Counteracted by His Chiefs — Their Reluctant Consent to Accompany Him.

THE conduct of the Scottish clergy, when they found themselves subjected for a time to the temporal rule of Charles and his Highland chieftains, has been strongly and deservedly reprehended. With a pusillanimity for which they were afterward severely censured even by their own friends, they persisted in absenting themselves altogether from the performance of their religious duties, a circumstance which, though it seems to have been the result merely of individual timidity, yet had very nearly the effect of being as detrimental to the cause of the adventurer as if it had resulted from a deliberate policy.

On the part of the adherents of the Stuarts there was certainly no slight ground for fearing that the example set by the Presbyterian clergy in Edinburgh might produce a disagreeable effect on the minds of their respective congregations. No one, indeed, knew better than Charles himself that the battle which he had to fight, both in Scotland and England, was not so much against the military legions of the house of Hanover as against the prejudices which attached to his cause from the recollection of the overweening bigotry of his grandfather, James the Second, to whom, when compared with his object of enslaving the religious principles of his subjects, the loss of three crowns had appeared light in the scale. In Scotland, more especially, the name of James the Second, ever since the revolution of 1688, had invariably been denounced from the pulpit as the bugbear of Protestantism ; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that his descendants, who unfortunately inherited from him the same religious principles, should have shared the stigma which had so long attached itself to the dreaded bigotry of their predecessor.

Whether Charles Edward, had he succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of his ancestors, would have proved himself sincere in his professions of securing to his subjects that religious toleration which (in the halcyon days when he was a candidate for their suffrages and support) he

had so freely promised them, may, perhaps, be doubted, but of course can never be proved. During the brief annals of the reign of James the Second England had learned a lesson which it might still be fatal for her to forget; neither can it be doubted — so long, at least, as the Roman Catholic clergy continues sedulously to insinuate its wily and ambitious policy alike into the closets of kings and the cottages of the poor — that it would be dangerous to entrust the liberties of a free and great people to a monarch who, under the domineering influence of an intriguing priesthood, might be induced to renew the insane and tyrannical line of policy which was enacted by the second James. That such was the opinion of the great majority of the people of England, no one was more fully aware than the prince himself, nor how important it was that the public mind should be disabused of the idea that he was treading in the steps of his grandfather. As a first step, therefore, toward accomplishing this object, it was deemed of the utmost consequence that the Presbyterian clergy should be induced to return to the discharge of their religious duties, lest their absence from their respective pulpits might be ingeniously construed into an act of oppression and intolerance on the part of the prince.

Charles, therefore, issued a solemn proclamation, in which he invited the Presbyterian clergy to resume the performance of public worship in their

respective churches, promising them that they should receive no interruption in the fulfilment of their duties, but, on the contrary, that they should be upheld by his protection and support. The proclamation concluded: "If, notwithstanding hereof, any shall be found neglecting their duty in that particular, let the blame lie entirely at their own door, as we are resolved to inflict no penalty that may possibly look like persecution." Again, in another proclamation of a similar character, the prince affirms it to be the solemn intention of the king, his father, to reinstate all his subjects in the full enjoyment of their religion, laws, and liberties. "Our present attempt," he says, "is not undertaken in order to enslave a free people, but to redress and remove the encroachments made upon them; not to impose upon any a religion which they dislike, but to secure them all in the enjoyment of those which are respectively at present established amongst them, either in England, Scotland, or Ireland."

Notwithstanding, however, these repeated exhortations, the clergy still persisted in absenting themselves from their religious duties; and only one of their body, by name Macvicar, — notwithstanding many of the Highlanders were in the habit of forming a part of his congregation, — continued not only to preach as usual, but even was bold enough to pray openly for King George. His loyalty, however, was usually clothed in language

of dubious though significant import. "Bless the king," was one of his prayers, "thou knowest what king I mean, and may the crown sit long easy on his head; and for the man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech thee in mercy take him to thyself and give him a crown of glory."

Of the habits of Charles, during the brief period that he held his court in the ancient palace of Holyrood, some interesting particulars have been handed down to us. "In order," says Home, "to carry on business with the appearance of royalty, he appointed a council to meet in Holyrood House every day at ten o'clock." This council consisted of the two lieutenant-generals, the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray; the quartermaster-general, O'Sullivan; Lord Elcho, colonel of the prince's horse-guards; Secretary Murray, Lords Ogilvie, Pitsligo, Nairn, and Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke of Gordon, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and all the Highland chiefs. "When the council rose," says Home, "which often sat very long,—for his councillors frequently differed in opinion with one another and sometimes with him,—Charles dined in public with his principal officers. After dinner he rode out with his life-guards, and usually went to Duddingstone, where his army lay. In the evening he returned to Holyrood House, and received the ladies who came to his drawing-room; he then supped in public, and generally

there was music at supper and a ball afterward."

An Englishman, who was sent about this period from York to Edinburgh to be a spy upon the prince's actions, has left us some additional particulars relating to the habits of Charles during the time he held his court at Holyrood. "I was introduced to him," he says, "on the 17th [October], when he asked me several questions as to the number of the troops, and the affections of the people of England. The audience lasted for a quarter of an hour, and took place in the presence of two other persons. The young chevalier is about five feet eleven inches high, very proportionably made, wears his own hair, has a full forehead, a small but lively eye, a round, brown-complexioned face; nose and mouth pretty small; full under the chin; not a long neck; under his jaw a pretty many pimples. He is always in a Highland habit, as are all about him. When I saw him he had a short Highland plaid (tartan) waistcoat, breeches of the same, a blue garter on, and a St. Andrew's cross hanging by a green ribbon at his buttonhole, but no star. He had his boots on, as he always has. He dines every day in public. All sorts of people are permitted to see him then. He constantly practises all the arts of condescension and popularity, talks familiarly to the meanest Highlanders, and makes them very fair promises."

Photo-etching from a rare old engraving by Dixon.
Palace of Holyrood.



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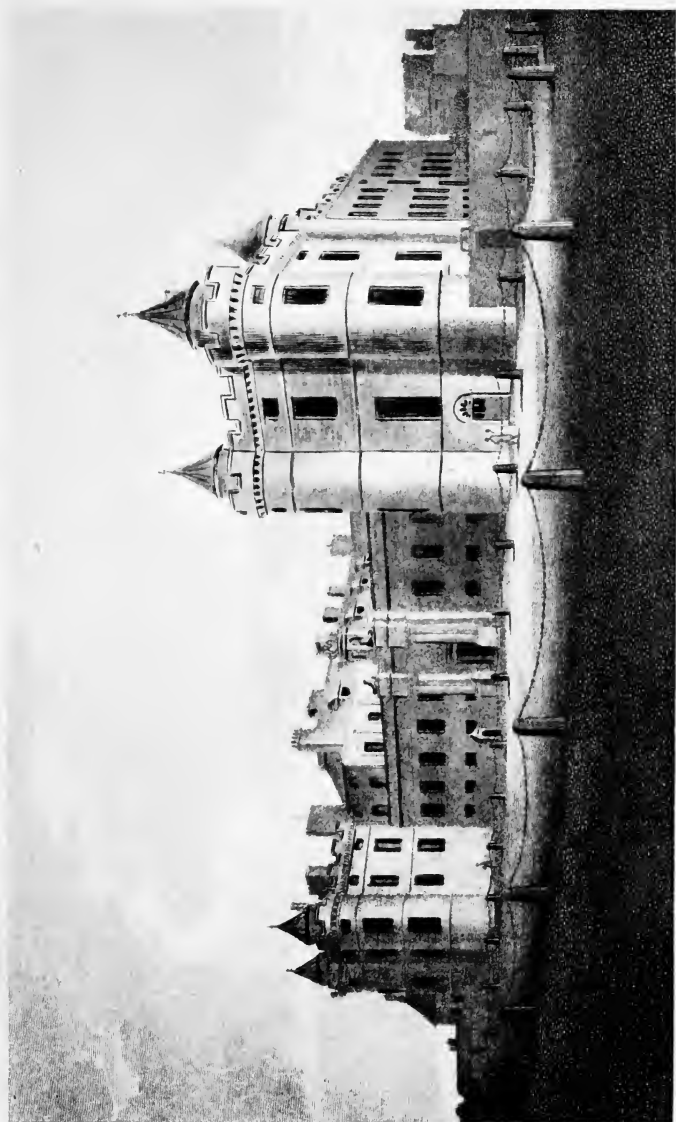
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Palace of Holyrood.

Photo-etching from a rare old engraving by Dixon.



At his balls, which were held in the long gallery at Holyrood, Charles, we are told, was usually dressed with great care and elegance, "in a habit of fine silk tartan with crimson velvet breeches, and at other times in an English court dress, with the ribbon, star, and order of the garter." The balls given by Charles at Holyrood are described as having been unusually gay and splendid; of the ladies of rank, however, who attended them, if we except the Duchess of Perth and Lady Pittligo, there is no particular record.

Mention has already been made that by far the majority of the women of Scotland were enthusiastically devoted to the cause of the young and gallant prince. Dazzled by the romance of the enterprise which he had so boldly undertaken and so bravely conducted, captivated by his polished manners, his insinuating address and handsome person, his high birth, and that grace and propriety for which he was so eminently distinguished, the women of Scotland gave him their suffrages and their prayers; and on many occasions, by inducing their lovers, and sometimes their husbands and brothers, to declare themselves in his favour, appear to have done essential service to his cause.

As an instance corroborative of this fact may be mentioned the case of a Miss Lumsden, who prevailed upon her lover, Robert Strange, afterward the celebrated line-engraver, to join the

standard of the prince on condition that he might hereafter claim her hand. Yielding to the entreaties of his mistress, he fortunately survived the dangers of the enterprise, and was subsequently made happy by receiving the promised reward. In the best families in Scotland the ladies were seen decorated with white ribbons and with the celebrated white cockade, in honour of the young and handsome hero. Thousands who were possessed of jewels and other female ornaments willingly sold or pledged them to relieve him in his pecuniary difficulties, while those to whom fortune had behaved more niggardly yielded to him at least their warmest wishes in the days of his prosperity, and their tears in the hour of his distress. Even the pensive and melancholy look — which, as in the case of his great-grandfather, Charles the First, is said to have been the characteristic expression of his countenance even among the gayest scenes — increased, if possible, the deep interest with which he was regarded by the fair ladies of the North.

There was another class of persons to whose influence and attachment to his cause Charles was scarcely less indebted than to that of the fair sex. We allude to the national poets of Scotland, if so they may be styled, who, by those pathetic and heart-stirring melodies which, when listened to even at the present day, still bring a tear to the eye and awake romance in the heart,

threw a magic charm over the cause of the unfortunate Stuarts and assisted, in a considerable degree, in inflaming the spirit of popular enthusiasm which already prevailed on their behalf.

Charles, on his part, actuated partly perhaps by motives of deep policy, and partly by a feeling of gratitude to those who had risked everything in his cause, missed no opportunity of flattering the prejudices of the Scottish people, and rendering himself the object of their love. He was either delighted, or pretended to be, with everything national in, or peculiar to, Scotland. At the balls at Holyrood he was careful to call alternately for Highland and Lowland tunes, taking care to give no particular preference to either. He accommodated himself indifferently to all ages and to all ranks. He could be gallant with the fair, lively with the young, and grave with the old. At one hour of the day he was seen conversing familiarly with the humblest of his Highland followers at his camp at Duddingstone; at another he was engaged in deliberating in solemn council with his principal officers; and at night he was seen leading the dance, and dallying with the fair dames of Edinburgh in the old halls at Holyrood.

Such was the "bonnie Prince Charlie" of Scottish song; and when we remember the circumstances of his romantic expedition, and his own personal graces and accomplishments, can we

wonder that a nation — so prudent, it may be, as the Scotch, but still so proverbially affectionate to their kindred — should have forgotten for a season their allegiance to their German masters, who ruled them with feelings of equal indifference from their palace at St. James's, or from their still more distant and more favourite retreat at Herenhausen? Can we wonder that the greater portion of the Scottish nation should have hailed with affectionate pleasure the appearance of the representative of their ancient kings; that they should have been flattered and gratified by his identifying himself with their prejudices, and sedulously courting their esteem; that they should have been pleased at seeing their palaces, so long deserted by royalty, again becoming the scenes of the splendid and courtly hospitality of former days; and, in a word, animated as they were by the most generous feelings of admiration, compassion, and national pride, can we be surprised that they should have yielded up their homage and love, almost unconditionally, as it were, to the lineal and gallant descendant of Robert Bruce?

Another circumstance which tended to swell the ranks of Charles, and to render his cause a popular one, was the proclamation issued by him on the 10th of October. The credit of having drawn up this remarkable document has been given to Sir Thomas Sheridan and Sir James

Stewart.¹ There seems, however, to be little doubt, from the resemblance which the language bears to the style of Charles's private letters, that it received several important touches from his pen, if it was not entirely his own composition. After dwelling on the misfortunes which had befallen the country, and Scotland in particular, in consequence of the misrule of the House of Hanover, and after explaining his own and his father's views as to the manner in which existing religious and political grievances ought to be remedied, Charles thus forcibly concludes his spirited exhortation: "Is not my royal father," he says, "represented as a bloodthirsty tyrant, breathing out nothing but destruction to all those who will not immediately embrace an odious religion? Or have I myself been better used? But listen only to the naked truth. I with my own money hired a vessel, ill-provided with money, arms, or friends; I arrived in Scotland attended by seven persons;

¹ Evidence of Murray, of Broughton, in his secret examination, August 13, 1746. Sir James Stewart, of Goostrees, was the author of the celebrated "Inquiry into the Principles of Political Economy," the result of the labour and research of eighteen years. He had formed an intimacy with Charles on the Continent, and joined the prince's standard shortly after his arrival at Edinburgh. After the battle of Culloden he was fortunate enough to effect his escape to France, taking up his residence in the first instance at Sedan, and afterward in Flanders. In 1763, having received an assurance that he should not be molested by the government, he returned to Scotland, where he died in November, 1780, at the age of sixty-seven.

I publish the king my father's declaration, and proclaim his title with pardon in one hand and in the other liberty of conscience, and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free Parliament shall propose for the happiness of the people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory, and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amidst the acclamations of the king my father's subjects. As to the outcries formerly raised against the royal family, whatever miscarriages might have given occasion for them have been more than atoned for since, and the nation has now an opportunity of being secured against the like for the future. That our family has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years everybody knows. Has the nation during that period of time been the more happy and flourishing? Have you found reason to love and cherish your governors as the fathers of the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Has a family, upon whom a faction unlawfully bestowed the diadem of a rightful prince, retained a due sense of so great a trust and favour? Have you found more humanity and condescension in those who were not born to a crown, than in my royal forefathers? Have they or do they consider only the interest

of these nations? Have you reaped any other benefit from them than an immense load of debts? If I am answered in the affirmative, why has their government been so often railed at in all your public assemblies? Why has the nation been so long crying out for redress?

“The fears of the nation from the powers of France and Spain appear still more vain and groundless. My expedition was undertaken unsupported by either. But, indeed, when I see a foreign force brought by my enemies against me; and when I hear of Dutch, Danes, Hessians, and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover’s allies, being called over to protect his government against the king’s subjects, is it not high time for the king my father to accept also of assistance? Who has the better chance to be independent of foreign powers, he who, with the aid of his own subjects, can wrest the government out of the hands of an intruder, or he who cannot, without assistance from abroad, support his government, though established by all the civil power, and secured by a strong military force, against the undisciplined part of those he has ruled over for so many years? Let him, if he pleases, try the experiment; let him send off his foreign hirelings, and put all upon the issue of a battle, and I will trust only to the king my father’s subjects.”

During his stay in Edinburgh several of the Lowland gentlemen joined the standard of the

prince. Among these were Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of the Earl of Airly, at the head of four hundred followers, and Lord Pitsligo, with about one hundred and twenty. The accession of the latter nobleman was of great importance to Charles. Lord Pitsligo was, indeed, far advanced in years ; but not only, from his high sense of honour and the charm of his personal character, had he won for himself as much love and influence in the Lowlands as Lochiel had obtained in the Highlands, but also, from his almost proverbial reputation for wariness, prudence, and strong sense, he was the occasion of his example being followed by many of his Lowland neighbours, who had taught themselves to believe that any act of Lord Pitsligo's must infallibly be right. "This peer," says Home, "who drew after him such a number of gentlemen, had only a moderate fortune ; but he was much beloved and greatly esteemed by his neighbours, who looked upon him as a man of excellent judgment and of a wary and cautious temper ; so that when he, who was deemed so wise and prudent, declared his purpose of joining Charles, most of the gentleman in that part of the country where he lived, who favoured the Pretender's cause, put themselves under his command, thinking they could not follow a better or a safer guide than Lord Pitsligo." Doctor King, also, who was well acquainted with Lord Pitsligo, observes : "I always observed him ready to de-

fend any other person who was ill-spoken of in his company. If the person accused were of his acquaintance, my Lord Pitsligo would always find something good to say of him as a counterpoise. If he were a stranger, and quite unknown to him, my lord would urge in his defence the general corruption of manners, and the frailties and infirmities of human nature."

While at Edinburgh, also, Charles was joined by General Gordon, of Glenbucket, with four hundred followers from the highlands of Aberdeenshire, and by Macpherson of Cluny, with three hundred of his clan. Every effort and exertion was made by Charles and the leading chieftains to organise and discipline the insurgent army. Two troops of cavalry were enrolled with the utmost expedition, one of which was placed under the command of Lord Elcho, and the other entrusted to Lord Balmerino. A troop of horse-grenadiers was also enrolled, which was placed under the command of the unfortunate Lord Kilmarnock. The prince paid a visit to his camp at Duddingstone nearly every day, for the purpose of reviewing or exercising his troops, and not unfrequently slept in the camp without taking off his clothes.¹

¹ "The prince's tent has been erected in the camp near Duddingstone, where his Royal Highness lies every night, wrapped up in his Highland plaid. He takes the utmost pleasure in reviewing his people, and is highly beloved by them. There was yesterday a general review."

It had been the darling wish of Charles, after obtaining his victory at Preston Pans, to march at once into England, where he hoped to be immediately joined by many of the most influential among the English Jacobites, and by their means be enabled to follow up his recent success by a still more decisive blow. To have adopted this measure, however, under existing circumstances, and with his present inefficient means, would have amounted pretty nearly to an act of insanity. Already the royal forces, under the command of Field-marshal Wade, were making head at Doncaster; and, moreover, many of the prince's own followers had returned to their native mountains, in order, as was their custom, to deposit their booty with their families. Charles, also, had yet to be joined by many of the most powerful of the Highland chieftains, whose arrival at the head of their respective vassals he was anxiously expecting; and, moreover, had he marched at once into England, he must have abandoned all hope of receiving some important supplies of money and ammunition, which he trusted would be sent to him in a short time by the French government, and which could only be landed with safety at Montrose, Dundee, or some other of the north-eastern ports of Scotland.

At length, however, the hour arrived when Charles rightly judged that to remain any longer in supineness in Edinburgh — while Marshal Wade

was rapidly concentrating a superior and perhaps overwhelming force — must inevitably lead to fatal results. We have seen that, since the battle of Preston Pans, the prince had been joined by fresh and considerable accessions of strength both from the Highlands and Lowlands. Already the powerful clan of the Frasers was taking the field under the master of Lovat, and in Aberdeenshire the Gordons were being raised by Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the duke.¹ In point of supplies, also, both of ammunition and money, the prince's resources had been greatly augmented. From the city of Glasgow he had exacted the sum of £5,000, and from Edinburgh he had obtained one thousand tents and six thousand pair of shoes, besides various other useful articles for the service of his army. The public revenues and the king's rents had been levied in every part of Scotland where it

¹ "Yesternight, the Right Honourable Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the deceased Alexander, Duke of Gordon, came and kissed the prince's hand, and joined his Royal Highness's standard. His lordship was some time an officer in the navy. The court, which was very numerous and splendid, seemed in great joy on this occasion, as several gentlemen, not only of the name of Gordon, but many others in the shires of Aberdeen, Banff, and Murray, who had declined joining the prince's standard, unless some one or other of the sons of the illustrious house of Gordon was to head them, will now readily come up and join the army." — *Edinburgh Mercury*, October 16, 1745. Lord Lewis Gordon was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, 1st of August, 1744, and his name appears on the list of the navy till the month of June, 1746. He was attainted for his share in the rebellion, and died unmarried in 1754.

was practicable; the goods were seized in the custom-houses at Leith and at other ports, and immediately converted into money; by a French ship, which arrived at Montrose, he received £5,000, and more recently three more ships had appeared off the northeastern coast, which brought him the additional sum of £1,000, besides five thousand stand of arms, a train of six field-pieces, and several French and Irish officers.

Notwithstanding the improved condition of the prince's affairs, the Highland chieftains displayed a singular and obstinate reluctance to be led into England. In vain did Charles argue on the absolute necessity of giving battle to Marshal Wade, before the latter could concentrate a still superior force; in vain did he insist that they had thrown away the scabbard; that all their hopes depended upon immediate action; that passiveness would be construed into pusillanimity; and that, though they might at present boast of being masters of Scotland, yet that the tenure even of that country, which contained all that they held dear in life, depended upon their also making themselves masters of England. Three several councils were summoned by Charles for the purpose of deliberating on this important question, and on each occasion he found himself vehemently opposed by the Highland chieftains. It ought to be the prince's chief object, they said, to endeavour, by every possible means, to secure himself in the govern-

ment of his ancient kingdom, and to defend himself against the armies of England, without attempting for the present to extend his views to that country. "This," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was the advice which every one gave the prince, and if he had followed it, he might still perhaps, have been in possession of that kingdom. By thus fomenting," adds the chevalier, "the natural hatred and animosity which the Scots have in all times manifested against the English, the war would have become national, and this would have been a most fortunate circumstance for the prince." Such were the vain and absurd arguments insisted upon by the Highland chieftains, — as if it were possible that Scotland, with almost all her civil and military officers in favour of the house of Hanover, with a great portion of her Lowland population prejudiced on behalf of that family, and with the armies of England and her allies arrayed against her, could have held out beyond one or two unprofitable campaigns among the rugged fastnesses of the Highlands. Disgusted with this repeated opposition to his dearest wishes, Charles at length betrayed himself into a peremptoriness of language and manner which, according to Lord Elcho, he gave vent to on more occasions than one, when violently opposed by his council.¹

¹ "The prince," says Lord Elcho, "used, in council, **always** first to declare what he himself was for, and then he **asked** everybody's opinion in their turn. There was one-third of the

"I see, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "that you are determined to stay in Scotland, and defend your country, but I am not the less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go *alone*." Charles, young as he was, had obtained a deep insight into human nature, and this speech, more than any other circumstance, is said to have shamed the chiefs into a reluctant concession, and accordingly a march across the border was at length definitively agreed upon.

council whose principles were that kings and princes can never either act or think wrong; so, in consequence, they always confirmed what the prince said. The other two-thirds (who thought that kings and princes were sometimes like other men, and were not altogether infallible, and that this prince was no more so than others) begged leave to differ from him, when they could give sufficient reasons for their difference of opinion. This very often was no difficult matter to do; for as the prince and his old governor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, were altogether ignorant of the ways and customs of Great Britain, and both much for the doctrine of absolute monarchy, they would very often, had they not been prevented, have fallen into blunders which might have hurt the cause. The prince could not bear to hear anybody differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to everybody that did, for he had a notion of commanding the army as any general does a body of mercenaries, and so let them know only what he pleased, and expected them to obey without inquiring further about the matter." It is but fair to remind the reader that the above was written by Lord Elcho after he had had a violent quarrel with the prince, and when his feelings were probably coloured by his dislike.

CHAPTER II.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

The Pretender's March into England — Strength of His Army — Arrival at Carlisle — Courageous Conduct of Sergeant Dickson — Arrival at Manchester — Mrs. Skyring Presents Her Purse to the Chevalier — His Arrival at Derby — The Duke of Cumberland's Army only Nine Miles Distant from the Rebels.

ON the 31st of October, at six o'clock in the evening, Charles bade farewell to the ancient capital of Scotland and the palace of his ancestors, and departed on his memorable expedition into England. At the head of his guards, and of Lord Pitsligo's regiment of horse, he proceeded to Pinkie House, where he passed the night. The next day, at noon, he rode to Dalkeith, where he was joined by the great body of his troops, which, at this period, are computed by Home and the best authorities to have amounted to about five thousand six hundred men.¹ They were, generally speaking, well clothed, and well furnished with

¹ The following statement of the numbers of the Highland army is given in "The Life of the Duke of Cumberland," 8vo, London, 1767 :

arms. Proper precautions had been taken for the transfer of their baggage, by means of wagons and sumpter-horses, and they carried with them provisions for four days.

On the 1st of November a large detachment of the Highland army commenced its march, by way of Peebles and Moffat, to Carlisle. Charles himself remained behind till the 3d of the month,

CLAN REGIMENTS AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

Lochiel . . .	Cameron of Lochiel . . .	700
Appin . . .	Stuart of Ardshiel . . .	200
Clanranald . .	Macdonald of Clanranald . .	300
Keppoch . . .	Macdonald of Keppoch . . .	200
Kinlochmoidart .	Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart .	100
Glencoe . . .	Macdonald of Glencoe . . .	120
Macinnon . . .	Macinnon of Macinnon . . .	120
Macpherson . .	Macpherson of Cluny . . .	120
Glengary . . .	Macdonald of Glengary . . .	300
Glenbucket . .	Gordon of Glenbucket . . .	300
Maclauchlan . .	Maclauchlan of that ilk . . .	200
Struan . . .	Robertson of Struan . . .	200
Glenmoriston .	Grant of Glenmoriston . . .	100
		<hr/>
		2,960

LOWLAND REGIMENTS.

Athol . . .	Lord George Murray . . .	600
Ogilvie . . .	Lord Ogilvie, Angus men . .	900
Perth . . .	Duke of Perth . . .	700
Nairn . . .	Lord Nairn . . .	200
Edinburgh . .	Roy Stuart . . .	450

HORSE.

Lord Elcho and Lord Balmerino . . .	120
Lord Pittsligo . . .	80
Earl of Kilmarnock . . .	60

passing the two intervening nights at the palace Dalkeith. On the morning of that day he commenced his march at the head of the remainder of his troops. Passing by Prestonhall Gate, he was informed that the Duchess of Gordon, who resided in the immediate neighbourhood, had ordered a breakfast to be prepared for him and his suite, — a pleasing compliment, but for which act of hospitality she is said to have lost a pension of £1,000 a year, which had been conferred upon her in consideration of her having brought up her children in the principles of the Protestant religion. A compliment of a similar character was paid to him on passing Fala Dams, where the ladies of Whitborough, sisters of one of his most valued adherents, Robert Anderson, had prepared a banquet for him and his suite in the open air. Previous to his departure, a touching request was made to him by the ladies for some trifling bequest which they might hereafter exhibit as having been presented to them by the gallant hero of 1745. Accordingly, Charles cut for them a piece of velvet from the hilt of his sword, a relic which is said to be still preserved at Whitborough with religious care.

On the 5th of November the Highland army arrived at Kelso, where they halted two days, and from thence proceeded in a direct route to Jedburgh. As Charles marched along at the head of his troops, he is said to have been re-

ceived by marks of the most gratifying devotion by the Lowland inhabitants, but more especially by the women, who frequently ran out of their houses to snatch a kiss of his hand.¹

Marching from Jedburgh, by way of Hawick and Hagiehaugh, Charles, on the 8th of November, for the first time set his foot in England at the small town of Brampton. The Highlanders, on finding themselves on the English side of the border, raised a loud shout of exultation, at the same time drawing their swords and flourishing them in the air. Lochiel, however, while in

¹“An old man, who died lately at Jedburgh, remembered having witnessed the departure of the insurgents from his native town. After the prince had crossed the bridge, and was clear of the town, he rode back to see that none of his men had remained behind, and, on ascertaining that fact, galloped after the column, which he overtook at a little distance from the town. When the author was at Jedburgh, in November, 1826, he saw an ancient lady who had been seven years of age when the Highlanders passed her native town, and who distinctly remembered all the circumstances of the memorable pageant. According to her report, they had a great number of horses, which it was said they had taken from the dragoons at Preston. She saw some of them dressing these animals in a stable, and could mimic the strange uncouth jabber which they used in performing the duties of hostlers. In particular, she remembers hearing them call to the beasts, ‘Stand about, Cope!’ etc., the name of that unfortunate general having apparently been applied to all the horses taken from his army, by the way of testifying the contempt in which they held him. As at many other places, Charles was here saluted with marks of devout homage by many of the people as he passed, all the women running out to get a kiss of his hand.”

the act of drawing his weapon, had the misfortune to cut his hand, and the sight of their chieftain's blood is said to have thrown a sudden damp over the spirits of the Highlanders, by whom the circumstance was universally regarded as an evil omen.

If the march into England was distasteful to the Highland chieftains, it was still more unpopular with the humbler clansmen, who had a superstitious dread of being led across the border, and had conceived an idea that some fatal disaster must infallibly result from the measure. So great, indeed, was their aversion to it, that Charles is said to have passed an hour and a half before he could prevail on the great body of his followers to march forward; indeed, before they had advanced many miles into England, it was computed that they had lost a thousand men by desertion.

In the meantime, a division of the Highland army, under the Duke of Perth, had made good its advance to Carlisle. The town and citadel made, in the first instance, some show of resistance; but on a battery being constructed, and a breach opened on the east side of the town, they surrendered upon certain easy conditions, and under an engagement not to serve against the prince for the space of twelve months. The keys were delivered to Charles at Brampton by the mayor and aldermen on their knees.

On the 17th, Charles himself entered the town

of Carlisle in triumph. He was received with coldness by the inhabitants, for they had little reason to be favourably disposed to his cause. "The rebels, while here," says Henderson, "made excessive demands. The cess, excise, and land-tax were exacted under the severest penalties; a contribution from the inhabitants, upon pain of military execution, was extorted; and the private men among them committed many outrages, which their chiefs could not prevent." At Carlisle, as at other places, Charles caused his father to be proclaimed king, and himself regent, with the usual formalities. Here also a considerable quantity of arms fell into his possession, which proved of great service to him.

Between Charles and the South was stationed Field-marshal Wade with six thousand men. That general had made a demonstration, with the view of raising the siege of Carlisle, by marching across the country from Newcastle to Hexham. However, either from the irresolution which had increased with the advance of years, or, as he himself alleged, from his army being impeded by the heavy snow-storms and intense cold, he marched back, on learning the news of the capitulation of Carlisle, to his former quarters, leaving the roads to the South open to the Highland army.

On the 21st of November, Charles, leaving a garrison of about three hundred men at Carlisle, took his departure from that city at the head of

a force which was now reduced to four thousand four hundred men only, and of which Lord George Murray, much to the dissatisfaction of the Duke of Perth, was appointed general in command under the prince. The same evening they arrived at Penrith, where they halted for a single day.

During his march toward the South, Charles enforced the strictest discipline and good order in his army. Every article was promptly paid for in the towns through which he passed, and it may be seen, on reference to his curious household-book printed in the "Jacobite Memoirs," that he himself set the first example by the most punctual payment of all his personal expenses. So rigidly, indeed, were his orders enforced among his followers, that the Highlanders, far from indulging in their proverbial habits of pilfering and plunder, were seen at the doors of the houses and cottages which they passed by in their march, expressing the humblest gratitude for any slight refreshment that was given them.

The uncouth appearance, however, of the wild mountaineers, their strange dress and language, and their peculiar habits, led to their being regarded, in many places, with the greatest terror and aversion by the English inhabitants. Nothing surprised the English more than when they saw the Highlanders act like ordinary beings; the commonest show of gratitude or civility on their part was regarded with looks of astonishment : and

to such an extent was this feeling of prejudice carried that, in a letter written at the period, the writer expresses his amusement and surprise at seeing them, before meat, taking off their bonnets, assuming a reverential air, and saying grace, "as if they had been Christians." The most wonderful stories, indeed, were related of their ferocity and bloodthirstiness, among other instances of which it may be mentioned that the women in the midland counties were in the habit of concealing their children at the approach of the Highlanders, from a belief that the flesh of infants constituted their favourite food. A curious instance of this prejudice occurred to the celebrated Lochiel. "The terror of the English," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was truly inconceivable, and in many cases they seemed bereft of their senses. One evening, as Mr. Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and with uplifted hands and tears in her eyes supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself, when she answered that everybody said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food. Mr. Cameron having assured her that they would not injure her or her little children, or any person whatever, she looked at him for some moments with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with

a loud voice, 'Come out, children, the gentleman will not eat you.' The children immediately left the press, where she had concealed them, and threw themselves at his feet."

On the 23d, the Highland army marched out of Penrith in two divisions, the one, consisting entirely of the Highland clans, being commanded by the prince in person, and the other, comprising the different regiments which had been raised in the Lowlands, being headed by Lord George Murray. In the different towns through which they passed, they levied the public revenue, scrupulously, however, exacting no more than what was actually due to the government. In cases where money had already been subscribed for the service of the government, they were in the habit of levying a sum of equal value from the unlucky subscriber. The appearance of the army, as it defiled along, is described as peculiarly picturesque and striking, the Highland garb being worn indiscriminately by every infantry regiment which composed the insurgent force.

At the head of his own division marched the young and gallant prince, clad in the Highland costume, and with his target slung across his shoulder. Insisting that Lord Pitsligo, on account of his age and infirmities, should take possession of the carriage which had been reserved for himself, he shared, in common with the humblest Highlander, the fatigues and privations of the

march. Of dinner he was never known to partake, his principal meal being his supper, and as soon as it was over he was in the habit of throwing himself upon his bed about eleven o'clock, without undressing, and usually rose the next morning at four. He did not even carry with him a change of shoes ; and it is said that, when in Lancashire, having worn a hole in one of those which he was in the habit of wearing, he stopped at a blacksmith's shop in the nearest village in order to have a thin plate of iron fastened to the bottom of the sole. The blacksmith having been paid for his job, "You are the first person, I believe," said Charles, "who was ever paid for having shod the son of a king." Among other incidents recorded of him during his march, it is mentioned that, on his reaching the River Mersey, the bridges over which were all broken down, he forded the stream at the head of his division, though the water rose to his middle. Only on one occasion, when passing over the dreary district between Penrith and Shap, is Charles said to have discovered any symptoms of fatigue. In this instance, he is related to have walked for several miles, half asleep, leaning on the shoulder of one of the clan Ogilvie, in order to prevent himself from falling.

Passing by Shap and Kendal, the insurgent army advanced to Lancaster, and from thence marched by way of Garstang to Preston, where the two divisions met on the 27th. At the latter

place the Highlanders were again overtaken by a superstitious panic, such as had occasioned so much desertion in their ranks when they first found themselves on the English side of the border. Bearing in mind the famous defeat of their countrymen under the Duke of Hamilton during the great rebellion, and the more recent disaster which had befallen Brigadier MacIntosh at Preston in 1715, the Highlanders had conceived a notion that this was the fatal boundary beyond which a Scottish army was never destined to pass. "To counteract this superstition," says Sir Walter Scott, "Lord George led a part of his troops across the Ribblebridge, a mile beyond Preston, at which town the chevalier arrived in the evening. The spell which arrested the progress of the Scottish troops was thus supposed to be broken, and their road to London was considered as laid open."

At Preston, and in many places throughout the road to Wigan, Charles was received with loud acclamations by the populace, who forgot their terrors of the wild-looking mountaineers, in their desire to catch a view of the gallant young chevalier, and of so remarkable a sight as a Highland army passing by their quiet homes. Neither promises nor threats, however, could induce them to enlist beneath the prince's standard; and when arms were pressed upon them, their usual answer was that they did not understand fighting. "One

of my sergeants," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "named Dickson, whom I had enlisted from among the prisoners of war at Gladsmuir, a young Scotsman, as brave and intrepid as a lion, and very much attached to my interest, informed me, on the 27th, at Preston, that he had been beating up for recruits all day without getting one; and that he was the more chagrined at this, as the other sergeants had had better success. He had quitted Preston in the evening, with his mistress and my drummer; and having marched all night, he arrived next morning at Manchester, which is about twenty miles distant from Preston, and immediately began to beat up for recruits for 'the yellow-haired laddie.' The populace at first did not interrupt him, conceiving our army to be near the town; but as soon as they knew that it would not arrive till the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him prisoner, alive or dead. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him; and by turning around continually, facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle which a crowd of people had formed around them. Having continued for some time to manœuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the house of

Stuart took arms, and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob ; so that he soon got five or six hundred men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn ; and putting himself at the head of his followers, he proudly paraded undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting for my company all who offered themselves. On presenting me with a list of one hundred and eighty recruits, I was agreeably surprised to find that the whole amount of his expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure of Dickson gave rise to many a joke at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the singular circumstance of its having been taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl. The circumstance may serve to show the enthusiastic courage of our army, and the alarm and terror with which the English were seized." ¹ The incident here related is corroborated in a letter from Manchester, dated the 22th of November, which was forwarded by the Duke of Cumberland to the government. "Just now," says the writer, "are come in two of the Pretender's men, a sergeant, a drummer, and a woman with them. I have seen them. The sergeant is a Scotchman, the drummer is a Halifax man, and they are now going to beat

¹ The chevalier afterward complains that these recruits were taken from him, and drafted into what was called the "Manchester Regiment."

up. These two men and the woman, without any others, came into the town amidst thousands of spectators. I doubt not but we shall have more to-night. They say we are to have the Pretender to-morrow. They are dressed in plaids and bonnets. The sergeant has a target."

On the 29th, the insurgent army marched into Manchester, in which town Charles had the gratification of finding his presence hailed with greater marks of good-will, and with a more open display of popular enthusiasm for his cause, than he had hitherto experienced since crossing the border. The populace received him with loud acclamations; the bells were rung in the different churches; bonfires were lighted at night in the streets; thousands of individuals openly wore the white cockade, and numbers thronged to kiss his hand, and to make him offers of service. The prince himself entered the town on foot, about two o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of a gallant band of Highland chieftains and gentlemen. His dress was a light tartan plaid, with a blue sash for a belt, and a blue velvet bonnet, ornamented with a knot of white ribbons in the form of a rose. He took up his quarters in a large house in Market Street, which for many years afterward continued to be designated as "The Palace." It was subsequently converted into an inn, and has recently been pulled down and replaced by another building.

The writer of the letter from which we have just quoted thus addresses himself to the Duke of Cumberland on the day following: "The two Highlanders who came in yesterday, and beat up for volunteers for him they call his Royal Highness, Charles, Prince of Wales, offered five guineas advance; many took on; each received one shilling, to have the rest when the prince came! They do not appear to be such terrible fellows as has been represented. Many of the foot are diminutive creatures, but many clever men among them. The guards and officers are all in a Highland dress, — a long sword, and stuck with pistols, their horses all sizes and colours. The bellman went to order all persons charged with excise, and innkeepers, forthwith to appear, and bring their last acquittance, and as much ready cash as that contains, on pain of military execution. It is my opinion they will make all haste through Derbyshire, to avoid fighting Ligonier. I do not see that we have any person in town to give intelligence to the king's forces, as all our men of fashion are fled, and all officers under the government. A party came in at ten this morning, and have been examining the best houses, and fixed upon Mr. Dicconson's for the prince's quarters. Several thousands came in at two o'clock. They ordered the bells to ring, and the bellman has been ordering us to illuminate our houses to-night, which must be done. The chevalier marched by

my door in a Highland dress, on foot, at three o'clock, surrounded by a Highland guard; no music but a pair of bagpipes. Those that came in last night demanded quarters for ten thousand to-day."

Notwithstanding the apparent popularity of Charles and his cause, the inhabitants of Manchester, like those of Preston and other places, showed the strongest disinclination to take up arms on his behalf; and though a body of two hundred men, styled magniloquently "the Manchester Regiment," were subsequently enrolled, they consisted almost entirely of the meanest of the rabble. Their officers, indeed, comprised some respectable merchants and tradesmen of the place; and Mr. Townley, who was appointed their colonel, was a Roman Catholic gentleman of ancient family, and, moreover, of considerable literary attainments.

On the 1st of December the army quitted Manchester, in two divisions, Charles, at the head of one division, fording the river Mersey at Stockport (all the bridges having been broken down by order of the government), and the other crossing the river lower down at Cheadle. The same night the two divisions reunited at Macclesfield. On his crossing the river Mersey, an affecting incident is said to have occurred to Charles, which is thus related by Lord Mahon, on the authority of the late Lord Keith: "On the opposite bank of the Mersey Charles found a few of the Cheshire gen-

try drawn up ready to welcome him, and amongst them Mrs. Skyring, a lady in extreme old age. As a child, she had been lifted up in her mother's arms to view the happy landing at Dover of Charles the Second. Her father, an old cavalier, had afterward to undergo not merely neglect, but oppression, from that thankless monarch; still, however, he and his wife continued devoted to the royal cause, and their daughter grew up as devoted as they. After the expulsion of the Stuarts, all her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers, were directed to another restoration. Ever afterward she had, with rigid punctuality, laid aside one-half of her yearly income to remit for the exiled family abroad, concealing only the name of the giver, which, she said, was of no importance to them, and might give them pain if they remembered the unkind treatment she had formerly received. She had now parted with her jewels, her plate, and every little article of value she possessed, the price of which, in a purse, she laid at the feet of Prince Charles, while, straining her dim eyes to gaze on his features, and pressing his hand to her shrivelled lips, she exclaimed, with affectionate rapture, in the words of Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!' It is added that she did not survive the shock when, a few days afterward, she was told of the retreat. Such, even when misdirected in its object, or exaggerated in its force, was the old spirit of

loyalty in England! Such were the characters which history is proud to record, and fiction loves to imitate!"

Marching through Congleton, Leek, and Ashbourn, the Highland army, early on the 4th of December, entered the town of Derby, situated only one hundred and twenty-seven miles from the capital of England. At Congleton Charles had received the important and unexpected intelligence that the king's army (headed by the Duke of Cumberland, and amounting to twelve thousand seven hundred men, composed chiefly of veteran regiments) was at Newcastle-under-Lyne, only nine miles to the southwest of him. Nearly at the same time, one Weir, a spy of the Duke of Cumberland, was taken prisoner, and carried to the prince. Many of the Highland chieftains insisted that he should be ordered for immediate execution; but he was rescued from the gallows by Lord George Murray, who, in return for this good office, obtained from him much important and useful information, relative to the numbers and movements of the Duke of Cumberland's army. It may be mentioned that, as the Highland army advanced more southerly, they were received by the English with very equivocal signs of sympathy and goodwill, and indeed in many places with marks of positive aversion.

The entry into Derby was made with much state. The first person who entered the town was

Lord Elcho, who rode in on horseback, at the head of the life-guards, attended by a small band of Highland and Lowland gentlemen, "making a very respectable appearance." In the course of the day the main body of the army marched in, in different detachments, their colours flying and bagpipes playing. Charles himself entered on foot, and took up his quarters in the house of the Earl of Exeter. The bells were rung in the different churches, and at night there were bonfires and an illumination. Charles, as usual, caused his father to be proclaimed king, and himself regent. It was intended that the ceremony should be performed in the presence of the magistrates, who were ordered to attend in their official robes. It was found, however, that they had taken the precaution of sending them out of the town, and consequently their attendance was dispensed with, and the proclamations were made by the common crier.

There can be little question that the feeling which pervaded the majority of the people of England at this period was indifference. If they exhibited no extraordinary regard for the cause of the Stuarts, they at least showed an equal unconcern for the interests of the reigning family ; and as there appeared no immediate likelihood of their lives or fortunes being affected by a change of dynasty, they seem to have been perfectly indifferent whether George the Second or the chevalier should hereafter fill the throne. Gray, the

poet, writes to Horace Walpole from Cambridge, 3d of February, 1746: "Here we had no more sense of danger than if it were the battle of Cannæ. I heard three sensible middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place on the highroad) to see the Pretender and Highlanders as they passed." "London," says another contemporary, "lies open as a prize to the first comers, whether Scotch or Dutch."

In London, however, where the rebels were expected shortly to arrive, the case was widely different, and for a season the most extraordinary panic prevailed. "There never," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "was so melancholy a town; no kind of public place open but the playhouses, and they look as if the rebels had just driven away the company. Nobody but has some fear for themselves, for their money, or for their friends in the army; of this number am I." "When the Highlanders," says Fielding, "by a most incredible march, got between the duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarce to be credited;" and the Chevalier de Johnstone also observes in his memoirs: "Our arrival at Derby was known at London on the 5th of December; and the following day (called by the English 'Black Monday') the intelligence was known throughout the whole city, which was filled with terror and



Photo-etching after the painting by Eckhardt.
Horace Walpole.



Horace Walpole.

Photo-etching after the painting by Eckhardt.



consternation. Many of the inhabitants fled to the country, with their most precious effects, and all the shops were shut. People thronged to the Bank to obtain payment of its notes, and it only escaped bankruptcy by a stratagem. Payment was not indeed refused ; but as those who came first were entitled to priority of payment, the Bank took care to be continually surrounded by agents with notes, who were paid in sixpences in order to gain time. These agents went out at one door with the specie they had received, and brought it back by another, so that the *bonâ fide* holders of notes could never get near enough to present them ; and the Bank, by this artifice, preserved its credit and literally faced its creditors. It being known at London that our army was within a few miles of that of the Duke of Cumberland, the news of a battle, for the result of which they were in the greatest alarm, was expected every moment ; and they dreaded to see our army enter London in triumph in two or three days. King George ordered his yachts, in which he had embarked all his most precious effects, to remain at the Tower quay, in readiness to sail at a moment's warning."

CHAPTER III.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Charles Desirous of Marching upon London — Reasons of His Commanders for a Retreat toward the North — His Reluctant Consent — Conduct of His Army on Its Retreat — Lord George Murray Gives a Check to the Duke of Cumberland's Advanced Guard — George the Fourth and Mrs. Pennycuik — Surrender of Carlisle to the Duke of Cumberland — The Pretender Continues His Retreat — His Arrival at Glasgow.

NOTWITHSTANDING the apparently promising state of the prince's affairs, nothing could be more precarious than his actual condition. Within a few miles of him lay the Duke of Cumberland, with an army that more than doubled his own in numbers; another force, consisting of six thousand men, under the command of Marshal Wade, was skirting along the western side of Yorkshire; while, for the defence of the metropolis, a camp was being formed on Finchley Common, which it was intended should consist of the Guards, who had been marched out of London for this purpose, and of several other regiments which had seen foreign service, and which were expected to arrive immediately from abroad. At the head of this force George the

Second had expressed his intention of taking the field in person.

Notwithstanding this threatening aspect of his affairs, the spirits of Charles appeared unbroken, and he continued to be supported by the same sanguine hopes of ultimate success, which he had never failed to entertain since the commencement of his enterprise. Satisfied, in his own mind, that Heaven had declared itself in his favour; thoroughly convinced that the great majority of the people of England looked upon George the Second in the odious light of a usurper, and that they would too gladly transfer their allegiance from him to the rightful line; fully confiding, also, in the resources of his own genius and in the gallantry and efficiency of his followers, the sanguine and high-spirited young adventurer, up to this period, never for a moment appears to have entertained the remotest anticipation of disaster or defeat. The plan which he had laid down in his own mind was to give the Duke of Cumberland the slip, and, by stealing a day's march on the enemy, give battle to George the Second beneath the walls of London, when he doubted not to obtain a victory over the usurper, and by this means make himself master of the capital. So confident, indeed, was he of success and triumph, that his common conversation after dinner at Derby was as to the manner in which he should make his public entry into London, — whether on foot or on horse-

back, or whether in the Highland or Lowland dress.

Whether fortunately or unfortunately for Charles, his council differed widely from him as to the good policy of marching farther toward the South. Accordingly, on the morning of the 5th of December, all the commanders of battalions and squadrons, headed by Lord George Murray, made their appearance before the prince, and earnestly, though respectfully, remonstrated with him on the absolute necessity of an immediate retreat to Scotland. They had been principally induced, they said, to march so far — farther than any Scottish army had as yet advanced into England — from the assurance which had been held out to them that they would speedily be supported by a rising among the English and a descent from France, but hitherto there had appeared not the slightest likelihood of either of these events taking place. Was it not well known, they asked, that the counties through which they had just passed were those which were most favourably inclined to the cause of the Stuarts? And when it was remembered that in those very counties only the most insignificant number had been induced to join them, what could they expect in districts which, perhaps, were hostile to them to a man? What was their own force, they said, of five thousand men, when opposed to an army of thirty thousand, which, though at present uncombined, the

elector had already in the field, and which was daily being reinforced by fresh battalions? "I am told," says Lord Pitsligo, who was the oracle of the Lowland gentry, "that the elector is to raise his standard at Finchley Common, and the advantage of being in possession of London is known from the case of Edward the Fourth. Should we fight the Duke of Cumberland, the fortune of war is doubtful; should we pass him, which may be done, yet we have another army to encounter before we arrive at James's; and in case of a defeat we shall be exposed to the rage of the country people. Let us not then bring certain destruction on ourselves, and an indelible stain upon the Scottish people, who, when unanimous, never marched so far as we have done. We will conduct you back," he added (turning to the chevalier), "and by an honourable retreat secure that safety and that character, of both which the rash adventuring forward bids fair to deprive us."

In addition to these arguments, it was urged by Lord George Murray that even victory must prove of no service to them; for, even should they be enabled to give the Duke of Cumberland the slip, and be so fortunate as to overcome the forces of the elector at Finchley, still they must necessarily suffer such a loss as would prevent them from taking advantage of their success. Supposing, on the other hand, the possibility of a defeat, not a man in the army could reasonably hope to escape

to Scotland, and the prince himself, should he escape being killed in battle, must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. Lastly, it was insisted that, should the prince find himself master of London, even without incurring the hazard and consequences of a battle, still it was utterly impossible that he should be able to retain possession of so vast a city unless the populace declared themselves strongly in his favour, — an event on which, as far as their present experience and means of intelligence could be depended upon, they had not the slightest grounds to calculate. The Duke of Perth, says the Chevalier de Johnstone, alone took no part at first in these debates between the prince and the chiefs of the clans. Resting his head against the fireplace, he listened to the dispute without uttering a single word; but at last he declared himself loudly of the opinion of the other chiefs.

The young prince listened to these arguments with the most manifest impatience; indeed, so great was his vexation at this threatened destruction of all his darling hopes and romantic projects, at the very crisis, too, as he believed it to be, of his chivalrous enterprise, that he is said with difficulty to have prevented himself from shedding tears. “Rather than go back,” he cried, vehemently, “I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!” In vain he argued and entreated; till at length, finding all remonstrance useless, he

broke up the council in silent indignation, and with marks of unequivocal disgust. The remainder of this eventful day was passed by Charles in remonstrating singly with the different members of the council. Finding them inflexible, however, he again summoned the council in the evening, and, in language which too evidently told the tale of ruined hopes and blighted ambition, he coldly communicated to the council that he consented to accede to their wishes, and that he was prepared to return with them immediately to Scotland. To this he added, imperiously, in the bitterness of the moment, that this was the last council which he should ever summon, and that hereafter he should hold himself responsible for his actions only to God and his father.

Thus terminated the last reasonable hope of the Stuarts regaining the sovereignty of these realms. Disappointed in the expectations which had been so constantly held out to them, both of an English rising and a French descent, the leaders of the insurgent army unquestionably argued wisely when they pressed upon the prince the necessity of a retreat; nor could they but perceive that the assurance of immediate relief which he had so long continued to hold out to them, and which alone had induced them to march to so great a distance from their own country, were founded rather on his own sanguine hopes and ardent feelings, than on any more certain or satisfactory basis.

Nevertheless, it is curious to speculate how different might have been the result had Charles been permitted to put his favourite plan of marching to London into execution. Little did he know, when he consented to quit Derby, that already ten thousand French troops, with his brother Henry at their head, had received orders to effect a landing on the southern coast of England! Little did he know that the premier peer of Great Britain, the Duke of Norfolk, — whose example would probably have been followed by most of the influential Roman Catholics, — was on the very point of declaring himself in his favour; and not less was he aware that many of the Welsh gentlemen had already quitted their homes to join him, and that a messenger was actually on his road from Lord Barrymore and Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, not only giving him assurances of their fidelity, but also pledging themselves to join him at whatever spot and in any manner he might please! Had Charles been aware of these facts, and had he consequently pursued his march to London, it is far from impossible that the dynasty of Great Britain might have been changed, and that the Stuarts might once more have held their court at Whitehall! As it was, the retreat from Derby sealed the fate of Charles and his gallant followers. No sooner did the fact become known, than the embarkation of the French troops was countermanded, and the English Jacobites re-

mained in their quiet homes, congratulating themselves, perhaps, that their cautious policy had preserved for them their fortunes, and not improbably their lives.¹

On the 6th of December, before the day dawned, the Highland army commenced its retrograde and mournful march from Derby. Hitherto the devoted mountaineers had imagined themselves on the eve of an engagement with the royal forces, and, notwithstanding the vast superiority of their opponents both in numbers and discipline, the chivalrous ardour which they displayed at the prospect of an approaching struggle partook almost of the character of romance. "There was a great disproportion,"

¹ Since writing the above, the author finds that he is not singular in presuming that, had Charles marched to London, it was not improbable that he would have made himself master of the throne of Great Britain. "I believe," says Lord Mahon, "that had Charles marched onward from Derby he would have gained the British throne; but I am far from thinking that he would long have held it. Bred up in arbitrary principles, and professing the Romanist religion, he might soon have been tempted to assail—at the very least, he would have alarmed—a people jealous of their freedom, and a church tenacious of her rights. His own violent though generous temper, and his deficiency in liberal knowledge, would have widened the breach; some rivalries between his court and his father's might probably have rent his own party asunder; and the honours and rewards well earned by his faithful followers might have nevertheless disgusted the rest of the nation. In short, the English would have been led to expect a much better government than King George's, and they would have had a much worse."

says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "between the numbers of the two armies; but the inequality was balanced by the heroic ardour of the Highlanders, animated on that occasion to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and breathing nothing but a desire for the combat. They were to be seen during the whole day in crowds before the shops of the cutlers, quarrelling about who should be the first to sharpen and give a proper edge to their swords."

It was not till the day had dawned, and had displayed to them many a familiar object which they had recently passed by in their hour of triumph, that the Highlanders perceived in what direction their chieftains were leading them, and then their vexation almost exceeded that of their broken-hearted prince. "As soon," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "as the day allowed them to see the objects around them, and they found that they were retracing their steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the whole army but expressions of rage and lamentation. If we had been beaten, the grief could not have been greater."

It has already been mentioned that the conduct of the Highlanders in the course of their triumphant march to Derby had been distinguished by a forbearance and good conduct which would have done credit to a more civilised people and more disciplined troops; but now, irritated by disappointment, their progress was marked by repeated

acts of violence and rapine. The conduct of Charles, moreover, tended to increase the feelings of vexation and discontent which pervaded the army in general. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* had hitherto been his favourite and adopted motto; but now that this motto appeared to him as a reproach, his former high hopes and elation of spirits had yielded to the most melancholy depression of mind. In the march to Derby it had been his custom to rise with the dawn of day, and with his target slung over his back, and with a kind word to the humblest Highlander, he was in the habit of marching gaily at the head of his division. But now he appeared sullen and dejected, and instead of delighting to share the fatigues of his men on foot, and proving himself their equal even in their boasted powers of enduring the most harassing march, he was in the habit of lingering gloomily behind till the whole army was in advance of him, and then, riding forward on horseback, took his place at the head of the column.

The English Jacobites, who had volunteered to serve in the prince's army, were the persons whose position was the most critical at this particular period. They knew not, indeed, which was the best step to take; whether to retreat with the Highlanders into the fastnesses of their native mountains, or to remain behind and trust themselves to the tender mercies of the government. One of these persons, of the name of Morgan,

addressing himself to one Vaughan, another English gentleman in the prince's service, observed with every mark of astonishment that "the army was retreating to Scotland." "Be it so," was Vaughan's reply, "I am determined to go with them wherever their course lies." Morgan, on the contrary, remarked with an oath that "it were better to be hanged in England than starved in Scotland." He adhered to his determination and died on the gallows, while Vaughan had the good fortune to escape, and died an officer in the service of the King of Spain.

The conduct of the Highlanders during their march provoked the anger and revengeful feelings of the country people in the districts through which they passed, while the latter naturally seized every opportunity of retaliating on their oppressors. In consequence of some wanton act, either of violence or pillage, which was committed by the Highlanders at a village near Stockport, the inhabitants fired on the patrols of the insurgent army, who retorted by setting fire to the village. The people of the country had by this time provided themselves with arms, and the consequence was that they more than once fired on the rear of the insurgent army, and killed the enemy's stragglers whenever they fell into their hands. Even the sick, who were necessarily left behind by the Highlanders during their rapid march, were treated with unjustifiable violence. On reaching Manchester,

on the 9th, the inhabitants, who had received them on their onward march with every manifestation of welcome and joy, now appeared hostile to them almost to a man, and on their quitting the town a large mob followed in their rear, and annoyed them considerably by a desultory fire.

Even the prince's own life was on one occasion in imminent danger. Some zealous royalist had conceived the idea of assassinating him, but mistaking the person of Mr. O'Sullivan for that of the prince, he fired his piece at the former. "Search was made for him," says one of the Jacobite officers, "but in vain, and no great matter for anything he would have suffered from us; for many exercised their malice merely on account of the known clemency of the prince, which, however, they would not have dared to do if he had permitted a little more severity in punishing them. The army, irritated by such frequent instances of the enemy's malice, began to behave with less forbearance, and now few there were who would go on foot if they could ride, and mighty taking, stealing, and pressing of horses there was amongst us. Diverting it was to see the Highlanders mounted without either breeches, saddle, or anything else but the bare back of the horses to ride on, and for their bridle only a straw rope! In this manner did we march out of England."

On the 17th the main body of the Highland army reached Penrith, with Charles at their head;

but the rear guard, under the command of Lord George Murray, having been detained for a considerable time by the breaking down of some baggage-wagons, had been compelled to pass the night at Shap. Early on the following morning Lord George resumed his march, but the delay which had taken place on the previous day had enabled the Duke of Cumberland to push forward his light cavalry, and, just as the Highlanders were entering the enclosures around Clifton Hall, they were surprised to see the light horse of the enemy commanding the adjoining heights. Immediately Lord George Murray gave an order to the Glengary clan to ascend the nearest hill and attack them. "They ran so fast," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "that they reached the summit of the hill almost as soon as those who were at the head of the column. We were agreeably surprised when we reached the top to find, instead of the English army, only three hundred light horse and chasseurs, who immediately fled in disorder, and of whom we were only able to come up with one man who had been thrown from his horse, and whom we wished to make prisoner to obtain some intelligence from him, but it was impossible to save him from the fury of the Highlanders, who cut him to pieces in an instant."

The rear-guard continued its march, Lord George Murray, sensibly alive to the importance of the trust confided to him, being the last man

to bring up in the rear. The sun had now set, and twilight had almost merged into darkness, when Lord George Murray for the first time perceived in his rear a large body of the enemy's cavalry — which now amounted, it is said, to four thousand men — advancing upon him in two lines on Clifton Moor, about half a mile from the village of that name. On one side of the road through which the enemy must necessarily reach him were the vast enclosures of Lord Lonsdale's estate, and on the other side were the Clifton enclosures of less extent. Lord George Murray, perceiving the importance of giving the enemy a check before they could be supported by a larger force, determined on an immediate attack.¹ The night was extremely dark, but the moon occasionally broke through the dark clouds, and in one of these intervals of light Lord George perceived a large body of dismounted dragoons gliding forward along the stone dikes or defences with the evident intention of surprising him. Placing himself at the head of

¹ "The officers who were with me," says Lord George Murray in his letter to Hamilton of Bangour, "agreed in my opinion that to retreat when the enemy were within less than musket-shot would be very dangerous, and we would probably be destroyed before we came up with the rest of our army. We had nothing for it but a brisk attack; and, therefore, after receiving the enemy's fire, we went in sword in hand and dislodged them, after which we made our retreat in good order. I own I disobeyed orders, but what I did was the only safe and honourable measure I could take, and it succeeded."

the Macphersons and taking his station by the side of his friend Cluny, the chief of that branch of the clan, he inquired hurriedly of him what he considered ought to be done. "I will attack the enemy sword in hand," was the reply of the chieftain, "provided you order me." Almost at the same moment they received a sharp fire of musketry from the dragoons on the other side of the dike. "There is no time to be lost," said Lord George, "we must instantly charge!" At the same time he drew his broadsword, and shouting out the famous war-cry of the Highlanders, "Claymore!" he was the first to dash into the midst of the enemy. "The Highlanders," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "immediately ran to the enclosures where the English were, fell down on their knees, and began to cut down the thorn-hedges with their dirks, — a necessary precaution, as they wore no breeches, but only a sort of petticoat which reached to their knees. During this operation they received the fire of the English with the most admirable firmness and constancy; and, as soon as the hedge was cut down they jumped into the enclosures sword in hand, and, with an inconceivable intrepidity, broke the English battalions, who suffered so much the more as they did not turn their backs as at the battle of Gladsmuir, but allowed themselves to be cut to pieces without quitting their ground. Platoons of forty and fifty men might be seen falling all at once under the swords of the High-

landers, yet they still remained firm, and closed up their ranks as soon as an opening was made through them by the sword. At length, however, the Highlanders forced them to give way, and pursued them across three enclosures to a heath which lay behind them. The only prisoner they took was the Duke of Cumberland's footman, who declared that his master would have been killed if the pistol with which a Highlander took aim at his head had not missed fire. The prince had the politeness to send him back instantly to his master."

In the onset, while dashing through the hedge, Lord George lost his bonnet and wig (the latter being commonly worn at the period), and fought bareheaded the foremost in the assault. Nothing could be more complete than the victory gained by the Highlanders. The royalists, who fled in all directions, suffered severely in the conflict; and Colonel Honeywood, who commanded the dragoons, was left severely wounded on the spot. "Cumberland and his cavalry," it is said, "fled with precipitation, and in such great confusion that if the prince had been provided with a sufficient number of cavalry to have taken advantage of the disorder, it is beyond question that the Duke of Cumberland and the bulk of his cavalry had been taken prisoners." The defeated dragoons took up a position on a distant part of the moor, but without again venturing to attack the rear of

the insurgents. The Highlanders were with great difficulty withheld from pursuing their opponents, exclaiming that it was a disgrace to see so many of the prince's enemies "standing fast" upon the moor, without being permitted to attack them.

It is somewhat difficult to ascertain the exact loss of the royal forces at the skirmish at Clifton. The English, in their accounts of the affray, estimate the loss at forty private men killed and wounded, and four officers wounded. On the other hand, Clunie of M'Pherson asserts that there were one hundred and fifty men killed; and the Chevalier de Johnstone says that the loss was estimated by some as high as six hundred men. The Duke of Cumberland, on the contrary, in his unworthy fabrications and prejudiced statement of the affair, which were published in the *London Gazette* "by authority," reduces the total loss to only a dozen men, which small number are stated to have pushed too far forward on the moor, and in all probability to have been taken prisoners. Such is the too frequent difficulty in establishing the simplest historical fact! According to all accounts, the Highlanders lost no more than twelve in the conflict.¹

¹ Clifton Moor is the scene where the chieftain of Glenaquoich is represented in *Waverley* to have been made a prisoner. "Mingling with the dismounted dragoons, they forced them, at the sword point, to fly to the open moor, where a considerable number were cut to pieces. But the moon, which suddenly shone out, showed to the English the small number of assailants, dis-

On the 19th the insurgents entered Carlisle, where they passed the night. On the following morning, the prince's birthday, they resumed their march, leaving behind them a garrison of three hundred men, consisting of the Manchester regiment, a few Lowlanders, and some French and Irish. The two latter, being engaged in the French service, had little to fear from falling into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland; but it was different with the others, who could scarcely fail to anticipate the dreadful fate which awaited them, and yet resigned themselves to their lot with a cheerfulness and devotion which did them the highest honour. "Mr. Townley, colonel of the English," says an officer who was present, "petitioned the prince, not only in his own name, but in the name of all the officers of the Manchester regiment, to be left, though the latter never assented to or desired it, many of them wishing to undergo the same fate as their royal master. However, on Colonel Townley's coming back, and telling them that it was the prince's pleasure that they should remain at Carlisle, they all, taking it as coming from the prince, most willingly acquiesced."

ordered by their own success. Two squadrons of horse moving to the support of their companions, the Highlanders endeavoured to recover the enclosures; but several of them, amongst others their brave chieftain, were cut off and surrounded before they could effect their purpose."

While Charles was passing through Carlisle at the head of his troops, a stranger forced his way up to him, and, accosting him in a tone of great earnestness, entreated him to order the bagpipes to leave off playing. The prince inquired his reason for making the demand, when he was informed that a lady of the name of Dacre had just been brought to bed, and that the Highland army would presently pass by her residence. Charles instantly gave orders for the bagpipes to cease playing, and on reaching the house he alighted from his horse and went in. By his own desire the new-born infant was brought to him, when, with his usual grace, he took the white cockade from his Highland bonnet and fixed it to the bosom of the child. This little creature became afterward the wife of Sir James Clerk of Penny-cuik, and during the last century was for many years the leader of fashion in Edinburgh. When George the Fourth visited Scotland she was in her seventy-seventh year, and was treated by that monarch with marked attention. He insisted on hearing the anecdote of her infancy from her own lips; and one evening, when at his desire she produced the identical cockade which had been presented her by Charles, he took it from her and wore it during the rest of the day.

Previous to taking his departure from Carlisle, Charles publicly returned his thanks to these brave and devoted persons who were drawn up to

receive his parting address. There can be no doubt that he would never have consented to leave them behind him, in an isolated citadel and in hostile land, had he not been firmly convinced that the Duke of Cumberland was unprovided with battering artillery. The duke, however, arrived the following day, and invested Carlisle with his whole army. The little garrison defended itself to the best of its abilities; but, on the 29th, some cannon, which had been brought from Whitehaven, began to play against the crazy walls, and the besieged, finding that further resistance could avail nothing, hoisted a white flag upon the walls, and expressed a desire to capitulate. The reply of the duke was that "they should not be put to the sword, but reserved for his Majesty's pleasure." Of the eighteen officers who served in the Manchester regiment, seventeen were condemned to death on the 19th of July following. Of these, nine perished on the scaffold at Kennington Common, under the most aggravated circumstances of cruelty and horror, bearing their dreadful fate with piety and resignation, and true to their principles to the last.

On the afternoon of the 20th of December the Highlanders crossed the Esk, and had the satisfaction of finding themselves once more on their native soil. Their manner of fording the rapid current was ingeniously contrived. The Highlanders formed themselves into ranks of ten or

twelve abreast, with their arms locked so as to support each other against the rapidity of the stream, leaving a sufficient space between their ranks for the passage of the water. Cavalry also were stationed in the river below the ford, to save any of those who might be carried away by the violence of the current. While the Highlanders were engaged in fording the Esk, one of those trifling incidents occurred which had so often endeared Charles to his humble followers. He was fording the river on horseback, a short distance below the spot where the rest of his army was crossing, when one or two men, who had been drifted from the hold of their companions, were carried near him by the stream. With great dexterity and presence of mind, he caught hold of one of them by the hair of his head, and exclaiming in Gaelic, "*Cohear, cohear!*" that is, "Help, help!" supported the man in safety till further assistance arrived. In crossing the Esk not a single man was lost. Only a few unhappy girls, who had chosen to share the fortunes of their lovers, were carried away by the rapidity of the current. The Highlanders displayed excessive joy on finding themselves once more in their own country. "Fires," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "were kindled to dry our people as soon as they quitted the water; and the bagpipers having commenced playing, the Highlanders began all to dance, expressing the utmost joy on seeing their country

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From the banks of the Esk, Charles marched with the main body of his army to Dumfries, a town which had long been distinguished for its attachment to the reigning family and to the Protestant succession. Their excess of zeal, indeed, had induced the inhabitants to celebrate the retreat of the insurgents with illuminations

twelve abreast, with support each other stream, leaving a ranks for the passage were stationed in the any of those who violence of the current were engaged in for trifling incidents occurred Charles to his fording the river on below the spot where ing, when one or two from the hold of the near him by the stroke and presence of mind them by the hair of Gaelic, "*Cohear, cohear*" supported the man in arrived. In crossing was lost. Only a few chosen to share the fate carried away by the rapidity of the current. The Highlanders displayed excessive joy on finding themselves once more in their own country. "Fires," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "were kindled to dry our people as soon as they quitted the water; and the bagpipers having commenced playing, the Highlanders began all to dance, expressing the utmost joy on seeing their country

again, and forgetting the chagrin which had incessantly devoured them, and which they had continually nourished ever since their departure from Derby."

Thus was accomplished the memorable march of the Highland army from Derby to Scotland which has been designated by one writer as "one of the most surprising retreats that has ever been performed;" and by another, as "entitled to rank with the most celebrated in either ancient or modern times." When we consider, indeed, that this famous retreat was made in the heart of a hostile country; that it was performed, in spite of two armies of overwhelming superiority, with the greatest coolness and deliberation; that, notwithstanding they were closely pursued by cavalry, and suffered intensely from fatigue and hunger, the retreating army lost only forty men, whether by sickness or the sword,—when we consider all these circumstances, we cannot fail to be struck with astonishment and admiration at a retreat so skilfully conducted and so successfully performed.

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and bonfires ; and when Charles entered the town, the candles were still in the windows, and the bonfires remained unextinguished in the streets. For this unpalatable display of hostility to his cause, Charles levied a heavy tax on the inhabitants. He imposed a fine of £2,000 on the town, and when, at his departure, only £1,100 was forthcoming, he carried off with him the unfortunate provost¹ and another magistrate, as securities for the payment of the remaining sum.

At Dumfries, Charles took up his quarters in the Market Place, in what was then the most considerable house in the town, and which is now the Commercial Inn. "Within the last three years" (1840), says Mr. Chambers, "an aged female lived in Edinburgh, who recollected the occupation of Dumfries by the Highland army, being then

¹ The provost of Dumfries was a gentleman of the name of Corsan. He had shown himself a staunch friend of the government, and was consequently threatened with the destruction of his house and property by the enraged insurgents. "It is not very long since," says Sir Walter Scott, "that the late Mrs. McCulloch, of Ardwell, daughter of Provost Corsan, told me that she remembered well, when a child of six years old, being taken out of her father's house, as if it was to be instantly burnt. Too young to be sensible of the danger, she asked the Highland officer, who held her in his arms, to show her the Pretender, which the good-natured Gael did, under the condition that little Miss Corsan was in future to call him the prince. Neither did they carry their threats into execution against the provost or his mansion."

seventeen years of age.¹ She lived opposite to the prince's lodging, and frequently saw him. In her father's house several of the men were quartered, and it was in her recollection that they greatly lamented the course which they had taken, and feared the issue of the expedition. The proprietor of the house occupied by the prince was a Mr. Richard Lowthian, a non-juror, and proprietor of Stafford Hall in Cumberland. Though well affected to the prince's cause, he judged it prudent not to appear in his company, and yet neither did he wish to offend him by the appearance of deliberately going out of his way. The expedient he adopted in this dilemma was one highly characteristic of the time. He got himself so extremely drunk that his being kept back from the company of his guest was only a matter of decency. His wife, who could not well be taxed with treason, did the honours of the house without scruple, and some other Jacobite ladies, particularly those of the attainted house of Carnwath,² came forward to grace his court."

¹ "Widow Blake," says Mr. Chambers, "was the name of this remarkable person, who died fully at the age of 108. She had been the wife of a dragoon in the reign of George the Second."

² The daughters of Robert Dalzell, sixth Earl of Carnwath, who was condemned to death for the share which he took in the rebellion of 1715. His life was spared, but his titles were forfeited by attainder. In 1826 these honours were restored in the person of Robert Alexander Dalzell, by courtesy, the tenth earl.

Mr. Chambers observes in his history of the rebellion of 1745 : "When the writer was at Dumfries in 1838, he saw, in the possession of a private family, one of a set of table napkins, of the most beautiful damask, resembling the finest satin which the Ladies Dalzell had taken to grace the table of the prince, and which they had kept ever after with the care due to the most precious relics. The drawing-room, in which Charles received company, is a very handsome one, panelled all around with Corinthian pilasters, the capitals of which are touched with dim gold. He was sitting here at supper with his officers and other friends when he was told that a messenger had arrived with intelligence respecting the enemy. One M'Ghie, a painter in Dumfries, and a friend of the insurgents, had been imposed upon at Annan with the false news that the Duke of Cumberland had already taken Carlisle, and was advancing to Dumfries. Charles received this intelligence in another room, and soon after returned to his friends with a countenance manifestly dejected. The consequence was, that he hurriedly left the town the next day. Mrs. Lowthian received from him, as token of regard, a pair of leather gloves, so extremely fine that they could be drawn through her ring. These, as well as the bed he had slept on, were carefully preserved by the family, and are still in existence."

The night of the 23d, the day on which Charles quitted Dumfries, was passed by him at Drum-

lanrig, the seat of the Duke of Queensberry. He himself slept in the state bed, while a number of his men lay upon straw in the great gallery. During their short stay at Drumlanrig, the Highlanders seized an unfortunate opportunity of displaying their zeal in the cause of the Stuarts, by hacking with their swords the portraits of King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, presents from the last of these sovereigns to James, Duke of Queensberry, in consideration of his services in promoting the union between the two kingdoms.

From Drumlanrig, Charles marched with his army through the romantic Pass of Dalveen into Clydesdale, and at night took up his quarters in Douglas Castle, the seat of the Duke of Douglas. Generally speaking, as may be seen in the prince's curious household-book, he scrupulously defrayed the expenses of his entertainment wherever he stopped; but both at Drumlanrig and at Douglas, the masters of which mansions were hostile to his cause, he is said to have made no remuneration whatever.

From Douglas Castle Charles led his troops by way of Hamilton to Glasgow. At Hamilton he allowed his troops a day's rest, he himself taking up his residence at the palace of the Duke of Hamilton, where he amused himself by shooting in the park. The result of the day's sport speaks but little, perhaps, in favour of his skill as a sportsman,—the only game which he brought

down being two pheasants, two partridges, and a deer.

On the 26th Charles entered Glasgow, the wealthiest and the most populous town in Scotland, and the most violently opposed to the cause of the Stuarts. The inhabitants had recently raised a regiment for the service of the government, which was commanded by the Earl of Home, and numbered nine hundred men. Charles consequently retaliated upon them, by forcing them to pay the expenses of refitting his gallant Highlanders, whose dress, in consequence of their long and continuous march of two months, is described as having been in the most dilapidated condition. The refit of the Highland army is said to have cost the corporation of Glasgow ten thousand pounds; at least, such is the amount of the sum which they subsequently received as a remuneration from the government. During the time he remained in this city, the quarters of Charles were in the best house which it contained, at the west end of the Trongate. Modern improvements have since caused it to be rased to the ground.

In consequence of the numerous desertions of the Highlanders, who were unable to resist the temptation of visiting their wives and families after so long an absence, the insurgent army was now reduced to three thousand six hundred foot and five hundred horse. In so populous a city as Glasgow, Charles had hoped to compensate him-

self for these desertions by the number of recruits which he expected to enlist ; but, during the whole week that he remained there, only sixty individuals joined his standard. Neither did his gallant appearance, nor the fascination of his personal address, produce any effect on the calculating minds of the inhabitants of this commercial city. On one occasion he was shot at by a fanatic in the streets, whose pistol fortunately missed fire ; and he himself was heard to complain, with great bitterness, that nowhere had he made so few friends.

Nevertheless, even in the Whig and fanatic city of Glasgow, Charles had the satisfaction of finding that, as in all other parts of Scotland, the romance of his enterprise, and the charm of his personal appearance, had won for him the kind interest and best wishes of the fair sex. "The ladies," says Captain Daniel, "though formerly much against us, were now charmed by the sight of the prince into the most enthusiastic loyalty." He held a kind of small court in the Trongate, where he was to be seen in public twice a day surrounded by his principal officers, and where the ladies of Glasgow and the neighbourhood, in spite of the remonstrances of their husbands and lovers, constantly flocked to be presented to him. Charles appears to have been particularly gratified by the attentions paid him by the ladies of Glasgow, for, during his residence in the Trongate, he is said to

have paid greater attention to his dress and personal appearance than he had done at any former period.

Previous to quitting Glasgow, Charles held a grand review of his troops upon "the Green." "We marched out," says Captain Daniel, "with drums beating, colours flying, bagpipes playing, and all the marks of a triumphant army, to the appointed ground ; attended by multitudes of people, who had come from all parts to see us, and especially the ladies, who, though formerly much against us, were now charmed by the sight of the prince into the most enthusiastic loyalty. I am somewhat at a loss to give a description of the prince, as he appeared at the review. No object could be more charming, no personage more captivating, no deportment more agreeable, than his at this time was ; for, being well mounted and princely attired, having all the best endowments of both body and mind, he appeared to bear a sway above any comparison with the heroes of the last age ; and the majesty and grandeur he displayed were truly noble and divine."

Another portrait of the prince, drawn at this period by a grave citizen of Glasgow, may not be uninteresting to the reader. It is curious to find the writer dwelling on that peculiar expression of melancholy which was the characteristic of the countenance of Charles, and which had already been commented upon by the inhabitants of Edin-

burgh in his happier and more prosperous days. "I managed," says the writer, "to get so near him, as he passed homeward to his lodgings, that I could have touched him with my hand, and the impression which he made upon my mind will never fade as long as I live. He had a princely aspect, and its interest was much heightened by the dejection which appeared in his pale fair countenance and downcast eye. He evidently wanted confidence in his cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disaster which soon after ruined the hopes of his family for ever."

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

The Pretender's Retreat to Stirling — The Duke Succeeded in the Command by Lieutenant-General Hawley — His Character — Surprised by the Reappearance of the Pretender's Forces — Battle of Falkirk.

ON the 3d of January, 1746, Charles evacuated Glasgow, with the intention of laying siege to Stirling Castle. The march occupied three days. The first night was passed by him at Kilsyth House, the residence of Campbell of Shawfield; the next day he led his troops to the famous field of Bannockburn, passing the night himself at Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Pater-son, who has already been mentioned as one of his most devoted adherents.

Shortly after his arrival at Stirling, Charles had the satisfaction of finding his army strengthened by a large accession of force, amounting in all to about four thousand men. This force consisted of the Frasers, the MacKenzies, the MacIntoshes, and the Farquarsons, as well as of a considerable body of men which had been raised by Lord

Lewis Gordon and the regiments of Scots Royal and French pickets Charles now found himself in command of an army of nine thousand men. With this addition of strength, supported, moreover, by a quantity of battery guns and engineers, which Lord John Drummond had recently succeeded in transporting from France, he felt himself in a condition to lay siege to Stirling Castle, and accordingly, on the 10th of January, he opened the trenches against that important fortress.

In the meantime, the Duke of Cumberland, having forced the citadel of Carlisle to surrender, was advancing in pursuit of the Highland army, when he was suddenly recalled to London, in order to assume the command against the threatened invasion from France. The person named as his successor was Lieutenant-General Henry Hawley, of whom, considering the important part which he played in the subsequent period of the rebellion, it may be expedient to say a few words.

This brutal and self-sufficient individual was a person of ordinary capacity, and appears to have been indebted for his advancement to the high post which he now filled, partly to his being a personal favourite of the Duke of Cumberland, and partly to his having served in the royal army in Scotland during the rebellion of 1715, which it was presumed had given him due experience in

the Highland mode of warfare. He and his unfeeling patron, the Duke of Cumberland, present remarkable exceptions to the general rule, — that a brave man is never cruel. His barbarities had already rendered him famous. “General Hawley,” writes Horace Walpole, “is marched from Edinburgh to put the rebellion quite out. I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility. He is called lord chief justice; frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter he had intelligence of a spy to come from the French army; the first notice our army had of his arrival was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier who was hanged for desertion to dissect. ‘Well,’ said Hawley, ‘but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guard-room!’ He is very brave and able, with no small bias to the brutal. Two years ago, when he arrived at Ghent, the magistrates, according to custom, sent a gentleman with the offer of a sum of money to engage his favour; he told the gentleman, in great wrath, that the king, his master, paid him, and that he should go and tell the magistrates so, at the same time dragging him to the head of the stairs, and kicking him down. He then went to the town hall. On their refusing him entrance, he burst open the door with his foot, and seated himself abruptly,

told them he had been affronted, was persuaded they had no hand in it, and demanded to have the gentleman given up to him, who never dared to appear in the town while he stayed in it."

Such was the individual who was deputed by the English government to fill the post of commander, or, as it seems rather to have been intended, of executioner-in-chief in Scotland. He caused several executioners to attend his army during its march ; and one of his first steps on arriving at Edinburgh was to cause two gibbets to be erected, as an indication of the fate of the rebels who might fall into his hand. Such was the military Jeffreys of his age. Perhaps enough has already been said of this ferocious savage, whose brutalities only exceeded those of his royal patron, the Duke of Cumberland ; but as a picture, even of the dark side of human nature, is always curious, we will allow him to give the finishing touch to the portrait with his own pen. After dwelling, in his last will and testament, on the particular manner in which he desired to be buried, "The priest," he says, "I conclude, will have his fee ; let the puppy take it. Pay the carpenter for the carcass-box. I give to my sister £5,000. As to my other relations, I have none who want ; and, as I never was married, I have no heirs. I have written all this," he adds, "with my own hand ; and this I did, because I hate all priests, of all profes-

sions, and have the worst opinion of all members of the law." ¹

On the 13th of January Hawley led his troops from Edinburgh, with the intention of marching to the relief of Stirling Castle. He arrived at Falkirk on the 16th, and, at the invitation of the Countess of Kilmarnock, whose husband was serving under the prince's standard, he took up his quarters at Callander House, the seat of the countess. This lady is said to have lavished the charms of her gaiety and wit on the English general, with the insidious intention of keeping him from the performance of his military duties, and perhaps with the hope (and, if so, the plot of the wily lady proved an eminently successful one) that his army might be surprised in the absence of their chief.

The infatuation of this military ruffian on all points connected with his critical position almost exceeds belief. Notwithstanding the lessons which the Highlanders had taught the king's troops, both at Preston Pans and Clifton, he persisted in retaining the most contemptible opinion of his hardy and gallant opponents. In opposition to past experience, he always expressed it as his fixed opinion that the Highlanders were incapable of withstanding a charge of cavalry, if the latter were ably and properly conducted. This notion he

¹ General Hawley died, possessed of considerable property, about the year 1759. His will is dated 29th March, 1749.

seems to have formed from the success which had attended a spirited charge of the English cavalry at Sheriffmuir, on which occasion he had been engaged in the right wing of the Duke of Argyll's army. The insurgent army he affected to designate as "the Highland rabble," and he neglected even the commonest precautions to ensure success to his arms. Vaunting, confident, and self-sufficient, he affected to attribute the loss of the battle of Preston Pans to General Cope's cowardice and inefficiency; and even on the very eve of the day on which the battle of Falkirk was fought, he pertinaciously insisted that the Highlanders would never dare to encounter him, but would disperse themselves on the first tidings of his approach.

In the meantime, Charles, having ascertained that General Hawley was pushing forward to give him battle, advanced his army to Bannockburn on the 17th, where they were drawn up on the plain to the east of the village, about seven miles from the English camp at Falkirk. Expecting momentarily to see the English columns advancing toward him, he drew up his men in order of battle, and awaited the attack. Hawley was at this time enjoying the hospitalities of Callander House and the fascination of Lady Kilmarnock's society; and as he showed but little inclination to advance, Charles (who, to use the language of one of his followers, had "acquired a strong relish for battles") summoned a council of war, when it was

determined to anticipate the advance of the royal forces by an immediate attack.

The Highland army had forded the water of Carden, within three miles of Hawley's camp, before the royalists received the least notice of their intention. It was about one o'clock, and the English soldiers were on the point of sitting down to dinner, when a countryman rushed into the camp, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, what are you about? the Highlanders will be immediately upon you!" Some of the officers cried out, "Seize that rascal; he is spreading a false alarm." Two of the bystanders, however, climbed a neighbouring tree, and, by means of a telescope, having discovered the advancing lines of the Highlanders, they announced the startling fact to their companions.

A messenger was immediately despatched to General Hawley at Callander House, who shortly afterward galloped up in breathless haste. He was without his hat, and had all the appearance of having recently risen from Lady Kilmarnock's hospitable board. In the words of one of the Jacobite ballads of the period:

"Gae dight your face, and turn the chase,
For fierce the wind does blaw, Hawley,
And Highland Geordie's at your tail,
Wi' Drummond, Perth, and a', Hawley.

"Had ye but staid wi' lady's maid
An hour, or may be twa, Hawley,

Your bacon bouk, and bastard snout,
Ye might have saved them a', Hawley.

“Up and rin awa, Hawley,
Up and rin awa, Hawley;
The philabegs are coming doon,
To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley.”

Hawley's first step was to order his three regiments of dragoons to gallop with all speed to the top of Falkirk Muir. They pushed forward, followed by a large body of infantry, who marched up the hill with their bayonets fixed; but the day had now become overcast, and a violent storm of wind and rain, beating directly in the faces of the soldiers, almost blinded them. The cavalry had gained a considerable distance in advance of the infantry, and for some time it seemed a kind of race between the Highlanders and the dragoons, who should first arrive at the summit of the hill. Hawley—who, whatever were his faults, was no craven—presented a conspicuous object, urging forward at the head of his dragoons, his head uncovered, and his white hairs streaming in the wind, and by his words and gestures exhorting his men to increased energy and speed.

The Highlanders, however, were the first to attain the summit of the hill, thus obtaining the advantage of having their backs turned to the high wind and heavy rain, which pelted directly against the faces of the English. The latter had to con-

tend against other disadvantages. They were annoyed by the smoke caused by their own fire; many of their pieces were rendered unserviceable by the rain; and, moreover, their artillery stuck fast in a morass, from whence no efforts could extricate it. As the Highlanders had been compelled to leave their artillery behind them, neither army, in this respect, could boast of any advantage over the other. Their relative force also was very nearly equal, each army numbering about eight thousand men.

Foiled in his first attempt to obtain an advantage over the Highlanders, Hawley drew up his army in order of battle on the lower ground. "The English," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "began the attack with a body of about eleven hundred cavalry, who advanced very slowly against the right of our army, and did not halt till they were within twenty paces of our first line, to induce us to fire. The Highlanders, who had been particularly enjoined not to fire till the army was within musket-length of them, the moment the cavalry halted discharged their muskets and killed about eighty men, each of them having aimed at a rider. The commander of this body of cavalry, who had advanced some paces before his men, was of the number. The cavalry, closing their ranks, which were opened by our discharge, put spurs to their horses, and rushed upon the Highlanders at a hard trot, breaking their

ranks, throwing down everything before them, and trampling the Highlanders under the feet of their horses. The most singular and extraordinary combat immediately followed. The Highlanders, stretched on the ground, thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses. Some seized the riders by their clothes, dragged them down, and stabbed them with their dirks ; several again used their pistols ; but few of them had sufficient space to handle their swords. Macdonald of Clanranald, chief of one of the clans of the Macdonalds, assured me that whilst he was lying upon the ground under a dead horse which had fallen upon him, without the power of extricating himself, he saw a dismounted horseman struggling with a Highlander ; fortunately for him, the Highlander, being the strongest, threw his antagonist, and having killed him with his dirk, he came to his assistance and drew him with difficulty from under his horse. The resistance of the Highlanders was so incredibly obstinate that the English, after having been for some time engaged pell-mell with them in their ranks, were at length repulsed and forced to retire. The Highlanders did not neglect the advantage they had obtained, but pursued them keenly with their swords, running as fast as their horses, and not allowing them a moment's time to recover from their fright ; so that the English cavalry, falling back on their own infantry, drawn up in order of battle behind them,

threw them immediately into disorder, and carried the right wing of their army with them in their flight."

Subsequently some of the dragoons rallied, and, supported by a body of infantry which had not been hitherto engaged, they advanced to the charge. At this crisis, Charles marched up at the head of his reserved corps, consisting of Lord John Drummond's regiment and the Irish pickets, and turned the scale in favour of the Highlanders. The dragoons again gave way, again disordered the infantry in flight. There can be little doubt but that few, if any, of the royalists would have escaped, had not General Huske, the second in command, and Brigadier Cholmondeley made a gallant stand with the forces which they could collect together, and thus enabled the main body of the army to make good their retreat to the town of Falkirk. Ligonier's and Hamilton's dragoons, who had behaved so shamefully at Colt Bridge and Preston Pans, were the first who also gave way at the battle of Falkirk. As they were borne back through the disordered ranks of their own infantry, they were heard to exclaim, in terrified voices: "Dear brethren, we shall all be massacred this day!" Cobham's dragoons were the last who fled, and, as they galloped down a ravine which led them to the town of Falkirk, received a sharp volley from the Highland line.

The whole of these events occupied less than

a quarter of an hour. "Some individuals," says Chambers, "who beheld the battle from the steeple at Falkirk, used to describe its main events as occupying a surprising brief space of time. They first saw the English army enter the misty and storm-covered moor at the top of the hill; then saw the dull atmosphere thickened by a fast-rolling smoke, and heard the pealing sounds of the discharge; immediately after, they saw the discomfited troops burst wildly from the cloud in which they had been involved, and rush in far-spread disorder over the face of the hill. From the commencement till what they styled 'the break of the battle,' there did not intervene more than ten minutes, — so soon may an efficient body of men become, by one transient emotion of cowardice, a feeble and contemptible rabble."

It was twilight when the battle of Falkirk was fought, and, in consequence of the increasing darkness and the violence of the wind and rain, Lord George Murray, after doing his utmost to ascertain the movements and intentions of the enemy, deemed it imprudent to follow up his success by pursuing them into the town of Falkirk, lest some stratagem or ambuscade might have been prepared for him. So sudden, indeed, had been the issue of the conflict, and such was the confusion occasioned by the darkness of the night, which had now set in, and by the inclemency of the elements,

that the greater portion of the Highland army were ignorant of their own success, and remained on the field of battle, scattered, disordered, and irresolute. Many of them are said to have actually sought safety in flight, under the impression that the English had gained the victory. Apprehensive of some sudden attack, the majority knew not which way to turn. Observing no enemy near them, they were heard inquiring of each other in Gaelic: "What is become of them, — where are they?" And when Lord John Drummond, who had been a general officer in the French service, beheld the flight of the Scots Royal, he could scarcely believe his own senses. "These men," he said, "behaved admirably at Fontenoy, — surely this is a feint!"

Charles, previous to the charge which led to the final discomfiture of the English army, had taken up his position in the second line on a rising ground, which is still known by the name of Charlie's Hill, and which is now covered with wood. Sir Thomas Sheridan, in his narrative of the action which he drew up and transmitted to the Kings of France and Spain, observes: "After an easy victory, gained by eight thousand over twelve thousand,¹ we remained masters of the field of battle; but as it was near five o'clock before it

¹ This is an exaggeration. It has already been mentioned that the numbers of the two armies were very nearly equal, both amounting to about eight thousand men.

ended, and as it required time for the Highlanders to recover their muskets, rejoin their colours, and form again in order, it was quite night before we could follow the fugitives. The prince, who at the beginning of the action had been conjured, for the love of his troops, not to expose himself, was in the second line of the pickets; but as soon as the left wing was thrown into some disorder, he flew to their relief with an ardour that was not to be restrained. In the disposition of his troops, he followed the advice of Lord George Murray, who commanded the right wing, and fought on foot during the whole action at the head of his Highlanders. Lord John Drummond commanded the left, and distinguished himself extremely. He took two prisoners with his own hand, had his horse shot under him, and was wounded in the left arm with a musket-ball."

At the battle of Falkirk, according to the accounts published "by authority," the English lost in all only two hundred and eighty in killed, wounded, and missing; but according to all other accounts, their loss must have amounted to about twenty officers, and about four or five hundred privates. Sir Harry Monro of Fowlis, in a pathetic letter addressed to the lord president, observes: "This battle proves to me a series of woe. There both my dear father and uncle, Obsdale, were slain. The last, your lordship knows, had no particular business to go to the action; but, out of a most

tender love and concern for his brother, could not be dissuaded from attending him, to give assistance if need required. My father, after being deserted, was attacked by six of Lochiel's regiment, and for some time defended himself with his half-pike. Two of the six, I am informed, he killed. A seventh, coming up, fired a pistol into my father's groin; upon which, falling, the Highlander with his sword gave him two strokes in the face, one over the eyes, and another on the mouth, which instantly ended a brave man. The same Highlander fired another pistol into my uncle's breast, and with his sword terribly slashed him; whom when killed, he then despatched a servant of my father's. That thus my dearest father and uncle perished, I am informed; and this information I can depend on, as it comes from some who were eye-witnesses to it. My father's corpse was honourably interred in the churchyard of Falkirk, by direction of the Earl of Cromartie, and the Macdonalds and all the chiefs attended his funeral. Sir Robert's was the only body on the field on our side that was taken care of."

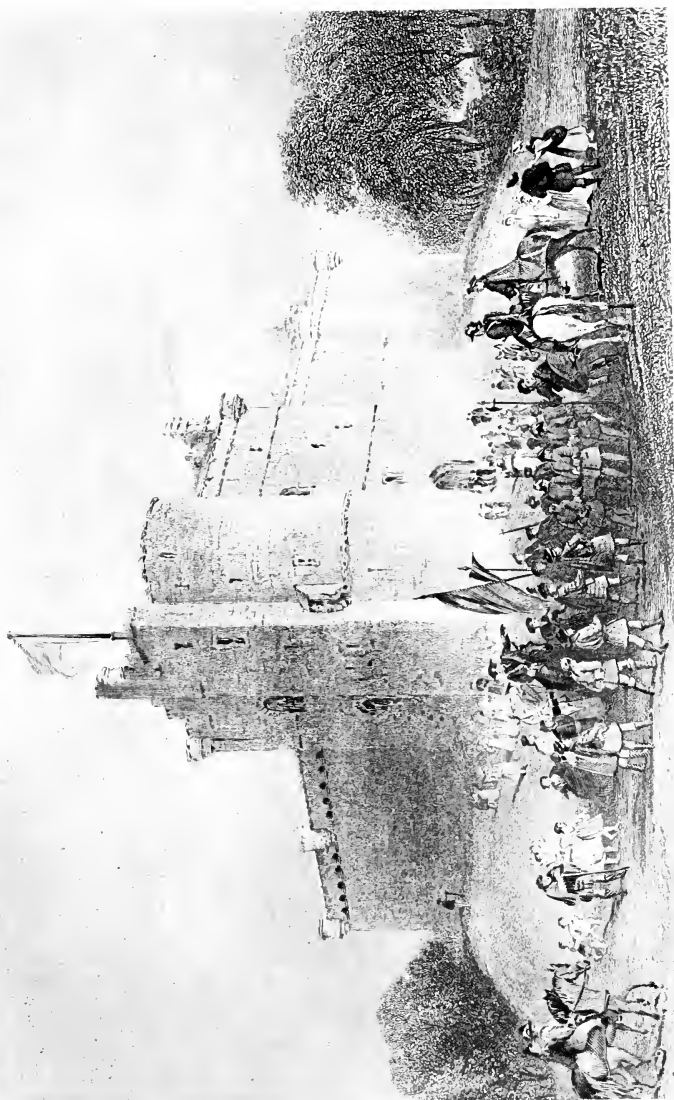
Several prisoners were made, the greater number of which were sent to the romantic castle of Doune. Among these was John Home, the celebrated author of "Douglas." "In 1746," says Sir Walter Scott, "a garrison, on the part of the chevalier, was put into the castle, then less ruinous than at present. It was commanded by Mr.

Photo-etching from a rare old print.
The Castle of Doune.



The Castle of Doune.

Photo-etching from a rare old print.



Stewart of Balloch, as governor for Prince Charles. He was a man of property near Callander. The castle became at that time the actual scene of a romantic escape made by John Home, the author of 'Douglas,' and some other prisoners, who, having been taken at the battle of Falkirk, were confined there by the insurgents. The poet, who had in his own mind a large stock of that romantic and enthusiastic spirit of adventure, which he has described as animating the youthful hero of his drama, devised and undertook the perilous enterprise of escaping from his prison. He inspired his companions with his sentiments, and when every attempt at open force was deemed hopeless, they resolved to twist their bedclothes into ropes, and thus to descend. Four persons, with Home himself, reached the ground in safety; but the rope broke with the fifth, who was a tall, lusty man. The sixth was Thomas Barrow, a brave young Englishman, a particular friend of Home's. Determined to take the risk even in such unfavourable circumstances, Barrow committed himself to the broken rope, slid down on it as far as it could assist him, and then let himself drop. His friends beneath succeeded in breaking his fall. Nevertheless, he dislocated his ankle, and had several of his ribs broken. His companions, however, were able to bear him off in safety. The Highlanders, next morning, sought for their prisoners with great activity. An old gentleman told

the author he remembered seeing the commander Stewart —

“ ‘ Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste ’ —

riding furiously through the country in quest of the fugitives.”

The loss of the Highlanders at the battle of Falkirk is usually computed as only thirty-two officers and men killed in action, and one hundred and twenty wounded. The royalists made only one prisoner, and the circumstances of his capture were somewhat singular. The unfortunate person in question was a gentleman of the Macdonald clan, a brother of Macdonald of Keppoch, who, having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his horse, a very valuable animal, and immediately mounted it. Almost at the same moment, the English dragoons, routed in their contest with the Highlanders, galloped off in full flight. The animal, either desirous of returning to his old quarters, or carried forward by excitement into the midst of his flying companions, hurried his unlucky rider into the English ranks, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him. “ The melancholy and, at the same time, ludicrous figure,” says the Chevalier de Johnstone, “ which poor Macdonald cut may be easily conceived.” The Duke of Cumberland, however, had no taste for the ludicrous, and “ poor Macdonald ” perished shortly afterward on the scaffold.

Setting fire to their tents, and abandoning Falkirk with their baggage and train, the English army passed the night of the battle in the ancient and once splendid palace of Linlithgow and in its vicinity. Half-perishing from the cold and rain, they lighted such large fires on the hearths as to cause considerable alarm in the minds of the inhabitants lest the edifice should catch fire. One of these persons—a lady of the Livingstone family, who had apartments in the palace—remonstrated with General Hawley on the reckless conduct of his men. Finding that her entreaties met only with contempt, “General,” was the retort of the high-spirited lady, “I can run away from fire as fast as you can,” and having given vent to this sarcastic speech, she took horse for Edinburgh. Within an hour or two her fears were actually realised. The venerable palace—the birthplace of Mary, Queen of Scots—caught fire, and was almost entirely destroyed.¹

¹ “Of all the palaces so fair,
 Built for the royal dwelling,
 In Scotland, far beyond compare
 Linlithgow is excelling;
 And in its park in jovial June,
 How sweet the merry linnet’s tune,
 How blithe the blackbird’s lay!
 The wild-buck-bells from ferny brake,
 The coot dives merry on the lake,
 The saddest heart might pleasure take
 To see all nature gay.” — *Marmion*.

It has been said that the English soldiers deliberately set the palace of Linlithgow on fire, by raking the live embers from the hearths into the straw pallets, but there is much reason to doubt the fact.

General Hawley, who had boasted that with two regiments of dragoons he would drive the insurgents from one end of the kingdom to the other, was censured in all quarters for his conduct both before and after the battle. He appears to have felt his own disgrace most severely ; and the more so, perhaps, from the remembrance of his previous boastings, and the taunts which he had formerly heaped on Sir John Cope. General Wightman writes to President Forbes on the 22d of January : "General Hawley is in much the same situation as General Cope. He was never seen in the field during the battle, and everything would have gone to wreck in a worse manner than at Preston, if General Huske had not acted with judgment and courage, and appeared everywhere. Hawley seems to be sensible of his misconduct, for, when I was with him on Saturday morning at Linlithgow, he looked most wretchedly ; even worse than Cope did a few hours after his scuffle, when I saw him at Fala."

"In the drawing-room," says Sir Walter Scott, "which took place at St. James's on the day the news arrived, all countenances were marked with doubt and apprehension excepting those of George the Second, the Earl of Stair, and Sir John Cope, who was radiant with joy at Hawley's discomfiture. Indeed, the idea of the two generals was so closely connected, that a noble peer of Scotland, upon the same day, addressed Sir

John Cope by the title of General Hawley, to the no small amusement of those who heard the *quid pro quo*." Many weeks previous, Cope had been heard to offer bets, to the amount of ten thousand guineas, that the first general sent to command an army against the Highlanders would be beaten. He is even said to have realised a considerable sum by the success of his wagers; and, what was of more importance to him, to a certain degree he recovered his honour. On the authority of a pamphlet, which has been attributed to Hume, the historian, he is said, during the whole winter which succeeded his defeat at Preston Pans, to have been carried about London in a sedan-chair to conceal himself from the derision of the mob. When the news, however, arrived of Hawley's discomfiture at Falkirk, he is stated to have pulled back the curtains of his chair, and to have displayed "his face and red ribbon to all the world."

CHAPTER V.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Charles Continues His Retreat Northward — Duke of Cumberland Resumes the Command of the Army of the North — His Arrival at Stirling — Charles's Escape from Lord Loudon's Snare to Take His Person — Retaliates by Attacking Lord Loudon at Inverness — Chivalrous Adventure of Lord G. Murray — Incidents Showing the Attachment of the Scottish Ladies to the Cause of the Chevalier — Commences His March for Culloden.

ON the night on which the battle of Falkirk was fought, Charles, who had been exposed for five hours to the inclemency of the weather and the pelting of the storm, was conducted by torch-light to the house of a Jacobite lady of the name of Graham, the widow of a physician. Though the house in question was considered the best in the town of Falkirk, Charles was compelled to hold his small court and eat his meals in the same apartment in which he slept, his bed being concealed from view by folding doors. The house, which still remains, is opposite the steeple, and is now used as the post-office. Charles passed only one night at Falkirk, and on the 18th returned to

Bannockburn, leaving Lord George Murray behind with a portion of his army.

From the success which had attended his arms at Falkirk, Charles derived but little advantage besides glory. Instead of pursuing and annihilating Hawley's army before they could make good their retreat to Edinburgh, he insisted that it would be a disgrace to his arms were he to raise the siege of Stirling, and accordingly the operations were renewed with increased vigour. But the fortunes of Charles were now evidently on the decline. The chiefs had become disgusted at being no longer summoned to consult with him in regard to the movements of the army; while the common men, as was customary with them after a victory, deserted daily in great numbers, with the view of depositing their plunder in safety with their wives and families.

Charles was still engaged in carrying on the siege of Stirling, when, to his great grief and surprise, he received a paper signed by Lord George Murray, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, and all the leading chieftains, urging upon him the absolute necessity of effecting an immediate retreat to the North. So great, they said, had been the desertion in their ranks, that not only must they expect to be defeated in the event of an engagement, but at the present moment they were not even in a fit condition to carry on the siege of Stirling. Their only hopes, they added, of ensuring ultimate suc-

cess lay in an immediate march to Inverness, where they would be enabled to annihilate the forces under Lord Loudon, and, by capturing the different Highland fortresses, make themselves the undisputed masters of the North. They concluded by assuring the prince that they would continue cheerfully in this case to serve beneath his banner, and with an army of eight or ten thousand men, which they doubted not they would be able to raise, would follow his fortunes wherever he pleased.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that this abrupt communication from the Highland chiefs amounted rather to a command than a remonstrance. Such was the light in which it was viewed by the young prince, whose manner betrayed the most violent emotion while perusing the terms of the unpalatable proposition. Dashing his hand with such violence against the wall as to cause him to stagger back, "Good God!" he exclaimed, "have I lived to see this?" Some attempt was made by him, through the medium of Sir Thomas Sheridan, to induce the refractory chiefs to alter their resolution; but finding it ineffectual, he sullenly and reluctantly assented to the terms of his domineering followers.

Notwithstanding that General Hawley had the good fortune to retain the favour of his sovereign, it was deemed expedient to send a general to Scotland in whom the soldiers had greater confidence,

and accordingly the Duke of Cumberland was selected for the purpose. Not only was he at this period a great favourite with the army, but it was also hoped that the circumstance of his being a prince of the blood might produce a beneficial effect on the minds of the Scottish people. He was nearly of the same age as Charles, — namely, twenty-five, — the chevalier being the older by only four months.

Quitting London on the 26th of January, the duke arrived at Edinburgh on the 30th, having performed the journey in what was then considered the very short space of four days. He took up his quarters at Holyrood, where he slept in the same bed that had been occupied by his unfortunate cousin during the period he remained at Edinburgh. After resting himself for two hours, he rose and proceeded to the despatch of business with Generals Hawley and Huske. Later in the day he held a levee in the same gallery in which Charles had previously held his gay court, and had given his balls to the ladies of Edinburgh. The principal citizens had the honour of kissing his hand, and his levee was also attended by several Whig ladies of distinction. The duke kissed the latter all around, expressing at the time his satisfaction at their loyalty and zeal.

On the 31st the duke took his leave of Holyrood, having remained in Edinburgh only thirty hours. At night he slept at Linlithgow, and the

next day walked to Falkirk on foot at the head of the Scots Royal. On his arrival at the latter town, he is said to have inquired for the house which "his cousin had occupied," being sure, he said, that it would be the most comfortable and best provisioned in the place. Here he passed the night, in the same bed in which Charles had slept on the evening of the battle of Falkirk. The following morning he marched to Stirling, with the intention of giving the insurgents battle; but, on his arrival there, he learned that they had evacuated the place on the preceding day.

Quitting Stirling on the 1st of February, the Highland army marched to Dumblane, at which place they encamped for the night, Charles himself sleeping at Drummond Castle, the seat of the Duke of Perth. The following night they arrived at Crieff, near which place Charles took up his quarters at Fairnton, the residence of Lord John Drummond.

The march of the insurgent army was conducted with so much haste and confusion as to resemble a flight rather than a retreat. Their young leader seemed almost broken-hearted, and, to all appearance, took but little interest in the movements or discipline of his army. At Crieff, a separation was decided upon; one division of the insurgent forces, headed by Charles, and consisting chiefly of the Highland clans, marching toward Inverness by the Highland road, and the other, commanded

by Lord George Murray, taking the coast-road by Montrose and Aberdeen. During their progress, the two divisions severally carried off their garrisons from the towns through which they passed.

On approaching Inverness, Charles found it in the possession of Lord Loudon, who had to a certain degree fortified it by throwing around it a ditch and palisade. Here he had cooped himself up, with a small army of two thousand men, consisting chiefly of the Grants, Monros, Rosses, Macdonalds of Skye, and the Macleods. Taking with him a small guard of three hundred Highlanders, Charles took up his quarters in the Castle of Moy, situated about sixteen miles from Edinburgh. This place was the principal residence of the Laird of Macintosh, who, though supposed to be secretly attached to the cause of the Stuarts, was now holding a commission in Lord Loudon's army. His lady, however, a daughter of Farquharson of Invercauld, remained at Moy, too happy to perform the rites of hospitality for her illustrious guest. "Of all the fine ladies," says General Stewart, "few were more accomplished, more beautiful, or more enthusiastic." Devoted like the majority of her countrywomen to the cause of the exiled family, she had distinguished herself by raising the fighting men of her husband's ancient clan to the number of three hundred ; and though the command of them in the field was entrusted by her to MacGillivray of Drumnaglass, yet she herself had rid-

den more than once at their head, clad in a tartan riding-habit richly laced, with a Highland bonnet on her head, and pistols at her saddle-bow. Her husband at a later period being taken prisoner by the insurgents, Charles delivered him to his wife, saying "he could not be in better security, or more honourably treated."

Charles was quietly enjoying the hospitalities of Moy, waiting till the arrival of his forces should enable him to attack Lord Loudon in his entrenchments, when he very nearly fell into a snare which had been laid for him by that nobleman, who, by gaining possession of the chevalier's person, hoped to put an end at once to the war. With this object, on the night of the 16th of February, he ordered out fifteen hundred of his followers, with instructions to march as stealthily as possible to Moy, and to seize the prince's person at all hazards. Fortunately for Charles, he received timely intimation of the plot which was laid for him. "Whilst some English officers," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "were drinking in the house of Mrs. Bailly, an innkeeper in Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation, and, from certain expressions dropped by them, she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house,

escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the sentinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, — which, to accelerate her progress, she had taken off, — in order to inform the prince of the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy, quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon ; and the prince with difficulty escaped in his *robe de chambre*, nightcap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This dear girl, to whom the prince owed his life, was in danger of losing her own, from her excessive fatigue on this occasion ; but the care and attentions she experienced restored her to life. The prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him in the Castle of Moy.”

According to other accounts, the Lady of Moy received the first intimation of Lord Loudon’s intentions by two letters from Inverness ; the one from Fraser of Gortuleg, and the other from her own mother. In whatever manner, however, the plot may have transpired, the circumstances under which it is said to have been subsequently defeated were not a little curious. Lady Macintosh, it seems, had employed five or six persons, headed by the blacksmith of the clan, to act as patrols on the road between Moy and Inverness. In the course of the night, their ears caught the distant sound of Lord Loudon’s advancing force, on which the

blacksmith, with great promptitude, placed his men in ambush at different points by the side of the road, giving them orders not to fire till they should hear the report of his own musket, and then, not to fire altogether, but one after another. As soon as the enemy came within musket-shot, the blacksmith fired his piece at the advancing column, by which the piper of the Laird of Macleod, considered the best in the Highlands, was killed. The remainder then fired off their muskets as they had been directed, at the same time shouting out the well-known war-cries of Lochiel, Keppoch, and other clans, thus impressing their adversaries with the idea that a snare had been laid for them, and that the whole of the Highland army was advancing upon them. Fully convinced that such was the fact, and confused by the darkness of the night, they fled in the utmost precipitation, throwing down and trampling upon their terrified companions in the rear, and never desisting from their rapid flight till they found themselves in safety at Inverness. So great was their terror and confusion, that a brave officer, the master of Ross, who afterward passed through a long life as a soldier, and was exposed to many perils, was heard to declare, in his old age, that never had he been in so piteous a condition as at the Rout of Moy.

The following day Charles determined to retaliate on Lord Loudon, by attacking him in his quarters. Inverness, however, was in no condi-

tion to stand a siege, nor had Lord Loudon a sufficient force under his command to enable him to cope with the Highlanders; and accordingly, when the insurgents appeared before the town, they found that the earl had evacuated it, and had transported his troops into Rosshire. Two days afterward the citadel, or fort, also surrendered, and about the same time Lord George Murray arrived at the head of his division, having suffered many privations during a long march through a country covered with snow. During the stay of Charles at Inverness, he resided in the house of Lady Drummair, the mother of Lady Macintosh, being, it is said, the only house in the town which boasted of an apartment in which there was no bed. After the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland, much to the annoyance of Lady Drummair, occupied the same apartment and the same bed in which Charles had previously slept. "I have had two kings' bairns living with me in my time," said the lady, "and, to tell you the truth, I wish I may never have another."

The military operations which were carried on during the eight weeks which intervened between the arrival of Charles at Inverness and the fatal battle of Culloden present but few incidents of any great importance, and may be detailed in a short space. On the 20th of February Fort George fell into the hands of the insurgents, and on the 5th of March Fort Augustus was also

taken and destroyed. In the attack on Fort William, the insurgents were less successful, for the place was so ably and vigorously defended by Captain Scott, and was so well supplied by sea with provisions and other military supplies that, in the beginning of April, they found themselves compelled to abandon the enterprise. About the same time an inroad was made by the Earl of Cromarty into Rosshire, whither he followed Lord Loudon, compelling him to disband his forces, and forcing him to take refuge in the Isle of Skye.

But another adventurous and even chivalrous expedition, which was conducted by Lord George Murray about the middle of March into his own country, Athol, deserves a more lengthened notice. Several military posts, consisting chiefly of the houses of private gentlemen, such as Kinnachin, Blairfettie, Lude, Faskallie, and others, had been established in that country by the Duke of Cumberland. They were, generally speaking, buildings of some antiquity, and of a castellated form, and, having been partially fortified by order of the duke, were severally garrisoned by small detachments from the regular army. Deeming it of considerable importance to make himself master of these scattered fortresses (about thirty in number) Lord George Murray placed himself at the head of seven hundred Highlanders, and commenced his march in the twilight from Dalwhinnie. As he was entering into the heart of an

enemy's country, where a force much larger than his own might, on the slightest alarm, be easily concentrated against him, he decided on making an attack on each of the small forts at one and the same time. He divided his force, therefore, into different parties, and assigned to each a particular point of attack, directing them, after having accomplished the duty confided to them, to repair to him at the bridge of Bruar, if possible before the break of day.

In the meantime, some intimation of the Highlanders being abroad had reached the ears of Sir Andrew Agnew, who had been appointed governor of the Castle of Blair, with a large garrison under his command. Anxious to ascertain the intentions and numerical force of the enemy, he sallied forth from Blair Castle late in the night with five hundred armed men, and proceeded in the direction of the bridge of Bruar, only two miles distant from his own post. Lord George Murray was already at the place of rendezvous, anxiously awaiting the return of his followers, when he received the news of Sir Andrew Agnew's approach. The force which he had under him amounted only to twenty-five men. Resistance, therefore, was out of the question, and it was strongly urged that the little party should make good their retreat to the neighbouring mountains. To this advice Lord George Murray turned a deaf ear, and his reply was worthy of the man. "No," he said, "if we leave the

place of rendezvous, our parties, as they return in detail from discharging the duty entrusted to them, will be liable to be surprised by the enemy. This must not be. I will rather try what can be done to impose upon Sir Andrew Agnew's caution by a fictitious display of strength."

His plan was rapidly devised and executed. He drew up his small company, within a certain distance from each other, in a continuous line, along a stone dike, so as to give them as much as possible the appearance of an extended and formidable front. Fortunately, he had with him all the pipers of the force, and these he ordered to strike up, and the colours to be elevated, as soon as the royalists should appear in view. The stratagem fully answered his expectations. On the approach of Sir Andrew Agnew and his followers, the pipers sounded their thrilling pibroch, while the Highlanders, who had all the appearance of officers at the head of men preparing to charge, brandished their broadswords as they had previously been directed. Sir Andrew was completely deceived. Believing that he was on the point of being attacked by a force far superior to his own, and apprehensive that another party of Highlanders might have been despatched in the meantime to make themselves masters of Blair Castle, he deemed it more safe and prudent to march his garrison back to that place. Lord George Murray remained at the bridge of Bruar till he was joined

by his several detachments, all of which had completely succeeded in performing the duties confided to them.

Lord George Murray now determined to lay siege to Blair Castle, a strong old fortress belonging to his brother, the Duke of Athol, and which had long been the residence of his ancestors. He was, indeed, but indifferently provided with artillery and with the requisites for effectually carrying on a siege; but he still hoped to reduce the place by famine before succour could arrive from the Duke of Cumberland. With this view he established a close blockade, directing his men to keep a sharp lookout, and to fire on any person who might show himself either on the battlements or at any of the windows.

The governor of Blair Castle was a person of considerable importance and notoriety in his day. "Sir Andrew Agnew," says Sir Walter Scott, "famous in Scottish tradition, was a soldier of the old military school, severe in discipline, stiff and formal in manners, brave to the last degree, but somewhat of a humourist, upon whom his young officers were occasionally tempted to play tricks not entirely consistent with the respect due to their commandant. At the siege of Blair, some of the young wags had obtained an old uniform coat of the excellent Sir Andrew, which, having stuffed with straw, they placed in a small window of a turret, with a spy-glass in the hand, as if in the

act of reconnoitring the besiegers. This apparition did not escape the hawk's eyes of the Highlanders, who continued to pour their fire upon the turret window without producing any adequate effect. The best deer-stalkers of Athol and Badenoch persevered, nevertheless, and wasted, as will easily be believed, their ammunition in vain on this impassible commander. At length Sir Andrew himself became curious to know what could possibly induce so constant a fire upon that particular point of the castle. He made some inquiry, and discovered the trick which had been played. His own head being as insensible to a jest of any kind as his peruke had proved to the balls of the Highlanders, he placed the contumacious wags under arrest, and threatened to proceed against them still more seriously; and would certainly have done so, but, by good fortune for them, the blockade was raised after the garrison had suffered the extremity of famine."

Another rather amusing anecdote is related in connection with Sir Andrew Agnew and the siege of Blair Castle. Ensign, afterward General, Melville observes in his "Genuine Narrative" of the blockade: "Lord George here played off a jocular experiment upon the well-known choleric temper of Sir Andrew Agnew. He sent down a summons, written on a very shabby piece of paper, requiring the baronet forthwith to surrender the castle, garrison, stores, etc. No Highlander could

be prevailed upon to carry that summons ; but the errand was undertaken by a handsome Highland girl, the maid of M'Glashan's inn at Blair, the rendezvous of Sir Andrew's officers. She conceived herself on so good a footing with some of the young officers that she need not be afraid of being shot, taking care, however, as she approached the castle, to wave the paper containing the summons over her head, in token of her embassy. She delivered her message with much earnestness, and strongly advised a compliance, as the Highlanders were a thousand strong, and would batter the castle about their ears. The young officers relished the joke, desired Molly to return and tell those gentlemen they would soon be driven away, when the garrison would become visitors at M'Glashan's as before ; but she insisted that the summons should be delivered to the governor, and a timid lieutenant, with a constitution impaired by drinking, was prevailed upon to carry it. No sooner, however, did the peerless knight hear something of it read, than he furiously drove the lieutenant from his presence to return the paper, vociferating after him a volley of epithets against Lord George Murray, and threatening to shoot through the head any other messenger he should send ; which Molly overhearing, was glad to retreat in safety with her summons to her employer, who, with Lord Nairn, Cluny, and some other chiefs, were waiting in the churchyard of

Blair to receive her, and appeared highly diverted with her report." The blockade of Blair Castle lasted till the 31st of March. By this time the garrison were reduced to extremities from want of food, and they seem to have been on the point of surrendering, when the timely approach of the Earl of Crawford with a large body of Hessian troops compelled Lord George Murray to raise the siege, and make good his retreat to Inverness.

In the meantime, the Duke of Cumberland had pursued the insurgents as far as Perth, where he arrived on the 6th of February. The rapidity, however, with which the movements of the Highland army were conducted had already enabled them to obtain three days' march in advance of him; and when the duke reached Perth, — owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the roads which led to Invernesshire being almost impassable, — he determined on quartering his troops there till the weather should prove more propitious.

Quitting Perth, he followed the same route which had been pursued by Lord George Murray, passing through Angus and Aberdeenshire, in which counties he found the inhabitants opposed to the claims of the house of Hanover, almost to a man. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 21st of March: "The duke complains extremely of the loyal Scotch; he says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy's country than when he was warring with

the French in Flanders." At Forfar, he very nearly captured a party who were publicly beating up for recruits for the service of the chevalier ; and on the morning on which he quitted Glamis Castle, the seat of the Earl of Strathmore, not only was it discovered that the girths of all his horses had been cut during the night in order to retard his march, but, on his taking his leave, the family ordered the bed in which he had slept to be taken down, in order that their ancient residence might retain as few mementos as possible of its having been the resting-place of so offensive a guest. In passing through the town of Brechin, where his progress was rendered difficult by the immense crowd, the face of a young and beautiful girl, who was standing on a "stair-head," caught the eye of the young duke. He paid a particular tribute to her beauty by raising his hat to her ; but instead of his gallantry meeting with the return which might naturally have been expected by a young prince at the head of a gallant army, the fair girl not only received the compliment with signs of the most thorough contempt, but is even said to have returned it "with a gesture which does not admit of description."

The Duke of Cumberland remained at Aberdeen from the 25th of February till the 8th of April, on which latter day he recommenced his march toward Inverness with the last division of his army. On the 10th he reached Banff, where he seized and

hung two spies, who were found employed in notching the numbers of his army upon sticks. On the 11th he reached Cullen, and on the 12th found himself on the banks of the Spey. It has frequently excited astonishment that the passage of the royal troops over this deep and rapid mountain-stream was not disputed by the Highlanders. Had Charles adopted this step, there can be little doubt that either the Duke of Cumberland must have been compelled to turn back, or, had he succeeded in forcing the passage of the river, it could only have been effected with considerable loss. This unfortunate error can be accounted for only on the supposition that the duke's advance at so early a period of the year was unexpected by his opponents.

On the afternoon of the 12th the Spey was forded by the royal army in three divisions, their bands playing the tune, —

“ Will you play me fair play,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ? ”

which seems to have been intended as an insult to the Highlanders. “ His Royal Highness,” says Henderson, “ was the first to enter the water at the head of the horse who forded it, while the Highlanders and grenadiers passed a little higher ; the foot waded over as fast as they arrived, and, though the water came up to their middles, they went on with great cheerfulness, and got over with

no other loss but that of one dragoon and four women, who were carried down by the stream. Thus was one of the strongest passes in Scotland given up, a pass where two hundred men might easily have kept back an army of twenty thousand, — a sure prelude of the destruction of the rebels."

On the 13th of April the Duke of Cumberland marched through Elgin to the Muir of Alves, and on the following day advanced to Nairn, only sixteen miles from the Highland camp. The 15th, being the duke's birthday, was set apart as a day of relaxation and festivity for the whole army.

It was difficult for two armies to be more unequally matched than those which were so soon about to be opposed to each other on the memorable field of Culloden. The force under the Duke of Cumberland amounted to about nine thousand men, that of Charles to only five thousand. Moreover, not only did there exist this great disparity of numbers, but it must be remembered also that the army under the duke was comprised of highly disciplined troops, and, moreover, was regularly supplied by a fleet which moved along the coast with provisions and every other requisite for effectually carrying on the war. On the other hand, dissensions had crept into the ranks of Charles; he himself was on indifferent terms with Lord George Murray; his army, owing to the difficulty of keeping the Highlanders together, was widely

scattered over the surrounding country ; the want of food was hourly occasioning fresh desertions ; his troops were disorganised from want of pay ; and, indeed, so reduced was the prince's treasury, that for some time he had been compelled to pay his followers in meal, which had given rise to great discontent.¹

Charles, however, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of his affairs, continued to display the same elation of spirits and confidence in his own resources which had characterised him in the hour of his greatest prosperity. During a visit which he paid to Elgin in the middle of March, he had been attacked by a fever, and for two days his life was in some danger ; but, as Captain Warren writes to the old chevalier, "a timely bleeding hindered the cold turning into a fluxion *de poitrine*, and caused a joy in every heart not to be expressed." However, on his return to Inverness, all traces of indisposition had disappeared, and, notwithstanding the near approach of the Duke of Cumberland's army, he usually employed his forenoons in hunting, and his evenings in giving balls, concerts, and parties of pleasure. It may be mentioned that the ladies of Invernesshire betrayed the same enthusiasm in the cause of the young

¹ "Our army had got no pay in money for some time past, but meal only, which the men being obliged to sell out and convert into money, it went but a short way for their other needs, at which the poor creatures grumbled exceedingly, and were suspicious that we officers had detained it from them."

prince which had already been displayed by their fair countrywomen in almost every part of Scotland which he had hitherto visited. President Forbes writes to Sir Andrew Mitchell: "What was more grievous to men of gallantry, — and, if you believe me, more mischievous to the public, — all the fine ladies, if you except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner." "One of the ladies noticed by the president," says General Stewart, "finding she could not prevail upon her husband to join the rebels, though his men were ready, and perceiving one morning that he intended to set off for Culloden with the offers of his service as a loyal subject, contrived, while making tea for breakfast, to pour, as if by accident, a quantity of scalding hot water on his knees and legs, and thus effectually put an end to all active movements on his part for that season, while she despatched his men to join the rebels under a commander more obedient to her wishes."

On the 14th of April Charles received the intelligence of the approach of the royal army to Nairn. He immediately ordered the drums to be beat and the bagpipes to be played through the town of Inverness, for the purpose of collecting his followers; and shortly afterward the young prince appeared himself in the streets, marshalling his men, walking backward and forward through

their lines, and exhorting them to display the same ardour and undaunted courage which had distinguished them at Preston and Falkirk. He was received and listened to with the most enthusiastic acclamations, and voices were heard exclaiming in the crowd, "We'll give Cumberland another Fontenoy!" The prince then mounted his horse, and, with the colours flying and the bagpipes playing, he marched his troops to Culloden Moor, about four miles from Inverness, and passed the night with his chief officers at Culloden House, the residence of one of the staunchest and ablest partisans of the government, — President Forbes. The night was passed by the remainder of the army under arms on the ground, "the heath," says a subaltern officer who was present, "serving us both for bedding and fuel, the cold being very severe." Early on the following morning Charles drew up his forces in order of battle, under the impression that the Duke of Cumberland was on his march to attack him. In the course of the day, however, Lord Elcho, who had been despatched to Nairn to watch the movements of the royal army, returned to the camp with the tidings that, being the duke's birthday, the soldiers were spending it in joviality and mirth, and that there was no appearance of their advancing on that day.

At this eventful period, such was the miserable state of the prince's commissariat that, during the whole of the 15th, a small loaf, and that of the

worst description, was all the food which was doled out to the unfortunate Highlanders. "Strange as the averment may appear," says a modern writer, "I have beheld and tasted a piece of the bread served out on this occasion, — being the remains of a loaf, or bannock, which had been carefully preserved for eighty-one years by the successive members of a Jacobite family. It is impossible to imagine a composition of greater coarseness, or less likely either to please or satisfy the appetite; and perhaps no recital, however eloquent, of the miseries to which Charles's army was reduced, could have impressed the reader with so strong an idea of the real extent of that misery as the sight of this singular relic. Its ingredients appeared to be merely the husks of oats and a coarse, unclean species of dust, similar to what is found upon the floors of a mill."

Satisfied that the Duke of Cumberland had no intention to resume his march till the following day, Charles called a council of war, — the first which he had summoned since he commenced his retreat from Derby, — for the purpose of deliberating on the steps which it was most advisable for him to take. Lord George Murray, who was the last to speak except the prince, argued strongly in favour of a night march, insisting that, inasmuch as the scarcity of their provisions rendered it imperative on them to hazard an engagement, their prospects of success were likely to be in-

creased in a tenfold degree by attacking the Duke of Cumberland's camp in the dark and taking his soldiers by surprise, than were they to await the onset of the regular troops by daylight in the open field. Charles had been heard to declare, two days before, that he was willing to attack the enemy had he but a thousand men; and so entirely, as he himself informs us, did Lord George's sentiments coincide with his own, that he rose up and affectionately embraced him. Some objections, indeed, were made to Lord George Murray's proposition, but the debate terminated by a night attack being definitively agreed upon.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Charles's Determination to Attack the English Army — Night March — His Displeasure at Lord George Murray for Ordering a Retreat — Arrival at Culloden Moor — Disposition of the Contending Armies in Sight of Each Other — Battle of Culloden — Total Defeat of the Pretender's Troops — His Flight — Barbarities of the Duke of Cumberland's Soldiers.

HAVING again embraced Lord George Murray, and assigned as the watchword "King James the Eighth," Charles placed himself at the head of his men, and gave the order to march.* By the prince's directions the heath was set on fire, in order to deceive the enemy into the belief that his troops were occupying the same position. The men were strictly enjoined to march in profound silence, and on no account to speak above their breath. They were also ordered not to make use of their firearms in their attack on the enemy's camp, but with their broadswords and Lochaber axes to cut the ropes and poles of the tents, and to stab with their utmost force wherever they perceived any swelling or bulge in the fallen canvas.

As the distance from Culloden Moor to the enemy's camp at Nairn was only nine miles, it was computed that they might easily reach their destination shortly after midnight. Unfortunately, however, there were many circumstances which tended to retard and embarrass the Highlanders in their march; not only were they greatly impeded by the darkness of the night, but numbers straggled from the ranks in search of food, and when expostulated with by their commanders, they declared that they might shoot them if they pleased, for they would rather die at once than starve any longer. By the time they reached the wood of Kilravock still greater numbers, overcome by faintness and hunger, declared their utter inability to advance farther, and, throwing themselves down among the trees, were soon overcome by the sleep of which they stood so greatly in need.

The hour which had been named for the attack was two o'clock in the morning; but when that hour arrived it was found that the advanced column, under Lord George Murray, was still four miles distant from the English army. At this moment the distant roll of drums was heard from the enemy's camp. It was evident, therefore, that they could escape observation only a short time longer, and that the object for which the night march had been decided upon had signally failed. The ranks of the Highlanders,

moreover, had become frightfully thinned, and of the remainder, so many were exhausted and dispirited from the want of food that it would have amounted almost to an act of madness to have advanced. Under these circumstances, Lord George Murray, notwithstanding the vehement remonstrances of Hepburn of Keith and others, took upon himself the responsibility of ordering a retreat. He would willingly, perhaps, have consulted with the prince on this occasion, but Charles being a considerable distance in the rear, in command of the second column, he had not the opportunity of communicating with him.

When the prince was informed of the orders which had been given by Lord George Murray, he at first expressed the utmost indignation, though he afterward exclaimed, in a calmer tone, "'Tis no matter; we shall meet them still, and behave like brave fellows." For having taken the step which he did, a most unfounded charge of treachery was afterward brought against Lord George Murray. His character, however, has long since been completely cleared, and by no one was he more fully exonerated than by Charles himself. Had he yielded, indeed, to the entreaties of Hepburn of Keith, and adhered to the original project of attacking the enemy's camp, there can be little doubt that defeat and disaster would have been the results. "The duke," says Home, "had certain information of the night march, and

spies, who spoke the Gaelic language and wore the Highland dress, mixed with the rebels as they marched; but none of these spies knew anything of the intended attack, and it is believed the duke supposed that the rebels intended only to approach his camp, take their ground in the night, and attack him in the morning, for the soldiers were ordered to lie down to rest with their arms by them." Whatever may have been the amount of the information which was conveyed to the duke by his spies, it is certain that, with an army treble in number to that of his opponents, and renovated, moreover, by sleep and their morning repast, he would have defeated the unfortunate Highlanders with even still greater ease than he subsequently did at Culloden.

About five o'clock in the morning, the Highlanders again found themselves on Culloden Moor, where they had the satisfaction of seeing themselves joined by Macdonald of Keppoch and the Frasers, an accession of strength which occasioned universal joy in the army. Charles repaired to his old quarters at Culloden House, where with much difficulty some bread and whiskey were procured for him. Fatigued by his night's march, he had lain himself down to rest, when between seven and eight o'clock—less than three hours after his return to Culloden—he was roused from his slumbers, and informed that the enemy's cavalry was not more than two miles dis-

tant, and the main body of their army not above four miles.

The prince, accompanied by the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, and Lord John Drummond immediately mounted his horse and rode to the field. A cannon was fired to assemble the sleeping or scattered Highlanders; the drums were ordered to beat, and the pipes to play the gatherings of their respective clans. Unfortunately, both officers and men were found to be scattered in all directions. "Through their great want of sleep, meat, and drink," says Macdonald, "many had slipped off to take some refreshment at Inverness, Culloden, and the neighbourhood, and others to three or four miles distance, where they had friends and acquaintances; and the said refreshment so lulled them asleep that, designing to take one hour's rest or two, they were afterward surprised and killed in their beds. By this means we wanted in the action at least one-third of our best men, and of those who did engage many had hurried back from Inverness, and, upon the alarm of the enemy's approach, both gentlemen and others, as I did myself, having taken only one drink of ale to supply all my need."

Notwithstanding the vast superiority on the part of the Duke of Cumberland's army, and the disadvantages under which the Highlanders laboured from the want of sleep and food, they exhibited no signs of despondency; but, on the

contrary, as the lines of their opponents neared them, they raised repeated huzzas, which were responded to no less exultingly by the royalists. The prince, on his part, appeared in excellent spirits, and spoke confidently of gaining the victory. Previous to the battle, he rode along the lines of his army, exhorting the Highlanders, by his words and gestures, to exceed even the valour which they had displayed at Falkirk and Preston. He was answered by the most enthusiastic cheers, and by the most eloquent professions of devotion and love.

The insurgent army was composed of two lines. The first consisted of the Athol brigade, the Camerons, the Stuarts, and some other clans, and was headed by Lord George Murray; the second line was formed principally of the Low Country and foreign regiments and the Irish pickets, and was commanded by General Stapleton. On the right of the first line, and somewhat behind it, was stationed the first troop of horse-guards, and, on the left of the second line, a troop of Fitzjames's horse. The reserve consisted of Lord Kilmar-nock's regiment of foot-guards, and the remains of Lord Pitsligo's and Lord Strathallen's horse. Charles placed himself on a small eminence behind the right of the second line, with Lord Balmerino's troop of horse-guards and a troop of Fitzjames's horse.

On perceiving the disposition of the insurgent

troops, the Duke of Cumberland formed his own army into three lines, each wing being supported by cavalry, and two pieces of cannon being placed between every two regiments which composed the first line. In all former engagements with the royal forces, the Highlanders had obtained a great advantage from the skilful manner in which they had contrived to receive the points of their enemy's bayonets on their targets, and then, forcing the bayonet on one side, thrusting their dirks or broadswords into the exposed and defenceless bodies of their adversaries. In order to obviate the effect of this successful manœuvre, the duke had carefully instructed his soldiers, instead of directing their thrust at the man immediately opposite to them, to aim at the one who fronted their right-hand comrade, by which means the Highlander would be wounded under the sword-arm before he could ward off the thrust.

Having completed the disposition of his army, which was done with great skill, the duke addressed his followers in a short speech. He implored them to be cool and collected ; to remember the great stake for which they were about to fight, and to dismiss the remembrance of all former disasters from their minds. He was unwilling, he said, to believe that there could be any man in the British army who had a disinclination to fight ; but should there be any, he added, who, from being averse to the cause or from having relations in

the rebel army, would prefer to retire, he begged them in God's name to do so, as he would far sooner face the Highlanders with a thousand determined men to support him, than be backed by an army of ten thousand if a tithe of them should be lukewarm. This appeal was responded to by the most enthusiastic shouts, and by loud cries of "Flanders ! Flanders !" It being now one o'clock, it was submitted to the duke that the soldiers should be allowed to dine before they went into action. But to this he decidedly objected. "The men," he said, "will fight better and more actively with empty bellies ; and, moreover, it would be a bad omen. You remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk !"

The battle commenced by the artillery of the two armies opening their fire at each other ; that of the Highlanders was ill-pointed and ill-served, their balls passing over the heads of their adversaries, and doing but little execution, while the royal cannon, being served with great precision, made dreadful havoc in the ranks of the insurgents. Two pieces of artillery were pointed, and several discharges were made, at the spot where Charles was stationed with his small body of cavalry. Several of his troopers were shot, and he himself had a narrow escape, his face being bespattered with the dirt thrown up by one of the balls, and a servant who was holding a led horse being killed by his side.

The cannonading had continued for some time, when the Highlanders, rendered furious by the galling fire which was thinning them, and thirsting to revenge their fallen comrades, could no longer be restrained from falling against the enemy. The Macintoshes, who had never before been in action, were the first to rush forward, when Lord George Murray, perceiving that the rest of the clans who formed the right line could be kept back no longer, gave the order for the attack. Immediately raising one loud shout, and brandishing their broadswords, the Highlanders, heedless alike of the smoke and hail which poured full in their faces, and of the galling grape-shot which swept through their ranks, rushed furiously against the firm ranks and fixed bayonets of their opponents.¹ So impetuous was this first onset, that they broke through Monro's and Bur-

¹ "It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders, before an onset, to 'scrug their bonnets,' that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows, so as to ensure them against falling off in the ensuing *mêlée*. Never, perhaps, was this motion performed with so much emphasis as on the present occasion, when every man's forehead burned with the desire to revenge some dear friend who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery. A Lowland gentleman who was in the line, and who survived till a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment with a feeling of something like awe upon the terrific and more than natural expression of rage which glowed on every face and gleamed on every eye, as he surveyed the extended line at this moment. It was an exhibition of terrible passion, never to be forgotten by the beholder."

rel's regiments, and made themselves masters of two pieces of cannon. Having broken through the first line, they were dashing madly forward, when they encountered the second, which the duke — foreseeing the probability of what actually occurred — had purposely strengthened and stationed so as to support the first line in the event of its being broken by the onset of the clans. Drawn up three deep, — the front rank kneeling, the second bending forward, and the third standing upright, — they reserved their fire till the Highlanders had come within a yard of the point of their bayonets, when they poured in so well-directed and destructive a fire as to throw them into utter confusion. Mingling together in the greatest disorder, and with little distinction of regiments or clans, these brave men had no choice but to retreat. Some few, indeed, continued to dash furiously against the enemy, but not one of them returned to tell the tale of his valour. So dreadful was the slaughter at this particular part of the field, that after the action the bodies of the unfortunate Highlanders are said to have been found in layers of three and four deep.

Thus an entire rout took place of the whole right and of the centre of the insurgent army. They had performed all that could be expected from the most romantic valour, and, opposed as they were to overpowering numbers, it was no

disgrace to them that they fled. Many of their chieftains were either killed or trampled down. Among the latter was the gallant Lochiel, who fell from the effects of his wounds, but, fortunately, his two henchmen succeeded in carrying him from the field.

Had the Macdonalds, who were stationed on the left, charged simultaneously with the other clans, it is far from improbable that victory would have been decided in favour of Charles. They were disgusted, however, at having been removed from the post of honour, and in vain did their chieftain endeavour to lead them to the charge. "We of the clan Macdonald," says one of their officers, "thought it ominous that we had not this day the right hand in battle, as formerly at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, and which our clan maintains we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles since the battle of Bannockburn." Stubborn in their displeasure, they resisted every entreaty which was made to induce them to advance. In vain did the Duke of Perth shout the well-known "Claymore!" and in vain did he tell them that it lay in their power to make the left wing a right, in which case he would hereafter be proud to adopt the surname of Macdonald. In vain did the gallant Keppoch urge them to follow him. "My God!" exclaimed the chieftain, in the agony of the moment, "have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" Uttering these words, with a drawn

sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, he rushed forward at the head of a few of his own kinsmen. He had proceeded, however, only a few paces when a musket-shot brought him to the ground, and he had only time to entreat his favourite nephew to consult his own safety before the breath deserted his body. But not even did this romantic act of self-devotion produce any effect on the enraged clansmen. Unflinchingly enduring the galling fire of the English infantry, they are described, in the height of their exasperated feelings, as hewing up the heath with their swords, and calmly gazing on the last agonies of their dying chieftain. It was not till they beheld the other clans give way that they fell back and joined them; but, at this moment, Hawley's regiment of dragoons and the Argyleshire Highlanders pulled down a park-wall that covered their right flank, and the cavalry, falling in among them, threw them into the utmost confusion. Thus was completed the entire discomfiture of the Highland clans, and had it not been that the French and Irish pickets covered them by a close and spirited fire, their retreat must have been converted into a most disastrous rout.

Exhibiting every symptom of the bitterest agony, and with tears rolling down his face, Charles beheld, from the eminence on which he stood, the flight of his followers, and the annihilation of his

fondest hopes. There still remained the Lowland troops and the French and Irish pickets; and at the moment when the Highlanders were retreating before the overpowering force of the English infantry, Lord Elcho is said to have ridden up to the ill-fated prince, and to have implored him by all that was sacred to place himself at the head of the reserve, and to make a last effort to change the fortune of the day. His entreaties proving of no avail, Lord Elcho—who had risked fortune, life, and everything that the heart holds most dear in the cause of the Stuarts—is stated to have turned from him with a bitter curse, declaring that he would never see his face again; it is added, moreover, that he kept his word, and, when they were both exiles in a foreign country, that he invariably quitted Paris whenever Charles entered that city.¹ Such is the story which has often been related, but which, in fact, appears to be little worthy of credit. On the contrary, several

¹ “Some suspicion,” says Lord Mahon, “should attach to the whole of this story, because the latter part is certainly unfounded. The official account now lies before me of Charles’s first public audience at the court of France after his return, and amongst the foremost of his train on that occasion appears Lord Elcho. I must further observe that Lord Elcho was a man of most violent temper, and no very constant fidelity. Within two months from the date of this battle he made overtures for pardon to the British court, ‘but,’ says Horace Walpole, ‘as he has distinguished himself beyond all the Jacobite commanders by brutality, and insults, and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is;’ and so he did!”

of the prince's officers declared, in the most solemn manner, that they had seen their unfortunate master forced from the field by Sir Thomas Sheridan and others of his Irish officers; and we have, more particularly, the evidence of the cornet who carried the standard of the second troop of horse-guards, who left a dying attestation that he himself saw the prince earnestly urging his officers to make a fresh charge at the head of the reserve, and that he would have done so had not O'Sullivan seized the bridle of his horse, and, assisted by Sheridan, forced him from the field. "When Charles," says Home, "saw the Highlanders repulsed and flying, which he had never seen before, he advanced, it is said, to go down and rally them; but the earnest entreaties of his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and others, who assured him that it was impossible, prevailed upon him to leave the field."

Being closely pressed by the royal forces, the remainder of Charles's little army which still remained unbroken had no choice but to seek safety in flight. A part of the second line, indeed, quitted the field with tolerable regularity, their pipes playing and colours flying, and the French auxiliaries marched in good order to Inverness; the rest, however, fled in the utmost confusion, and many of the Highlanders never paused for a moment till they found themselves in their own homes in the distant Highlands. The royalists

computed their loss at the battle of Culloden at three hundred and ten men ; that of the insurgents is stated to have been a thousand.

After quitting the fatal field, the Highland army divided themselves into two bodies, one of which took the road to Inverness, while the latter made the best of their way to the Highlands. The former, in consequence of their route lying along an open moor, where they were easily overtaken by the enemy's light horse, suffered dreadfully in the pursuit. The five miles, indeed, which lay between the field of battle and Inverness, presented one frightful scene of dead bodies, carnage, and blood. Many who, from motives of curiosity, had approached to witness the battle, fell victims to the indiscriminate vengeance of the victors. The latter, by their disgraces and discomfitures, had been provoked to the most savage thirst for revenge. The writer of a contemporary letter observes : "By this time our horse and dragoons had closed in upon them from both wings, and then followed a general carnage. The moor was covered with blood, and our men, what with killing the enemy, dabbling their feet in the blood, and splashing it about one another, looked like so many butchers !" It is remarkable that the troops who seemed to take the greatest pleasure in butchering the flying and the defenceless Highlanders were the craven dragoons who had behaved in so dastardly a manner at Colt Bridge,

Preston, and Falkirk. Their conduct at Culloden presented a curious exemplification of the old Latin proverb, that when a coward finds himself a conqueror he is always the most cruel.

The scenes which were acted on the field of battle were even more frightful than those which were perpetrated on the main road. "Not contented," says Smollett, "with the blood which was so profusely shed in the heat of action, they traversed the field after the battle and massacred those miserable wretches who lay maimed and expiring; nay, some officers acted a part in this cruel scene of assassination, — the triumph of low illiberal minds, uninspired by sentiment, untinctured by humanity."¹ "The road from Culloden to Inverness," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was everywhere strewed with dead bodies. The Duke

¹ In still more powerful language, Smollett, in his "Tears of Scotland," has described the frightful horrors which disgraced the victory of Culloden:

" Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!
The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.
While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat."

of Cumberland had the cruelty to allow our wounded to remain amongst the dead on the field of battle, stripped of their clothes, from Wednesday, the day of our unfortunate engagement, till three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, when he sent detachments to kill all those who were still in life; and a great many who had resisted the effects of the continual rains were then despatched."

The almost unparalleled barbarities which were permitted by the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden (barbarities which he speaks of with brutal jocularitv in one of his letters to the Duke of Newcastle, as "a little blood-letting") ought rather to have stamped him as a monster of iniquity than to have assisted to procure for him those honours and rewards which were showered upon him for his easy victory over an army so inferior in numbers to his own, and who, moreover, were labouring under every possible disadvantage. The ferocity and vindictiveness which he displayed toward his unfortunate opponents, who, mistaken though we may admit them to have been, had committed no crime but that of bravely defending their principles and chivalrously supporting the cause of a prince whom they conscientiously believed to be their rightful master, will ever deservedly continue to be a blot on his name. It is impossible, indeed, to reflect on the promiscuous slaughter of the flying and unresist-

ing Highlanders after the battle of Culloden, on the numerous murders which were subsequently committed in cold blood, and on the numbers which were sacrificed on the gallows, without execrating the authors of these detestable barbarities.

There were unquestionably persons in the ranks of the insurgent army, men of influence and family, who adopted the cause of their unfortunate master as much from motives of self-interest as from any principles of duty, and who, as the instigators of others, and as the more active and prominent disturbers of peace and good order, might with propriety have been made severe examples of by the government. But there could be neither justice nor policy in hanging up, in almost countless numbers, the brave and devoted clansmen who were not competent, either by education or any other means, to form a proper estimate of what might be the consequences of their embarking in a rash but gallant cause, or of the true merits of the quarrel in which they were unhappily engaged. They knew little more than what they had heard from their fathers — that the Stuarts were their hereditary and rightful sovereigns, while both duty and inclination told them to follow the orders of their chieftains, whose principles almost invariably regulated their own.¹

¹ “The idea of patriarchal obedience,” says Sir Walter Scott, “was so absolute that, when some Lowland gentlemen were extolling with wonder the devotion of a clansman who had

The strange and almost ridiculous stories which at this period were generally current, of the wild habits and ferocious character of the Highland clansmen, had unquestionably the effect of turning aside much of that generous commiseration which would otherwise have been excited by the illegal massacres of the Duke of Cumberland and his executioner-in-chief, General Hawley. When the world, however, came to reflect more dispassionately on the frightful effusion of blood of which these persons were the principal authors, they naturally viewed the conduct, as well as the military abilities, of the duke in its proper light, and grew to execrate that man under the name of "the Butcher," whom only a few months before they had nearly exalted into an idol.

It has already been mentioned that, for as long as two days after the battle of Culloden, many of the wounded were inhumanly allowed to remain mingled with the dead, and enduring, as they must have done, all the horrors of bodily pain, of intolerable thirst, and the agonies of hope deferred. The greater number of the wounded, indeed, were despatched by parties of the victors

sacrificed his own life to preserve that of his chief, a Highlander who was present coldly observed that he saw nothing wonderful in the matter — he only did his duty; had he acted otherwise, he would have been a poltroon and a traitor. To punish men who were bred in such principles, for following their chiefs into war, seems as unjust as it would be to hang a dog for the crime of following his master."

who traversed the field after the battle, stabbing some with their bayonets, and cutting down others with their swords ; and through this frightful scene the Duke of Cumberland not only calmly passed with his staff, but even took his share in the painful tragedy. As he rode along among the dying and the dead, he perceived a young man — Charles Fraser, the younger, of Inverallachy, who held a commission as lieutenant-colonel in Fraser of Lovat's regiment — who was lying wounded on the ground, but who raised himself up on his elbow as the duke and his followers passed. The duke inquired of him to whom he belonged. "To the prince!" was the undaunted reply. The duke instantly turned to Major Wolfe, who was near him, and desired him to shoot "that insolent scoundrel." "My commission," said Wolfe, "is at the disposal of your Royal Highness, but I cannot consent to become an executioner." After one or two other ineffectual attempts to induce some officers who were near him to pistol the unfortunate Highlander, the duke, perceiving a common soldier, inquired of him if his piece was loaded. The man replying in the affirmative, he commanded him to perform the required duty, which was instantly done. How widely different was the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland and the English, after the battle of Culloden, from the humanity and consideration which Charles and his gallant Highlanders displayed toward their

wounded enemies when they found themselves victors at Falkirk !

As some palliation for the frightful scenes which were enacted after the battle, it was alleged that the order for massacring the wounded originated in the humane purpose of putting them out of pain ! It was insisted, also, as a further justification of the indiscriminate slaughter which took place on the road to Inverness, that a regimental order was found on the person of one of the insurgents, signed by Lord George Murray, in which the Highlanders were enjoined, in the event of their gaining the victory, to give no quarter to the king's troops. No such order, however, was ever seen or heard of by any of the insurgents, nor is there the slightest reason to believe that it, in fact, ever existed.

It might have been advanced by the Duke of Cumberland and his admirers, with some appearance of reason, that the excesses which disgraced the victory of Culloden were the result of a stern but necessary policy, — a policy which was called for in order to strike terror into the surviving followers of Charles, who, though defeated, were still formidable, and were capable of being reassembled and arrayed against the king's troops. It might also have been argued, with the same show of reason, that the carnage which took place was partly the result of the exasperated feelings and brute-like propensities of the common soldiers,

who, inflamed by the victory which they had obtained over a foe who had lately been their conquerors, were not unlikely to wreak their vengeance in too summary and merciless a manner.

But none of these arguments hold good, as regards the terrible catalogue of ravages, slaughters, and executions which were subsequently perpetrated in cold blood. The victors carried havoc and bloodshed, and all the frightful extremities of war, into the castle of the chieftain and the cabin of the peasant; they spread ruin and desolation among a free, a gallant, and warm-hearted people, whose only crime was their loyalty to their legitimate prince; women and children, whose husbands and brothers had been murdered, and whose homes had been burned to the ground, were seen shivering in the clefts of the rocks, dying of cold and hunger; and it is a fact, that at Fort Augustus women were stripped of their clothes, and made to run races naked on horseback for the amusement of the brutal garrison. "When the men were slain," says Sir Walter Scott, "the houses burnt, and the herds and flocks driven off, the women and children perished from famine in many instances, or followed the track of the plunderers, begging for the blood and offal of their own cattle, slain for the soldiers' use, as the miserable means of supporting a wretched life."

One of the first acts of severity committed by the Duke of Cumberland was to hang thirty-six

deserters from the royal army who had joined the standard of the adventurer. Nineteen wounded officers belonging to the Highland army were dragged from a wood in which they had sought refuge, and carried into the courtyard of Culloden House, where the greater number were shot, and the rest, who showed any symptoms of life, had their brains knocked out by the soldiery. In one instance, a hut, which contained a number of wounded Highlanders, was set fire to by the soldiers, when not only was every individual who attempted to escape immediately bayoneted, but when the building was burnt to the ground as many as thirty corpses were found blackened by the flames.

The fate of such of the survivors of the battle of Culloden who were dragged to prison was scarcely less terrible. Great numbers were confined in the church and tolbooth of Inverness, where, deprived of clothes, and allowed only so small a quantity of meal daily as was scarcely sufficient to support life, they passed a miserable existence, till they were carried on board ship, in order to be sent to London and placed at the disposal of the government. Their condition at sea was even worse than on land. They were thrust half-naked into the holds of the different vessels, where they slept on the stones which formed the ballast, their sole allowance of drink being a bottle of cold water, and their amount of daily

food being no more than about ten ounces of an inferior kind of oatmeal to each man. Even at this distance of time the heart almost sickens with the details of the horrors and privations to which these faithful and gallant people were subjected. Of a large number of human beings who were shipped to Barbadoes, many died on shipboard; and of eighty-one who reached their pestilential destination, three years afterward only eighteen were left to point out the graves of their companions, and to bewail their own fate. Human nature revolts at such sickening details. On board of one vessel, in which one hundred and fifty-seven of these brave but unfortunate men had been embarked, so great was the mortality occasioned by the cruel deprivations which they had to endure, that after the lapse of eight months, — during the whole of which time they were kept huddled together on board ship, — only forty-nine individuals survived to tell the tale of the miseries to which they had been exposed.

In regard to the terrible policy adopted by the Duke of Cumberland, and carried out by his brutal agents, the following account, extracted from the dying declaration of one of the unfortunate victims on the scaffold, may be taken as a specimen.¹

¹ The principal agents in carrying out the duke's brutal policy were his "executioner-in-chief," General Hawley, Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, Captain Caroline Scott, and Major Lockhart. It is natural, perhaps, as an Englishman, to feel some satisfaction in recording that two out of the number were Scotchmen.

“I was put,” says the unhappy sufferer, “into one of the Scotch kirks, together with a great number of wounded prisoners, who were stripped naked, and then left to die of their wounds without the least assistance ; and though we had a surgeon of our own, a prisoner in the same place, yet he was not permitted to dress their wounds, but his instruments were taken from him on purpose to prevent it ; and in consequence of this many expired in the utmost agonies. Several of the wounded were put on board the *Jean* of Leith, and there died in lingering tortures. Our general allowance, while we were prisoners there, was half a pound of meal a day, which was sometimes increased to a pound, but never exceeded it ; and I myself was an eye-witness that great numbers were starved to death. Their barbarity extended so far as not to suffer the men who were put on board the *Jean* to lie down even on planks, but they were obliged to sit on large stones, by which means their legs swelled as big almost as their bodies. These are some few of the cruelties exercised, which being almost incredible in a Christian country, I am obliged to add an asseveration to the truth of them ; and I do assure you, upon the word of a dying man, as I hope for mercy at the day of judgment, I assert nothing but what I know to be true.”

These merciless inhumanities, it must be remembered, were independent of the numerous

legal executions which were permitted by the government, and to which we shall not at present refer. The details, indeed, of the almost demoniac retribution exacted by the Duke of Cumberland and his myrmidons would appear almost too dreadful to be credited, were they not fully substantiated on the most undoubted authority. Their truth, indeed, is built, not on the partial exaggerations of the defeated Jacobites, but by persons of high integrity, station, and honour, and, in many instances, by the partisans of the government and by the victors themselves.

CHAPTER VII.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Precautions to Prevent the Escape of the Chevalier — Reward for His Apprehension — His Retreat through Scotland as a Fugitive — Writes from Glenbiasdale, Taking Leave of His Followers — Charles's Embarkation — His Extremities at Sea — Lands and Takes Shelter in a "Grass-keeper's Hut" in Benbecula — Visited in His Retreat by Clanranald.

WE now commence the eventful history of the adventures and escapes of Charles Edward after his defeat at Culloden. The feelings of the unfortunate young prince, when he beheld the slaughter of his gallant followers and the downfall of his own ambitious hopes, may be more easily imagined than described. His situation was perhaps even more critical than that of his great-uncle, Charles the Second, after the battle of Worcester. Already the enemy's cavalry were on his track; the royal troops were being despatched to every part of the Highlands where it was probable that the unhappy fugitive might seek to conceal himself; numbers of vessels of war were cruising along the coast for the purpose of intercepting any foreign ship which might be sent to carry him

off; and, moreover, the large sum of £30,000 was offered for his capture, a reward which — held out as it was to a poor and, as it was believed, an avaricious people — it was thought would inevitably lead to his speedy discovery and certain arrest.

In order to ensure the prince's safe retreat from the field of battle, the French troops, supported by a small band of Highlanders, made a last and desperate stand against the onset of the royal forces, which enabled Charles to place a considerable distance between himself and his pursuers. Followed by a large body of horsemen, and with a faithful Highlander, one Edward Burke,¹ for his guide, Charles rode rapidly forward till he reached the River Nairn, about four miles from Inverness. Having crossed the stream, the fugitives spent a few minutes in deliberation, when it was decided that the prince should make the best of his way to the western coast, — where it was hoped that he would find a French vessel to carry him to France, — and that the majority of the party should separate, and each endeavour to ensure his own safety as he best might.

Accordingly, accompanied by only ten indi-

¹ Burke, who accompanied the prince as a guide during a great part of his wanderings, and who resisted the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, drugged out the remainder of his days as a sedan-carrier in Edinburgh. He was at this period a servant to Mr. Alexander Macleod, of Muiravonside.

viduals,¹ Charles made the best of his way to Gortuleg, where he had an interview with the too celebrated Lord Lovat, the only occasion apparently on which they ever met. "A lady," says Sir Walter Scott, "who, then a girl, was residing in Lord Lovat's family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants at Castle Dounie. The wild and desolate vale, on which she was gazing with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously toward the castle that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eyelid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies, or even demons." The reasons which induced Charles to visit the crafty old peer have not been explained, neither do we know the topics that were discussed at their strange interview. The prince, indeed, remained at Gortuleg only a short time, and having partaken of some food, of which he stood greatly in need,

¹ These persons were Sir Thomas Sheridan, O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Sir David Murray, Alexander Macleod, the two latter being the prince's aides-de-camp, John Hay, who was acting as secretary in the absence of Murray of Broughton, Allan MacDonald a priest, Edward Burke the guide, and two servants.

and drunk a few glasses of wine, he rode forward in the direction of Invergarry, the seat of Macdonnell of Glengarry, situated on one of those beautiful lochs which now form the links of the Caledonian Canal.

About two o'clock in the morning the little party galloped by the ruins of Fort Augustus, and about two hours afterward found themselves in safety at Invergarry. Unfortunately, the chieftain was absent, and there was neither food nor furniture in the house; but as Charles had now ridden nearly forty miles since he quitted the field of battle, and as the previous night had been occupied in the unfortunate march to Nairn, it may readily be imagined that he would have welcomed sleep under any circumstances. Stretching himself on the floor, he slept till the middle of the next day, when he partook of a small repast which had been prepared for him by Edward Burke. His only drink was the water from the loch, but the faithful guide had contrived to catch two salmon, which, as he himself informs us, he "made ready in the best manner he could, and the meat was reckoned very savoury and acceptable."

At Invergarry the whole of the party took leave of their unfortunate master, with the exception of O'Sullivan, O'Neal, and Edward Burke, the prince putting on the coat of the latter for the purpose of disguising himself. About three o'clock he again rode forward in the direction of Loch

Arkaig. It may be here mentioned that, when the English troops subsequently visited Invergarry, it was made to pay a severe penalty for having afforded a resting-place to the prince. The plate was carried off and melted, the house and grounds were laid waste, and the military even carried their vengeance so far as to blow up with gunpowder two beautiful chestnut-trees, which were the ornament of the place.

The little party reached Loch Arkaig at nine o'clock in the evening, when Charles took up his quarters in the house of Donald Cameron of Glenpean. So completely was he worn out with the fatigues which he had lately undergone, that he fell asleep while Edward Burke was unbuttoning his splatterdashes, from which, as the latter informs us, "there fell out seven guineas." The next morning, the 18th, he proceeded to Mewboll, in Clanranald's country, where he passed the night. Here the whole party were compelled to abandon their horses and to proceed on foot, there being no longer any roads in the route they were about to pursue. On the evening of the 19th Charles found himself at Oban, near the head of Loch Morar, where he was compelled to sleep in a wretched hovel used for shearing sheep. The next day he laboured on foot over a range of high and rugged hills, and in the evening arrived at the small village of Glenbiasdale in Arisaig, near the spot where he had first set his foot on Scottish ground.

From Glenbiasdale Charles wrote to his followers at Ruthven, — where they had assembled to about the number of a thousand men, — expressing the deepest gratitude for all the gallantry and the devotion which they had displayed in his cause. Circumstances, he said, compelled him at present to retire to France; but he trusted ere long to return from that country, bringing with him succours which would be certain to ensure success. In the meantime he recommended that each of them should look to their own safety, and it was his earnest prayer, he said, that the Almighty should bless and direct them.

There were many among the Highland chieftains who clung to the fond belief that the game which they had been playing was not yet lost, and that the enterprise might still be crowned with success. To these persons the prince's letter came as the death-blow to their hopes. "Our separation at Ruthven," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was truly affecting; we bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered; whilst they and their children would be reduced to

slavery, and plunged, without resource, into a state of remediless distress."

In consequence of information which Charles received at Glenbiasdale of the number of English cruisers which were lying in wait for him along the coast, he determined, by the advice of his followers, to remove to the Western Isles, where it was hoped that he would meet with greater facility in obtaining a passage on board a foreign ship. The individual who had the high compliment paid him of being selected to be the guide of the unfortunate prince during his approaching expedition was one Donald Macleod, a faithful and gallant old Highlander from the Isle of Skye, who was intimately acquainted with the difficult navigation of the neighbouring seas, and who had recently been entrusted with the important mission of bringing off a large sum of money from the island of Barra, which had been left there by a French vessel. Macleod was at this period at Kinlochmoidart, where a messenger was despatched to him, directing him to repair immediately to the prince at Borrodaile. He immediately set out on his journey and the first person he encountered on approaching Glenbiasdale was the prince himself, who was walking alone in the wood. He advanced toward the old man, and inquired of him if he was Donald Macleod of Guattergill, in the Isle of Skye. "I am the same man, your Highness," was the plain-spoken reply; "I am

at your service ; what is your pleasure with me ?” “Then,” said the prince, “you see, Donald, I am in distress ; I throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man and fit to be trusted.” “When Donald,” says Bishop Forbes, “was giving me this part of the narrative, he grat sore ; the tears came running down his cheeks, and he said, ‘What diel could help greeting, when speaking on sic a sad subject ?’”

The first request which Charles preferred to Donald was to carry letters from him to Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod, who had formerly been the loudest in their professions of devotion to his cause, but who, as has been already mentioned, had treacherously made their peace with the government. This mission, however, Donald positively refused to undertake. “Does not your Excellency know,” he said, “that these men have played the rogue to you ? and will you trust them again ?” He mentioned also the fact, which—as Charles still clung fondly to the belief that they were secretly his well-wishers—must have been extremely painful to him, that both these renegade chieftains were searching for him with their followers in all directions, and this within a distance of not more than ten miles from Glenbiasdale. The prince then remarked, “I hear, Donald, you are a good pilot, and know all this coast well. I hope, therefore, you

will carry me safely through the islands, where I may look for more safety than I can do here." The old Highlander immediately assented, adding that there was no personal risk which he would not undergo to ensure the safety of his prince.

Accordingly, an eight-oared boat having been procured, Charles, in the dusk of the evening of the 24th of April, embarked at Lochnanuagh, near the place where he had first landed in the Highlands. Besides the prince, there were twelve persons embarked in the boat, — O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Allan Macdonald, Donald Macleod, and eight watermen, of whom Edward Burke, the prince's guide from Culloden, acted as one. Donald Macleod took the helm, with the prince seated between his knees. One of the watermen, it may be mentioned, was the son of Macleod, a youth of only fifteen years of age. So infected was he with the enthusiasm of the times, that he had run away from a grammar school at Inverness, and, having contrived to provide himself with a broadsword, dirk, and pistol, he arrived on the field of Culloden in time to share the dangers of the battle. He subsequently found means to trace the road that Charles had taken, and, after tracking him from place to place, at length joined him at Glenbiasdale. "And," said Donald to Bishop Forbes, "this was the way that I met wi' my poor boy."

Previous to their embarkation, the experienced

eye of Donald Macleod had assured him that a storm was gathering, and he earnestly entreated the prince to defer his departure till the following day. Charles, however, anxious to escape the dangers which threatened him on the mainland, insisted on putting to sea. They had proceeded only a short distance, when a storm arose, which Macleod himself — though a seafaring man, and accustomed to the squally tempests which rage among the Western Islands — assures us in his "Narrative" was "greater than any he had ever been trysted with before." In addition to the lightning and thunder, and the tempestuous sea, the rain came down in torrents, and they had no pump with which to lighten their small vessel; the night also was extremely dark, and they were without a compass to guide them on their way. Charles now began to perceive his danger, and expressed a wish to return to the shore; but Donald explained to him that the attempt would be a vain one, adding that it was "as good for them to be drowned in clean water as to be dashed in pieces upon a rock and be drowned too." Though little accustomed to the raging element on which he was now borne, Charles exhibited neither fear nor perturbation, but, on the contrary, expressed more than once his confidence in the mercy and goodness of Providence, and at other times endeavoured to enliven the sinking spirits of the crew by singing them a Highland song.

Toward morning the storm abated ; and when the day dawned, they found themselves on the coast of Long Island, having undergone eight hours of discomfort and danger. They landed, with some difficulty, at Roonish, in the desolate island of Benbecula, where they found an uninhabited hut, in which the prince took up his quarters. Having dragged the boat on dry land, they lighted a fire, at which they dried their drenched garments, and boiled a portion of a cow which they had caught and killed. As the storm subsequently recommenced with increased violence, Charles was compelled to take up his quarters in this wretched place for two days and nights, his only couch being an old sail spread on the bare ground, and his only food some oatmeal and the boiled flesh of the slaughtered cow. Yet we are told by one of his companions in misfortune, that "he was very well pleased, and slept soundly."

Though nursed on the lap of luxury, and unaccustomed to practise self-denial, or to be thwarted in his most trifling desires, thus did a young prince (who it might have been expected would have been enervated by the soft air and effeminate pleasures of an Italian climate) endure, with almost unexampled spirit and gallantry, privations and dangers to which even the most wretched outcasts are rarely exposed. We must remember, in addition to his many miseries, that the whole naval and military force of a powerful nation was

employed to intercept the hunted wanderer ; that he was in the power of every individual who surrounded him, each of whom he might naturally have regarded with suspicion ; that the vast sum of thirty thousand pounds was fixed as the price of his capture or of his blood ; and that the majority of those who were entrusted with his secret were among the poor and the needy. Indeed, even had the unfortunate prince been of a disposition to take the most favourable view of human motives and human actions, could he reasonably have expected that there existed on the face of the earth a people so loyal and disinterested as not to number among them a single Judas, who could be tempted by so magnificent a bribe ? And yet such were the gallant and devoted people, on whom the Duke of Cumberland and the detestable agents of his cruelty practised horrors which were only equalled by the authors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or by the priesthood of Madrid !

Gallantly, indeed, did Charles endure all the privations and dangers to which he was exposed. "I asked Donald," said Bishop Forbes, "if the prince was in health all the time that he was with him. Donald said that the prince would never own he was in bad health, though he and all that were with him had reason to think that, during the whole time, the prince was more or less suffering under some disorder, but that he bore

up most surprisingly, and never wanted spirits. Donald added, that the prince, for all the fatigue he underwent, never slept above three or four hours at most at a time, and that when he awaked in the morning he was always sure to call for a chopin of water, which he never failed to drink off at a draught. He said he had a little bottle in his pocket, out of which he used to take so many drops every morning and throughout the day, saying, if anything should ail him, he hoped he should cure himself, for that he was something of a doctor. 'And faith,' said Donald, 'he was indeed a bit of a doctor, for Ned Burke, happening once to be unco ill of a colik, the prince said, "Let him alane, I hope to cure him of that;" and accordingly he did so, for he gae him sae mony draps out o' the little bottle, and Ned soon was as well as ever he had been.' "

On the evening of the 29th Charles quitted Benbecula with his attendants, with the intention of setting sail for Stornoway, the principal port in the island of Lewis, where he hoped to find a French vessel to convey him to France. They were overtaken, however, by another storm, and were compelled to put into the small island of Scalpa, or Glass, where they landed before day-break on the morning of the 30th. As this island belonged to the Laird of Macleod, who was now actively engaged in furthering the views of the government, they assumed the characters of ship-

wrecked merchantmen, the prince and O'Sullivan taking the names of Sinclair, the latter playing the part of the father, and the former of the son. They met, however, with civility and kindness from Donald Campbell, who rented the island from the Laird of Macleod, and who lent his own boat to Donald Macleod, to enable him to proceed to Stornoway, to procure a larger and safer vessel for the prince.

Charles had been four days a guest of the hospitable Campbell, when he received a message from Macleod that he had procured a vessel of the description required. The prince immediately put to sea in a small boat, but the wind blowing right against them, they were compelled to land in Loch Sheffort, and to proceed to Stornoway on foot. Their way led over a dreary moor ; the night was extremely dark, and the rain poured down in torrents. The distance from Loch Sheffort to Stornoway was not above twenty miles, but, in consequence of the ignorance or mismanagement of their guide, their journey was lengthened to about thirty-eight miles.

As soon as Charles had arrived within sight of Stornoway, he sent forward the guide to Donald Macleod, who immediately repaired to him with some brandy and bread and cheese, and subsequently conducted him to the house of Mrs. Mackenzie of Kildun, where he passed the night. On the return of Donald to Stornoway, he found the

whole place in commotion, and not less than two or three hundred men under arms. His servant, it appears, had got drunk, and had blabbed for whom the vessel was hired, adding that the prince was in the neighbourhood, at the head of five hundred men. This intelligence was rapidly spread by a chain of alarms communicated by a clergyman in South Uist to his father in the Harris, and thence to another clergyman in the Lewis. In vain did Donald endeavour to expostulate with them on the absurdity of their fears. They had no intention, they said, to injure the prince, nor to molest him in any way; all they asked was that he should quit the place without delay. Nevertheless, they refused to allow Donald to make use of the vessel which he had already hired, and even declined accepting a large sum of money which he offered to any one who would pilot them to their destination. Charles, it is said, discovered but little uneasiness when informed by Donald of the threatening aspect of his affairs. "We were then," says Edward Burke, in his "Narrative," "only four in number besides the prince, and we had four hired men for rowing the barge. Upon the alarm, I advised they should take to the mountains; but the prince said, 'How long is it, Ned, since you turned cowardly? I shall be sure of the best of them before I am taken, which I hope will never be alive.' "

At this time, the prince, O'Sullivan, and O'Neal

had only six shirts among them, and, according to Donald Macleod, "frequently, when they stripped to dry those that were upon them, they found those that they were to put on as wet as the ones they had thrown off." Their crew, which had originally consisted of four persons, was now reduced to half that number, in consequence of two of them having fled frightened to the mountains on perceiving the commotion which the prince's presence had excited. With this inefficient crew, and in a small boat but little suited to cope with the sudden squalls and tempests so peculiar to the Western Isles, Charles put to sea on the 6th of May, doubtful in what direction to steer his course. His companions in adversity were now reduced to O'Sullivan and O'Neal, Allan Macdonald having taken his leave of him at Stornoway, in order to make the best of his way to South Uist. The provisions which they carried with them consisted of some oatmeal, brandy, and sugar, besides some portions of a cow which they had slaughtered during the time they were the guests of Mrs. Mackenzie, and for which that lady had at first refused payment. Charles, however, would not be denied, and positively insisted on her accepting the price of the animal; "for so long," says Donald Macleod, "as there was any money among us, I was positive that the deil a man or woman should have it to say that the prince ate their meat for nought."

The fugitives had advanced only a short distance from the land, when they came in sight of four vessels of war, which induced them to put into the small desert island of Eiurn, or Iffurt, near the Harris, about twelve miles from Stornoway, and a little to the north of Scalpa. It happened to be the temporary resort of some fishermen, who, mistaking the prince and his companions for a press-gang despatched from one of the vessels in the offing, fled with the utmost precipitation to the interior of the island, leaving their fish drying upon the shore in large quantities. "Upon this desert island," says Donald Macleod, "we found plenty of good dry fish, of which we were resolved to make the best fare we could without any butter, not knowing of the junt that Ned had in his wallet.¹ As we had plenty of brandy and sugar along with us, and found very good springs upon the island, we wanted much to have a little warm punch to cheer our hearts in this cold remote place. We luckily found an earthen pitcher which the fishers had left upon the island, and this served our purpose very well for heating the punch; but the second night the pitcher, by some accident or other, was broke to pieces, so that we could have no more warm

¹ "When they were parting with Lady Kildare (Mrs. Mackenzie), she called Ned aside, and gave him a junt of butter betwixt two fardles of bread, which Ned put into a wallet they had for carrying some little baggage."

punch." "When Donald," says Bishop Forbes, "was asked if ever the prince used to give any particular toast, when they were taking a cup of cold water, whiskey, or the like, he said that the prince very often drank to the Black Eye, 'by which,' said Donald, 'he meant the second daughter of France; and I never heard him name any particular health but that alone. When he spoke of that lady, which he did frequently, he appeared to be more than ordinarily well pleased.'" Of the King of France, Charles, during his wanderings, always spoke in terms of gratitude and affection, expressing his conviction that that monarch had the cause of the exiled family warmly at heart, and was anxious to do all in his power to assist them. "But, gentlemen," he invariably added, "I can assure you that a king and his council are two very different things."

Edward Burke usually acted as cook and baker; but whenever the prince lent a hand to prepare the homely repast, we are told that he was reckoned "the best cook of them all." Perhaps something of the flattery of a court existed even among the desert and inhospitable isles of the Hebrides, in the superiority which was thus awarded to the prince. Something, indeed, like etiquette was still kept up amongst those whom misfortune had reduced to a common level; and though without knives and forks, or the commonest culinary utensil, and with no other shelter than a ruined hut,

with a sail-cloth for the roof, the prince, nevertheless, and the gentlemen of his party, invariably partook of their meals apart from their humbler companions. Charles, we are told by one of his companions in adversity, "used to smoke a great deal of tobacco," and would sometimes sing them a song "to keep up their hearts."

On the 10th of May, after a residence of four days upon this desolate spot, they again set sail, carrying with them two dozen of the dried fish which they found upon the rocky beach. Previous to quitting the island, Charles had placed some money upon one of the fish which they left behind, as the price of what they had consumed and taken away. He was told, however, that either it would be taken possession of by persons who might accidentally land, and who had no claim to it, or, what was of still more importance, that it might lead to the discovery of their real rank. Charles, accordingly, was induced to forego his honest intentions, though apparently not without much violence to his conscientious scruples.

Passing along the shores of the Long Island, Charles insisted on going a short distance out of their way for the purpose of landing once more in Scalpa, in order to thank Donald Campbell for the civilities he had shown them, and also to remunerate him for the use of his boat. The rumour, however, had already gone abroad that the prince had been his guest, and the hospitable Highlander

had himself become a fugitive. They again therefore put to sea, but the wind had now gone down, and they were compelled to row during the whole night. When the dawn broke they were without food or fresh water, and during the whole day their only sustenance consisted of some meal mixed with sea-water and some brandy. Unpalatable as must have been this fare to the unfortunate prince, we have the evidence of two of the persons who were with him in the boat, that he called it "no bad food," and even "ate of it very heartily." "Never," says Donald Macleod, "did any meat or drink come wrong to him; for he could take a share of everything, be it good, bad, or indifferent, and was always cheerful and contented in every condition." The prince himself observed that, should he ever ascend a throne, he should never forget those "who dined with him that day."

But the want of food was not the worst which they had to encounter. As they continued on their melancholy voyage, they found themselves suddenly chased by an English vessel of war, which very nearly succeeded in capturing them; indeed it was only by the greatest efforts of the crew that they contrived to escape, Charles all the time animating them to fresh exertions. "If we escape this danger," he said, "you shall have a handsome reward; if not, I will be sunk rather than taken." Fortunately the wind went down,

and, the ship becoming becalmed, they were enabled to conceal themselves in one of the small inlets formed by the rocks on the dreary coast of the Isle of Harris. After a short time they again stole out, and were moving stealthily along the shore, when they were perceived and chased by another vessel. On this occasion, however, they had less difficulty in effecting their escape. The calmness of the weather was in their favour, and, after undergoing twenty-four hours of thirst, fatigue, and anxiety, Charles found himself safely landed at Loch-wisk-away, in Benbecula. He expressed himself highly gratified at his numerous escapes, adding that he was now satisfied that he should never die by water or by the sword.

Carrying with them some crabs which they caught among the rocks, — in capturing which the prince had shown great eagerness, — they proceeded inland in hopes of finding the provisions of which they stood so much in need, as well as shelter for the night. After a dreary walk of two miles, they came to a wretched uninhabited hovel, “a poor grass-keeper’s bothy or hut,” as Edward Burke described it to Bishop Forbes, “which had so low a door that we digged below it, and put heather below the prince’s knees, he being tall, to let him go the easier into the poor hut.” Miserable, however, as it must have been to be confined in this wretched spot, it still offered the advantages of security to the persecuted wanderer, and

he determined on remaining there for some time. Anxious to ascertain the fate of his friends, and to obtain a supply of money, of which he stood greatly in need, he despatched Donald Macleod to the mainland, with directions to find out Lochiel and Secretary Murray, who were concealed among the Western Highlands, proscribed fugitives like the prince himself. With the sagacity of a Highlander, Macleod traced them to their hiding-places at the head of Loch Arkaig; but they had no money to send to their prince, and, after an absence of eighteen days, Donald returned with some brandy only, which perhaps was sufficiently acceptable, and with two letters from Lochiel and the secretary, acquainting him with the complete ruin of his affairs.

During the absence of Macleod, Charles was cheered by a visit from Clanranald, to whom he had sent a message acquainting him with his hiding-place and his wants. Clanranald, accompanied by his lady, immediately repaired to him in his wretched retreat. "He found the youth," says Chambers, "who had recently agitated Britain in so extraordinary a manner, and whose pretensions to a throne he considered indubitable, reclining in a hovel little larger than an English hog-stye, and perhaps more filthy; his face haggard with disease, hunger, and exposure to the weather; and his shirt, to use the expressive language of Dougal Graham, as dingy as a dish-clout." To the

great satisfaction of Charles, Clanranald brought with him some Spanish wines and other provisions, as well as some shoes and stockings, and the acceptable present of half a dozen shirts.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Charles Removes to the Island of South Uist — His Various Narrow Escapes While Resident There — Accepts the Proffered Services of Flora Macdonald — Plan for His Escape in Disguise to the Isle of Skye.

AFTER a residence of two or three days in Benbecula, Charles, by the advice of Clanranald, removed to a secluded spot in the centre of the neighbouring island of South Uist, where he was less likely to be hunted out by his pursuers, and which, moreover, from its vicinity both to the mountains and the sea, offered a double chance of escape in the event of his retreat being discovered. Scouts were stationed in all directions to give the earliest notice of the approach of an enemy; a boat was always in readiness for him to put to sea, and guides in the event of his being compelled to fly to the mountains.

The month which was passed by Charles in South Uist was perhaps the least painful or wearisome of any period of his wanderings. Though his present habitation was only a better kind of

hut, and though his bed consisted only of two cow-hides stretched upon four sticks, he was nevertheless well supplied with comforts and even luxuries. Clanranald and his brother Boisdale, paid him frequent visits ; and from Lady Margaret Macdonald, the wife of his former adherent and present persecutor, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, he received constant supplies of the newspapers of the day. South Uist was formerly celebrated for its abundance of game, and Charles frequently amused himself with shooting ; we are assured, indeed, that "he was very dexterous at shooting fowl on the wing." Sometimes he would vary his amusements by entering a small boat, and fishing with hand-lines along the coast.

During his stay in South Uist an incident occurred, which though trifling in itself, very nearly led to serious results ; and, moreover, as the circumstances connected with it display Charles's character for humanity and good-nature in a very pleasing light, it may perhaps be as well to record it. He had one day shot a deer, and in the evening was assisting his *chef de cuisine*, Edward Burke, in preparing some collops from it, when a half-starved boy suddenly pushed in between them, and made an attempt to snatch some of the meat out of the dish. Edward Burke immediately struck him with the back of his hand, and probably would have repeated the blow, had he not been stopped by the prince. "Why, man," he said, "do not you

remember the Scripture, which commands us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked? You ought rather to give him meat than a stripe." He then ordered some food and some old clothes to be given to the boy, remarking, "I cannot see a Christian perishing for want of food and raiment if I have the power to support him." His humanity met with a very indifferent return. Having discovered the rank of his benefactor, the boy sought out a large body of the Campbells, Macleods, and Macdonalds, who were in search of the prince, and acquainted them with his hiding-place. Fortunately, however, they only ridiculed his story, which they regarded as an impudent falsehood.

At length the period arrived when Charles was again compelled to change the scene of his wanderings, — a step which was rendered absolutely necessary in consequence of a large body of militia having landed in search of him on the neighbouring island of Eriska. This important information was communicated to the prince by his kind friend, Lady Margaret Macdonald, who employed a gallant Highland gentleman, Hugh Macdonald, of Balshair in North Uist, to convey to him the tidings. Balshair has himself left us a very interesting account of his mission to Charles and his small court of Glencoradale.

"Being a misty day," he says, "I came near them before they discovered me, which surprised

them. O'Sullivan introduced me to the hut. The prince saluted me very kindly, and told me he was heartily glad to see the face of an honest man in such a remote corner. His dress was then a tartan short coat, and vest of the same, got from Lady Clanranald; his nightcap all patched with soot-drops, his shirt, hands, and face patched with the same; a short kilt, tartan hose, and Highland brogs; his upper coat being English cloth. He called for a dram, being the first article of a Highland entertainment, which being over, he called for meat. There was about a half-stone of butter laid on a timber plate, and near a leg of beef laid on a chest before us, all patched with soot-drops, notwithstanding its being washed *toties quoties*. As soon as we had done, who should enter the hut but Boisdale, who seemed to be a very welcome guest to the prince, as they had been together above once before.

"Boisdale then told him there was a party come to Barra in pursuit of him. He asked what they were. Boisdale said they were Macdonalds and Macleods. He then said he was not the least concerned, as they were Highlanders, and more especially such. I spoke to Boisdale about leaving Glencoradale, as our stay there would be of dangerous consequence, and of no advantage to him. The prince told us, as it was but seldom he met with friends he could enjoy himself with, he would not on any account part with us that

night. Boisdale says to me, we could not, in good manners, part with him that night. I replied, if he would risk staying himself, that I would for my part. The prince advised Edward Burke to fill the bowl ; but before we would begin with our bowl, Boisdale insisted on his being shaved first, and then putting on a clean shirt, which he was importuned to do, and Burke shaved him. Then we began with our bowl, frank and free. As we were turning merry, we were turning more free. At last I started the question if his Highness would take it amiss if I should tell him the greatest objections against him in Great Britain. He said not. I told him that popery and arbitrary government were the two chiefest. He said it was only bad constructions his enemies put on it. ‘Do you know, Mr. Macdonald,’ he says, ‘what religion are all the princes of Europe of?’ I told him I imagined they were of the same established religion of the nation they lived in. He told me they had little or no religion at all. Boisdale then told him that his predecessor, Clanranald, had fought seven set battles for his ; yet, after the Restoration, he was not owned by King Charles at court. The prince said, ‘Boisdale, don’t be rubbing up old sores, for if I came home, the case would be otherwise with me.’ I then said to him that, notwithstanding the freedom we enjoyed there with him, we could have no access to him if he was settled at London ; and he told us then, if he had never so much ado,

he would be one night merry with his Highland friends. We continued this drinking for three days and three nights. He had still the better of us, and even of Boisdale himself, notwithstanding his being as able a bowls-man, I dare say, as any in Scotland."

Previous to his taking his departure from Glen-coradale, Charles despatched a letter to Lady Margaret Macdonald, thanking her for all the kindness he had received at her hands, and at the same time expressing a wish that she would throw his letter into the fire when she had read it. According to the narrative of Captain Roy Macdonald, who was the prince's messenger on the occasion, she rose up when he placed the letter in her hands, and, after kissing it, exclaimed: "No, I will not burn it; I will preserve it for the sake of him who wrote it to me; and although King George's forces should come to the house, I hope I shall find a way to secure it." Then, stepping into a closet, she put it carefully by; but, some time afterward, when the king's troops actually paid her a visit, — fearful lest a discovery of the letter might give a clue to the prince's movements, — she reluctantly committed it to the flames; an act which, as no search was made for papers, she is said to have afterward deeply regretted. From Lady Margaret Charles received, by means of Captain Roy Macdonald, some wearing apparel and a purse of twenty guineas. It was important to

the prince in his wanderings that he should have as much of his money in silver as possible, lest any display of gold might lead to a suspicion of his real rank. With all her endeavours, however, Lady Margaret could obtain change only for a guinea and a half, so little money found its way in those days into these retired regions. It may be mentioned that her husband, Sir Alexander, was at this period absent in the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus, employed in searching for the prince. Donald Macleod informs us that he one day asked the prince, should he ever "come to his own again," what he would do with Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod. "What would you have me do with them?" was Charles's generous reply. "Are they not our own people still? Besides," he added, "if the king were restored, we should be as sure of them for friends as any other men whatsoever."

On the 14th of June, accompanied by O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Edward Burke, and Donald Macleod, Charles took his leave of Glencoradale and South Uist, but whither to proceed appears to have been the doubtful question. His pursuers had by this time traced him to the Western Isles, and, surrounded and beset on all sides by the royal cruisers and the numerous militia-boats, the fugitive knew not where to seek shelter even for a single night. The first four nights were passed by him in the little island of Wia, situated between South Uist

and Benbecula, where he was kindly received by one Ranald Macdonald, who chanced to be there grazing his flocks. The next two nights were spent at a desolate spot called Rossinish, and the following one at Aikersideallich, near Uishnish, where Charles slept in a fissure in the rocks, with his bonnet drawn over his eyes. In the morning the fugitives again put to sea, with the intention of returning to their old quarters at Glencoradale, but, on approaching South Uist, they found themselves close to some vessels of war. They immediately landed in a small loch, Charles and three of his companions flying to the mountains, while the rest busily employed themselves in concealing the boat.

It was the principal object of Charles, in returning to South Uist, to seek out his old and valued friend Boisdale, whose faithful loyalty and intimate knowledge of every place of concealment in the Long Island rendered his assistance and advice of the greatest importance. It was, therefore, with the deepest regret and disappointment that Charles learned that the gallant chieftain had fallen into the hands of the enemy. "The account of Boisdale's being a prisoner," says Donald Macleod, "distressed the prince and his small retinue exceedingly much, as he was the person principally concerned in the preservation of the prince, and all along had been most careful to consult his safety in his dangers upon and about

the Isles." Lady Boisdale, in lamenting the loss of her husband, did not forget the dangers or discomforts of her prince. She sent him four bottles of brandy, and during the three days he remained on the island supplied him with every comfort she could procure.

On the second day after his landing, Charles learned to his dismay that there was a body of five hundred regular troops and militia within a mile and a half of him. It now became necessary that he should part from his faithful companions in misfortune, O'Neal alone, as will subsequently be seen, remaining with him for a short time longer. The separation, as was natural with those who had shared together so many hardships and dangers, appears to have been deeply affecting. Edward Burke earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany the prince till he should see him in safety, and Bishop Forbes informs us that, when Donald Macleod spoke to him of the parting, "he greeted sore, and said it was a woe-ful parting indeed." Charles ordered the rowers to be paid a shilling for each day that they had attended him, and also presented Donald Macleod with a draft on his late secretary, Mr. Hay, for sixty pistoles, which, however, the faithful Highlander appears to have never received. How highly does it raise our estimate of human nature, when we reflect that any one of these simple and uneducated men, by walking a mile and a half to

the English quarters, might have made himself master of the vast reward which was offered for the prince's capture ! And yet, of all the numerous individuals to whom he confided his secret, — and by far the majority were among the humble and indigent, — not one appears to have contemplated his betrayal.

Previous to taking leave of his companions, Charles had arranged that they should take different routes, and reassemble at a particular place. It was not destined, however, that they should meet again. O'Sullivan, some time afterward, effected his escape on board a French cutter, which made its appearance off South Uist ; O'Neal was less fortunate, for, after wandering about for some time in Skye and other islands, he was arrested in Benbecula, and sent a prisoner to London. Donald Macleod, to whom was confided the task of sinking the boat, was taken on the 5th of July, and, though in his sixty-eighth year, was also sent to London as a prisoner. The remaining companion of Charles, Edward Burke, after wandering about North Uist for seven weeks with no other food than the shell-fish which he picked up on the beach, at last found refuge in a small cave, where he was fed by a shoemaker's wife in the night. Finding himself fortunately included in the general act of grace, he subsequently returned to Edinburgh, and some of his Jacobite admirers having contributed to purchase him a sedan-chair,

he continued to follow his original avocation for the rest of his life.

At the recommendation probably of Clanranald, Charles had recently attached to his person one Niel Macdonald, or, as he was more usually styled, Niel Mackechan, who will be found playing a conspicuous part in the prince's subsequent wanderings. This person appears to have been a kind of tutor in Clanranald's family, and is remarkable as having been the father of the celebrated Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum.

Accompanied by O'Neal and Niel Mackechan, Charles, on taking his melancholy farewell of his other companions in adversity, ascended the summit of the highest hill in the vicinity, where he not only found a safe hiding-place, but, like his great-uncle, Charles the Second, when concealed by the foliage of the oak, he also obtained a clear view in the plain below of the movements of those who were sent in pursuit of him. Here he remained till night set in, when he commenced a toilsome and dreary march in the direction of Benbecula, Charles and O'Neal carrying their own scanty allowance of linen, while Niel Mackechan followed with the prince's fusee and pistols, besides his own gun and sword.

It was at this critical period in the history of the fugitive prince that he was so fortunate as to obtain as a companion and guide an interesting and beautiful girl, the celebrated Flora Macdonald,

whose name has become so intimately associated with the prince's romantic wanderings and escapes. This spirited and noble-minded young lady was the daughter of the late Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, and since his death had usually resided with her stepfather, Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye. She was intimately acquainted with, and indeed related to, the Clanranald family, and was at present on a visit to her brother in South Uist, within three or four miles of Clanranald's seat of Ormaclade.

The circumstances under which Flora Macdonald was introduced to Charles, and which induced a young and beautiful girl to become the companion of his wanderings and the sharer of his dangers and almost unexampled hardships, have never been clearly explained. It has been affirmed — and the story is far from being an improbable one — that her own stepfather, Hugh Macdonald, though in command of a company of the royal militia, was still in secret so well disposed toward the cause of the Stuarts as to induce him, probably at the instigation of Lady Margaret Macdonald, to allow his stepdaughter to aid in the prince's escape, and even to write surreptitiously to Charles by a trustworthy messenger, making him the acceptable offer. Such is the account given in a very curious narrative written by one of Charles's companions in adversity, which has only recently been published, and which there is

every reason to believe to be the production of his faithful follower, Niel Mackechan.¹ Whatever the circumstances may have been, it is certain that O'Neal (who had been previously acquainted with Miss Macdonald, and who is said to have conceived a tender but hopeless attachment for her) was despatched on a mission to her by Charles, with the object of inducing her either to accompany him in his flight, or at least to concert measures for his escape. As it appears also that they met by appointment, there can be no doubt that she came prepared, either by her father or Lady Margaret, to listen to O'Neal's persuasions.

The latter has himself left us an account of what took place at the interview, which is the more curious, as we have the authority of Bishop Forbes that it is in accordance with what he subsequently learnt from Flora Macdonald's own mouth. "At midnight," says O'Neal, "we came to the hut, where by good fortune we met with Miss Flora Macdonald, whom I formerly knew. I quitted the prince at some distance from the

¹ This interesting narrative, which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* for November, 1840 (No. 239), appears to the author to bear internal evidence of its having been written by Niel Mackechan after his return to France, in which country he had been educated at the Scot's College at Paris. It supplies a very important desideratum in the story of the prince's wanderings, his proceedings from the time when he quitted his companions in South Uist to his being joined by Flora Macdonald in Benbecula.

hut, and went with a design to inform myself if the independent companies were to pass that way next day. The young lady answered me, 'No,' and said they were not to pass till the day after. Then I told her I had brought a friend to see her; and she, with some emotion, asked me if it was the prince. I answered her it was, and instantly brought him in. We then consulted on the imminent danger the prince was in, and could think of no more proper and safe expedient than to propose to Miss Flora to convey him to the Isle of Skye, where her mother lived. This seemed the more feasible, as the young lady's stepfather, being captain of an independent company, would accord her a pass for herself and a servant, to go and visit her mother. The prince assented, and immediately proposed it to the young lady; to which she answered with the greatest respect and loyalty, but declined it, saying Sir Alexander Macdonald was too much her friend for her to be the instrument of his ruin. I endeavoured to obviate this by assuring her Sir Alexander was not in the country, and that she could, with the greatest facility, convey the prince to her mother's, as she lived close by the waterside. I then demonstrated to her the honour and immortality that would redound to her by such a glorious action; and she at length acquiesced, after the prince had told her the sense he would always retain of so conspicuous a service. She promised to acquaint

us next day, when things were ripe for execution, and we parted for the mountains of Coradale."

On approaching Benbecula, Niel Mackechan, having seen the prince and O'Neal concealed safely among the rocks, proceeded to meet Flora Macdonald, in order to arrange with her the details of the prince's flight. To his dismay, however, when he reached the narrow ford which separates Benbecula and South Uist, he found himself in the midst of a large number of the Skye militia, who were maintaining a strict guard over the ford, being drawn up in a line at the distance of about a gunshot of one another. It was now evident that the pursuers of the unfortunate prince had traced him to South Uist, and were resorting to every possible expedient to prevent his escape. The orders of the militia were on no account to allow any one to pass, without first carrying him before their commanding officer. Accordingly, Niel was brought to the guard-house, where, to his astonishment, he found Flora Macdonald and her maid, who, being unfortunately unprovided with passports, had also been detained in custody.

The indefatigable and noble-minded girl had already arranged with Lady Clanranald, through the medium of a trustworthy messenger, the means by which the prince's escape was to be effected. A small boat had been secured to carry him from Benbecula, and it was further settled that he should be disguised in female attire, and,

under the name of Betty Burke, act the part of maid to Miss Macdonald. The latter, accordingly, was on her way to Lady Clanranald's house, in order to get ready the necessary articles for completing the prince's disguise, when she was taken prisoner by the militia. Her first inquiry was as to the name of the officer in command of the detachment, when, to her great satisfaction, she learned that it was her own stepfather, Macdonald of Armadale, who, she was told, was absent at present, and would not return till the following morning. Though compelled to pass the night in the guard-house, she determined to await his return, and was rewarded by obtaining from him passports for herself, Niel Mackechan, and Betty Burke. He also furnished her with a letter to her mother, recommending her to take the latter into her service, in the event of her proving as dexterous a spinster as their daughter described her.¹

Having received Miss Macdonald's directions to convey the prince without delay to Rosshiness, where, she added, she would speedily join them

¹ The letter was as follows: "I have sent your daughter from this country, least she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your lint; or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Niel Mackechan along with your daughter and Betty Burke, to take care of them.

I am your dutiful husband,

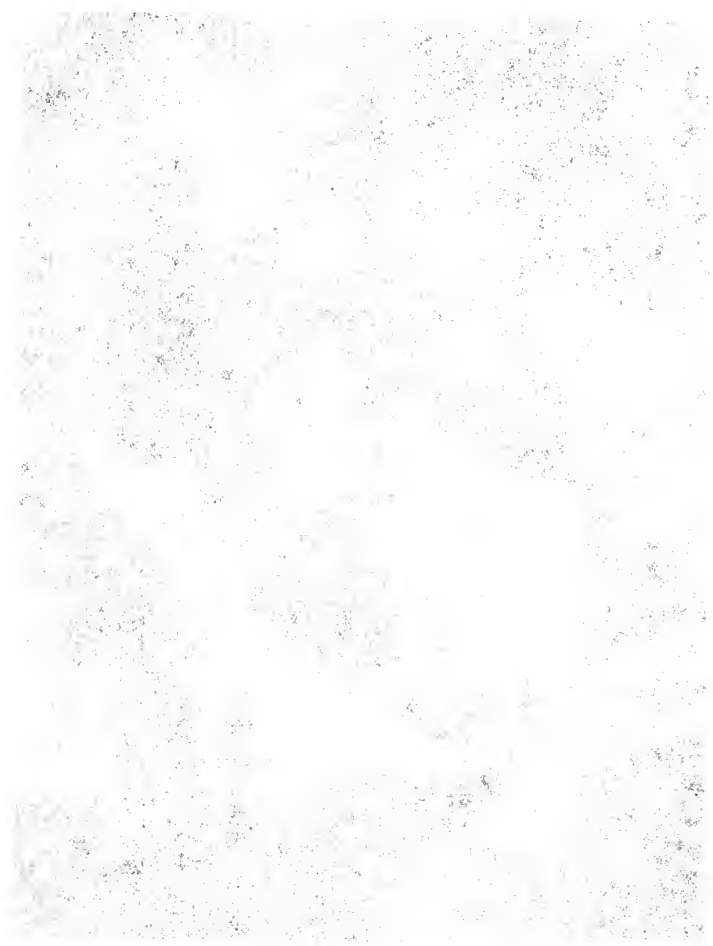
"HUGH MACDONALD."

with the clothes and provisions which were necessary for their expedition, Niel made the best of his way back to Charles, whom he found still concealed in his wretched hiding-place among the rocks. As the vigilance of the militia would have rendered it an act of madness to attempt to pass the fords, their only hope of escape lay in reaching Benbecula by sea. To obtain a boat appeared almost an impossibility, when fortunately they perceived a small fishing yawl, and easily prevailed upon the crew to land them upon the nearest rocks. They had before them a long and painful walk to Rosshiness over a desolate moor; the rain by this time was descending in torrents; a cold and piercing wind blew directly in their teeth; and, to add to their discomforts, they had no means of obtaining a mouthful of food. About the middle of the day, Charles, who had tasted nothing since the preceding evening, was so exhausted by hunger and fatigue as scarcely to be able to walk. Fortunately, however, when his miseries were at their height, they came to a small habitation, and having represented themselves as unfortunate Irish gentlemen who had effected their escape from Culloden, they were welcomed by the kind-hearted inhabitants with the best fare which the wretched hovel could afford. After resting themselves a short time, they again set out in the direction of Rosshiness, and about five o'clock found themselves within


three miles of that village. As it would have been hazardous for them to approach nearer to it by daylight, Charles, who is described as shivering all the time from the cold and wet, lay himself down to rest among the high heather, which was all the shelter he had from the storm. When night set in, they again proceeded on their way the wind and rain still beating violently in their faces, and the night being so dark that they could not see three yards before them. Another source of discomfort, in the prince's fatigued state, was the depth and slipperiness of the mire. He fell or slipped at almost every step he took, and frequently lost one or other of his shoes, which his companions had great difficulty in recovering.

On approaching the hovel which had been fixed upon as the meeting-place between Charles and Flora Macdonald, Niel left the prince and O'Neal at some distance off, while he himself went forward to ascertain if the coast were clear. To his dismay, however, he learned that twenty of the Skye militia had landed two days before, and that they were actually in a tent within a quarter of a mile from the hut. On hearing these unpleasant tidings, Charles appeared to be almost broken-hearted. He obtained shelter, indeed, from the storm for two or three hours; but as the militia visited the hut every morning for the purpose of procuring milk, the unfortunate prince was obliged to be hurried off before daybreak to the rocks by

the seashore, where he remained concealed in a small cave during the rest of the morning. "It is almost inexpressible," says the narrative attributed to Mackechan, "what torment the prince suffered under that unhappy rock, which had neither height nor breadth to cover him from the rain which poured down upon him so thick as if all the windows of heaven had broke open, and, to complete his tortures, there lay such a swarm of mitches upon his face and hands as would have made any other but himself fall into despair, which, notwithstanding his incomparable patience, made him utter such hideous cries and complaints as would have rent the rocks with compassion. Niel, who stood all this time beside him, could be of no more service to him than to let run to the ground the rain which stagnated in the lurks of the plaid wherein he lay wrapped. In this miserable condition he continued for about three hours, till their faithful scout came for the last time and told them they might return to the house, for that the militia was gone. Niel helped him to his feet, and they marched away to the house, where the good dairymaid took care to make a rousing fire for their coming." The "faithful scout" and the "good dairymaid" were the same person. Resisting the splendid temptation of a bribe of thirty thousand pounds, which she might so easily have obtained by communicating the prince's secret to the militia, she visited him as frequently as she



Charles Edward and Flora MacDonald.
Photo-etching after the painting by Paul de la Roche.



Charles Edward and Flora Macdonald.
Photo-etching after the painting by Paul de la Roche.



could in the course of the morning, for the purpose of bringing him food and giving him intelligence of the movements of his enemies.

Thus, almost within hearing of the voices of his persecutors, did Charles pass two miserable days and nights ; sometimes, indeed, enjoying warmth and shelter in the hospitable hut, but at another moment hurried off to some wretched hiding-place in the neighbourhood. His anxiety for the arrival of Flora Macdonald, who had been unavoidably detained by the difficulty which she found in procuring the necessary articles for effecting his disguise, was naturally great ; indeed, suspense at length became so unbearable that, in order to ascertain the worst, he determined on sending O'Neal to her, who, we are told, "was mighty well pleased to be entrusted with that embassy ; not so much to further the prince's affairs as to be in company with Miss Flora, for whom he professed a great deal of kindness at that time."

At length, on the third day after his arrival in the neighbourhood of Rosshiness, Charles, to his indescribable joy, was informed that the faithful Flora, accompanied by Lady Clanranald, was approaching by sea. Forgetting his danger in his gallantry and delight, he immediately proceeded to the landing-place, and, having handed the ladies from their boat, gave Lady Clanranald his arm to the small hut, while O'Neal performed the hon-

ours to Flora Macdonald. The latter afterward informed Doctor Burton, of York, that the prince himself assisted in cooking their dinner, which consisted of the heart, liver, and kidneys, either of a bullock or a sheep, and which were roasted on a wooden spit. They all, she said, dined very heartily, she herself sitting on the prince's right hand, and Lady Clanranald on his left. When one of the party expressed their deep concern at the prince's altered fortunes, and his present miserable condition, "It would be well for all kings," he said, with a smile, "if they could pass through the same ordeal of hardships and privations which it has been my lot to undergo."

While they were still seated at table, a servant arrived out of breath, with the alarming tidings that General Campbell had landed in the neighbourhood with a large body of troops ; and, shortly afterward, the news came that a Captain Ferguson, with an advanced party, was within two miles of them, on his way to Lady Clanranald's seat at Ormaclade. In consequence of this information, Lady Clanranald deemed it prudent to return to her own house, where she afterward had to undergo a strict examination from Ferguson, who, however, could elicit nothing more satisfactory from her than that she had been absent on a visit to a sick child. She was subsequently taken into custody, together with her husband, and carried

to London, where she remained a prisoner till released in the month of June, 1747.

On the departure of Lady Clanranald, Flora Macdonald desired Charles to dress himself in his new attire, which we are told consisted of "a flowered linen gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood." His disguise, it is added, was completed "not without some mirth and raillery passing amidst all their distress and perplexity, and a mixture of tears and smiles."

Before setting out, Charles took leave of O'Neal, who earnestly entreated to be allowed to remain with him, but to this Miss Macdonald would on no account consent. With Niel Mackechan, therefore, for their guide, they proceeded along the coast to the spot where their boat was waiting for them, which they at length reached extremely wet and fatigued. As it would have been dangerous for them to sail before night set in, they lighted a fire among the rocks, which, however, they were shortly afterward compelled to extinguish in consequence of the approach of some wherries toward the shore. Fortunately, they were unperceived by any on board, and the wherries sailed to the southward without stopping, — passing, however, within a gunshot of the spot where Charles and his companions lay concealed among the heather.

CHAPTER IX.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Critical Situation of the Fugitives in an Open Boat — They Reach the Isle of Skye — Various Expedients for Keeping up the Prince's Disguise — Entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald — Arrest of Kingsburgh (Macdonald) for Harboursing the Prince — Charles Proceeds to Raasay — Parts with Flora Macdonald.

On the 28th of June, at eight o'clock in the evening, Charles, accompanied by Flora Macdonald and Niel Mackechan, embarked on board the small boat which his friends had procured for him. The weather at first was calm and favourable, but in the course of the night, after they had advanced some distance from the shore, a storm arose, and they were for some time in imminent danger. Perceiving that not only his fair companion, but that the boatmen also were uneasy at their situation, Charles did his best to raise their sinking spirits by telling them cheerful stories, and singing them gay ballads, and among others sang them the lively old song called "The Restoration."

The storm died away before morning, and

shortly before daybreak they found themselves close to the point of Waternish, on the western coast of the Isle of Skye. They were about to land at this usually deserted place, when they suddenly perceived that it was in the possession of the militia, who had three boats drawn up on the shore, though fortunately they were without oars. The rowers in the prince's little vessel immediately pulled away from the shore with their utmost force, the soldiers at the same time raising their muskets, and shouting out to them to land, or they would fire. The situation of the fugitives was, at this period, an extremely critical one; for, not only had they to fear the fire of the militia, but there were also several of the royal cruisers within sight, and consequently escape appeared almost impracticable. Heedless, however, of the threats of the soldiers, and of the bullets which presently afterward whistled over their heads, Charles incited the boatmen to renewed exertions, telling them "not to fear the villains." Straining every nerve, they assured him unanimously that they had "no fear for themselves, but only for him," to which he replied with the greatest cheerfulness, "Oh, no fear for me." His next thought was for his fair companion, whom he earnestly entreated to lie down at the bottom of the boat to protect her from the bullets; she generously, however, insisted that his preservation was of greater impor-

tance than hers, and positively refused to obey him unless he followed her example, which with some difficulty he was induced to do.

The weather was now propitious, and as they proceeded on their voyage over the calm waters, Flora Macdonald, exhausted by the fatigues which she had undergone, fell asleep at the bottom of the boat. Charles, who, during their wanderings, appears to have taken the deepest interest in her, and to have consulted her slightest wish, remained seated beside her, and, while watching her slumbers, displayed the greatest anxiety lest she should be disturbed by any unnecessary noise on the part of the rude mariners.

After rowing about twelve miles farther, the little party landed at Kilbride, in the island of Skye, within a short distance of Mugstat, the seat of the prince's enemy, Sir Alexander Macdonald, who, as has been already mentioned, was at present absent on duty at Fort Augustus. Leaving Charles on the beach, Flora Macdonald, accompanied by Niel Mackechan, proceeded to wait on Lady Margaret Macdonald, and to acquaint her that the prince was in the neighbourhood. It happened that one of the guests of Lady Margaret was a Lieutenant Macleod, who commanded a small detachment of militia which was quartered in the immediate neighbourhood, and who had at present three or four of his men with him in the house. With the presence of mind, however,

Original etching by Adrian Maréchal.
"Charles incited the boatmen to renewed exertions."

"Charles incited the boatmen to renewed exertions."

Original etching by Adrian Marcel.



which never appears to have failed her, Flora Macdonald answered with the utmost composure the numerous questions which he put to her, and subsequently they conversed together at dinner in the most amicable manner possible, without the suspicions of the militia officer being in the least degree aroused.

There was another guest of Lady Margaret Macdonald,—a devoted and noble-minded old man, Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh,—who acted as factor to the absent chieftain, and whom Flora Macdonald well knew to be a warm adherent of the exiled family. Finding some difficulty, apparently, in communicating with Lady Margaret, she seized an opportunity of confiding her secret to Kingsburgh, desiring that he would apprise their hostess as soon as possible of the prince's critical situation. Accordingly, proceeding to another apartment, Kingsburgh sent for Lady Margaret, whose alarm was so great on learning the tidings that, in the excitement and anguish of the moment, she gave a loud scream, exclaiming that she and her family were ruined for ever. It was not without considerable difficulty that Kingsburgh succeeded in allaying her apprehensions; for his part, he said, he was an old man, and was quite willing to take the hunted prince to his own house; he had but one life to lose, and it mattered little to him whether he died with a halter around his neck,

or whether he awaited a natural death, which, in the common course of nature, could not be far distant.

Subsequently, by the advice of Kingsburgh, Lady Margaret sent a messenger for Donald Roy, who, having been wounded in the foot at the battle of Culloden, was at present residing in a surgeon's house about two miles off, in the hopes of being cured. This person has himself left us an interesting narrative of what subsequently occurred. On approaching Mugstat, he found Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh holding an earnest conversation together in the garden. "When he came near," he says, in his narrative, "he dismounted, and Lady Margaret, upon seeing him, stepped aside from Kingsburgh to speak with him, spreading out her hands, and saying, 'O Donald Roy, we are ruined for ever!'" After much discussion, the three councillors at length came to the unanimous conclusion that the best means for ensuring the prince's safety was to convey him that night to Portree, by way of Kingsburgh, and thence by water to the opposite island of Raasay. Macleod of Raasay, to whom the island belonged, had served in the Jacobite army at the battle of Culloden; and, from his enthusiastic character, the prince's advisers were well assured that he would too gladly offer the royal wanderer an asylum in his own house, or, in the event of its being visited by the royal forces, in

any of the numerous hiding-places which the island afforded.

Having come to this determination, Donald Roy proceeded to find out the young Laird of Raasay, in order to prepare him to receive the prince for his guest, while Niel Mackechan was at the same time despatched to Charles, for the purpose of conducting him to a more retired spot. From Niel Charles learned the nature of the precautions which had been taken for his safety, with the additional information that he might shortly expect to be joined by Kingsburgh, who had been selected to be his guide to Portree.

Carrying with him a bottle of wine, a tumbler, and some biscuits, Kingsburgh proceeded to find out the prince's hiding-place, which with some difficulty he discovered. During his search, perceiving some sheep flying from a particular spot, as if terrified by the presence of a human being, he proceeded toward it, and found himself suddenly confronted by Charles in his female attire. The unfortunate prince, suspecting, perhaps, that he was betrayed, advanced toward him with a thick stick in his hand, and inquired of him in a stern manner whether he was Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh. Being answered in the affirmative, he appeared satisfied, and expressed a wish that they should immediately commence their journey. Kingsburgh, however, persuaded him to take some refreshment before he set out, and, having spread

their light repast on a piece of table rock, Charles, who seems to have enjoyed it extremely, entered into familiar conversation with his new companion, and drank gaily to his health. We have already mentioned more than one instance during the wanderings of Charles in which he intimated by some cursory remark that he believed himself to be under the especial guidance and protection of Providence. On the present occasion, when Kingsburgh happened to observe that it was by mere accident that he had visited Mugstat that day, and that he could recall no motive for his having done so, "I will tell you the cause," said Charles, "Providence sent you there to take care of me."

As soon as Miss Macdonald could rise from table without exciting suspicion, she took a formal leave of Lady Margaret, who affected to part with her with the greatest reluctance. "When you were last here," she said, "you promised that the next time you came you would pay me a long visit." A great many entreaties and remonstrances followed; but Miss Macdonald, to use her own words, "desired to be excused at that time, because she wanted to see her mother, and be at home in these troublesome times." Lady Margaret at length gave her consent to her departure, adding that she should certainly lay an embargo on her the next time she visited Mugstat, and compel her to pay a longer visit.

The companions of Flora Macdonald during her journey to Kingsburgh were Niel Mackechan, Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibost, and two servants, the whole party riding on horseback. They soon overtook the prince and his companion, whom they passed in a brisk trot, Miss Macdonald urging them to increased speed, in hopes that the prince might thus escape observation. His strange appearance, however, and masculine gait immediately attracted the notice of Miss Macdonald's maid. "I think," she said, "I never saw such an impudent-looking woman as Kingsburgh is walking with; I dare say she is either an Irishwoman or a man in woman's clothes; see what long strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats." Miss Macdonald did her best to avert her suspicions, saying that she knew her to be an Irishwoman, for she had seen her before. Charles, indeed, appears to have supported his assumed character with more awkwardness than might have been expected from his natural tact and graceful person. His strides were unnaturally long for a woman, and in fording a small brook which ran across the road he held up his petticoats so improperly high as to induce Kingsburgh to remonstrate with him on the subject. He promised to be more careful in future, but in crossing the next brook he fell into the opposite extreme by allowing his clothes to float upon the water.

Kingsburgh now became greatly alarmed, and, therefore, quitting the regular road, he led the prince over the hills to his own house, where they arrived, drenched to the skin, about eleven o'clock at night on the 29th of June. When they entered the house they found that Miss Macdonald and her companions had also just made their appearance.

Leading Charles into the hall, Kingsburgh sent up a servant to his wife, desiring her to inform her mistress that he had arrived with some guests, and that they were greatly in want of refreshment. Mrs. Macdonald, however (or, as she was usually styled, Lady Kingsburgh), had already retired to rest, and, being unwilling to be disturbed, she sent her apologies to her husband and his guests, with a request that the latter would make themselves welcome to whatever was in the house. Just at this moment her daughter, a little girl of seven years old, ran into the room, and exclaimed, in a voice of fright and surprise, that her father had brought home the most "odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen, and had taken her into the hall, too." Kingsburgh himself shortly afterward made his appearance, and in a hurried and mysterious manner desired his wife to rise without delay, and attend to the comforts of their guests.

Though little imagining that the prince was her guest, yet, from Kingsburgh's sententious manner

Mrs. Macdonald seems to have suspected that her husband had brought home with him some person of rank and importance who had been deeply implicated in the late troubles. Accordingly, having risen from bed, she sent down her little girl to the hall for her keys; but the latter soon came running back to the apartment more alarmed than before. She could not go in for the keys, she said, for the "muckle woman" was walking up and down the hall, and she was afraid of her; and, accordingly, Mrs. Macdonald was compelled to go and fetch them herself.

When she entered the apartment, Charles was seated at the end of it. He immediately rose and saluted her, and she was not a little surprised and alarmed when she felt a man's rough beard brushing her cheek. Not a word was exchanged between them; but her suspicions were now confirmed, and, hastening to her husband, she expressed her conviction that the pretended female was some unfortunate gentleman who had escaped from Culloden, and inquired whether he had brought any tidings of the prince. "My dear," said Kingsburgh, taking both his wife's hands in his own, "it is the prince himself." "The prince!" she exclaimed, in the greatest terror, "then we are all ruined; we shall all be hanged now!" "Never mind," he replied, "we can die but once, and if we are hanged for this, we shall die in a good cause, in performing an act of humanity and charity." He

then desired her to get ready as soon as possible some eggs, butter, and cheese, and whatever else the house afforded. "Eggs, butter, and cheese!" she exclaimed, "what a supper is that for a prince!" "Wife," he replied, "you little know how he has fared of late; our supper will be a feast to him; besides, if we were to make it a formal meal, it would rouse the suspicions of the servants, and you must, therefore, make haste with what you can get, and come to supper yourself." To this latter proposal Lady Kingsburgh made a fresh objection. "Me come to supper!" she exclaimed, "I ken naething how to behave before Majesty." "You must come," replied her husband, "for the prince would not eat a bit without you, and he is so obliging and easy in conversation that you will find it no difficult matter to behave before him."

At supper Charles sat with Flora Macdonald on his right hand, and Lady Kingsburgh on his left. He appeared in excellent spirits, and made a plentiful supper, "eating," we are told, "four eggs, some collops, and bread and butter, and drinking two bottles of beer." He then called for a bumper of brandy, and drank joyously to "the health and prosperity of his landlord and landlady, and better times to them all." After supper he produced a small pipe, the only one which he ever made use of, which is described as having been "as black as ink, and worn or broken to the very

stump." He had suffered much, he said, from toothache during his wanderings, and tobacco usually alleviated the pain.

After Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald had retired, Kingsburgh made some punch in a small china bowl, which was several times replenished in the course of the evening. At length, it being three o'clock in the morning, Kingsburgh reminded the prince how important it was that he should rise early on the following day, and earnestly entreated him to retire to rest. Charles, however, notwithstanding his fatigues, and the length of time which had elapsed since he had enjoyed the luxury of a bed, was so delighted with the conversation of his warm-hearted host, and with his excellent punch, that he insisted on having another bowl. Kingsburgh now became positive in his turn, and even rose to put away the bowl. Charles, however, still good-humouredly, though pertinaciously, demanded a fresh supply, and, in attempting to snatch the bowl from Kingsburgh's hands, it was broken into two pieces. The dispute was by this means settled, and the prince no longer insisted on sitting up.

To use Charles's own words, he "had almost forgotten what a bed was," and so grateful was the luxury that, though he seldom rested more than four or five hours, yet on this occasion he slept for ten; his considerate host, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Miss Macdonald, refusing

to allow him to be disturbed till one o'clock on the following day. Although it had been decided that he should resume his male attire, yet, in order that the servants at Kingsburgh should be kept in ignorance of his next disguise, it was determined that he should quit the house in the same costume in which he had entered. As soon as he had dressed himself, Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald were summoned to his apartment to put on his cap and apron, and to dress his head. The former afterward told her friends that he laughed heartily during the process, with the same glee as if he had been putting on women's clothes merely for a frolic. "Oh, miss," he said to Flora Macdonald, "you have forgotten my apron; give me an apron, for it is a principal part of my dress." Before Miss Macdonald put on his cap, Lady Kingsburgh spoke to her in Gaelic to ask the prince for a lock of his hair. She declined doing so, but, on Charles inquiring what they were talking of, she mentioned Lady Kingsburgh's request. He immediately laid his head on the lap of his fair preserver, and told her to cut off as much as she pleased. She severed a lock, half of which she presented to Lady Kingsburgh, and the rest she kept herself.

From Kingsburgh Charles obtained the acceptable present of a pair of new shoes. Taking up the old pair which Charles had cast off, Kingsburgh tied them together, and hung them carefully on

a peg, remarking that they might yet stand him in good stead. The prince inquiring of him the meaning of his words, "Why," he said, "when you are fairly settled to St. James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." These relics of the prince's wanderings were preserved with religious care by Kingsburgh as long as he lived, and after his death were cut to pieces, and given from time to time by his family to their Jacobite friends. "It is in the recollection of one of his descendants," says Chambers, "that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got in their bosoms." ¹

Having thanked Lady Kingsburgh for all her kindness, and accepted from her a small "mull," or snuff-box, as a "keepsake," he proceeded, under the guidance of his host and Flora Macdonald, in the direction of Portree, where he hoped to find a boat in readiness to convey him to Raasay. As soon as he had quitted the house, Lady Kingsburgh ascended to his bedroom, and, taking the sheets which he had used from the bed, declared that they should never again be used or washed during her life, and should serve as her winding-

¹ This is a much more probable account than that given by Boswell, in his tour to the Hebrides, that, after Kingsburgh's death, "a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them."

sheet when she was dead. She subsequently was induced to give one of them to Flora Macdonald, who carried it with her to America, and, agreeably with her dying wish, it was wrapped around her in the grave.

Having advanced to a safe distance from Kingsburgh, Charles entered a wood, where he changed his female attire for a Highland dress. He then took an affectionate leave of Kingsburgh, who, as well as himself, shed tears at parting. While they were bidding each other adieu, a few drops of blood fell from the prince's nose, which alarmed Kingsburgh for a moment, but Charles assured him that such was always the case when he parted from those who were dear to him. Having parted from Kingsburgh, the wanderer, attended by Niel Mackechan, and with a boy for their guide, again set out on his journey, leaving Flora Macdonald to proceed to Portree by a different route. The clothes which he had taken off were hidden by Kingsburgh in a bush. He subsequently removed them to his own house, but, from fear of their being discovered by the militia, he was induced to burn the whole except the gown. "The preservation of the gown," says Chambers, "was owing to his daughter, who insisted on keeping it as a relic of their prince, and because it was a pretty pattern. A Jacobite manufacturer, of the name of Carmichael, at Leith, afterward got a pattern made from it, and sold an immense quantity

of cloth, precisely similar in appearance, to the loyal ladies of Scotland."

For the protection which Kingsburgh afforded the unfortunate prince, he was made to suffer severely. A few days after the departure of Charles from his house, he was arrested and sent to Fort Augustus, where he was thrown into a dungeon and loaded with irons. During one of the examinations which he underwent, he was reminded by Sir Everard Fawkener of the "noble opportunity" he had lost of making his own fortune and that of his family for ever. "Had I gold and silver," was the reply of the fine old man, "piled heaps upon heaps to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast from doing what I have done." Again, when an officer of rank inquired of him if he should know the Pretender's head if he saw it, "I should know the head," he said, "very well, if it were on his shoulders." "But what," said the officer, "if the head be not on the shoulders, do you think you should know it in that case?" "In that case," replied Kingsburgh, "I will not pretend to know anything about it." From Fort Augustus he was removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kept in close confinement till released by the act of grace on the 4th of July, 1747. His death took place on the 13th of February, 1772, in his eighty-fourth year.

It has already been mentioned that Donald Roy had been despatched in search of young Macleod, of Raasay, in order to prepare him to receive a visit from Charles in that island. Without waiting to communicate with his father, who was lying concealed in Knoydart, in Glengarry's country, the young chieftain proposed that the prince should immediately be brought to the island, where he might at least remain till they could communicate with Raasay himself, and ascertain his advice as to what was most expedient to be done. Their great difficulty consisted in procuring a boat in which to convey the prince from Portree. It might have been fatal to confide in the common boatmen of that place, and, moreover, all the boats of the island had been carried off by the military with the exception of two, which belonged to Malcolm Macleod, a cousin of young Raasay, and which he had concealed they knew not where.

Such was their dilemma, when a younger brother of young Raasay — who was in the house at the time, recovering from the wounds which he had received at Culloden — called to mind a small boat which was kept on a fresh-water lake in the neighbourhood. With the aid of some women, and by the greatest exertions, the boat in question was dragged over the intervening country, consisting chiefly of bogs and precipices, to the coast. There was some danger in putting to sea

in so fragile a vessel, but the gallant brothers had their hearts in the enterprise, and accordingly determined on proceeding at once to Raasay, in hopes of finding out their cousin, Malcolm Macleod, and obtaining from him one of his larger and more serviceable boats.

Fortunately, almost the first person whom they encountered on their landing was Malcolm himself, who had fought under the prince's banner at Culloden, and was devotedly attached to his cause. With the greatest alacrity he got ready one of his boats, and at the same time procured the services of two sturdy boatmen, John M'Kenzie and Donald M'Friar, who had also served in the Jacobite army. It was the advice of Malcolm Macleod, — who was an older and more cautious man than the two brothers, — that as his cousin, young Raasay, had hitherto taken no part in the insurrection, and was consequently at present under no fear of the government, he should on no account accompany them on their expedition. "As to Murdoch and myself," he said, "we are already so deeply implicated, that it matters little to us if we are plunged still deeper in the mire." Young Raasay, however, positively refused to be left behind, adding, with an oath, that he would go if it cost him his fortune and his life. Finding him obstinate in his resolution, "In God's name, then," said Malcolm, "let us proceed." The boatmen, however, now became refractory, positively refusing to move

an oar till they were informed where they were going. As argument would have been useless, they were sworn to secrecy; and they were no sooner assured that they were engaged to aid in the escape of their beloved prince, than they displayed scarcely less delight and alacrity than their employers. After a short voyage of three miles they landed within half a mile of Portree.

As it might have excited suspicion if the whole party had come on shore, Donald Roy proceeded alone to the only public house which the place boasted, leaving young Raasay and his brother and Malcolm Macleod in the boat. He had waited but a short time, when he was joined by Flora Macdonald, who informed him that Charles was approaching, and in about half an hour the prince himself made his appearance. "He no sooner entered the house," says Donald Roy in his interesting narrative, "than he asked if a dram could be got there: the rain pouring down from his clothes, he having on a plaid without breeches, trews, or even philibeg. Before he sat down he got his dram, and then the company desired him to shift, and put on a dry shirt. He refused to shift, as Miss Flora Macdonald was in the room; but the captain¹ and Niel Mackechan told him it was not a time to stand upon ceremonies, and prevailed upon him to put on a dry shirt." When Donald Roy expressed his concern that the prince

¹ Donald Roy.

should have had to encounter such disagreeable weather, Charles replied, "I am more sorry that our lady" (for so he used to style his fair companion) "should have been exposed to such an evening."

Having partaken of a hearty dinner, consisting of "butter, bread, cheese, and roasted fish," Charles called for some tobacco, for which the landlord charged him fourpence-halfpenny. The prince gave him sixpence in payment, not intending to take the change; but Donald Roy desired him to bring it, telling Charles that in his present situation he knew not how soon "the bawbees might be useful to him." As the room in which they sat was common to all comers, Donald Roy more than once urged the prince to depart. As soon, therefore, as the three — Charles, Donald Roy, and Niel Mackechan — had finished a bottle of whiskey between them, Charles called for the bill, and having given the landlord a guinea, received the difference in silver. He then asked for change for another guinea, but the landlord had only eleven shillings left in the house, which the prince seemed inclined to take in lieu of his guinea; but Donald Roy checked him, telling him that it might tend to excite suspicion of his real rank.

From the Macdonalds, notwithstanding the hostility of their recreant chieftain, Charles had experienced so much kindness and fidelity, that he expressed the greatest reluctance to part with

Donald Roy, and made use of every argument and entreaty to induce him to accompany him to Raasay. As long, he said, as he had a Macdonald with him, he should feel himself safe. Donald Roy, however, resisted his importunities, insisting that he would be of more service to him by remaining in Skye, and added that the wound in his foot rendered him incapable of travelling, except on horseback, which would attract more attention than would be convenient or safe.

The moment had now arrived when Charles was forced to separate from his fair and generous preserver, Flora Macdonald. Before parting from her, he reminded her that he owed her a crown which he had borrowed of her, but she told him it was only half a crown, which he returned her with thanks. He then bade her an affectionate farewell, and saluted her, saying, "For all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." Within ten days from this time, the noble-minded girl was taken into custody, and sent to London in order to be dealt with as the government might deem proper. Her adventures are of sufficient interest to claim a separate memoir. At Portree, also, Charles took leave of his faithful companion, Niel Mackechan, who it was decided, should accompany Flora Macdonald to her mother's house at Armadale. Mackechan subsequently effected his escape to France, where he rejoined the prince.

Shortly after quitting the public house, Donald

Roy, happening to look back, perceived the landlord standing at his door watching them, and, in order therefore to deceive him, they were compelled to proceed to the shore by a circuitous route. It appears that this person had conceived some suspicion of the prince's real rank, for when Donald Roy reëntered the house, he began to question him on the subject. The other, however, replied, with apparent unconcern, that it was only an Irish Jacobite, a Sir John Macdonald, who had been hiding among his friends in Skye, and who was now on his way to the Continent. This intelligence satisfied the inquisitive landlord, who, however, remarked that he had at first entertained a strong suspicion that it was the prince, for "he had something about him that looked very noble."

On the 1st of July, after a passage of ten miles, Charles landed at a spot called Glam, in the island of Raasay. He slept a little during the voyage, and at other times spoke of his misfortunes, and of the kindness of those in whom he had confided during his wanderings. He looked upon those, he said, as his true friends, who had shown their friendship for him in adversity, and he trusted that none of them would have cause to repent the good service they had done him. He still hoped, he added, to end happily what he had begun, and he was resolved either to succeed, or to perish in the attempt.

Fortunately, at this particular period, there were neither militia nor regular troops in Raasay; but even this secluded island in the Atlantic had not escaped the fury of the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers, and when Charles landed he learned that almost every cottage had been burned to the ground. After some discussion, it was determined that the whole party — consisting of young Raasay and his brother and cousin, Murdoch and Malcolm Macleod — should take up their abode together in a small hut, which had recently been built by some shepherds. While the rest of the party employed themselves in lighting a fire and spreading a bed of heath for the prince, young Raasay set out in search of food, and in about two hours returned with a young kid, which was immediately roasted, and, with the aid of some butter, cream, and an oaten loaf, afforded an excellent supper. Charles gratified the prejudices of his Highland companions by affecting to prefer oaten bread to wheaten. "Whiskey and oat-bread," he said, "are my own country bread and drink."

"After the little repast was over," says Murdoch Macleod's "Narrative," "the prince began to inquire narrowly about the damages done in the island. Upon his being told of all the houses burnt, and of the other great depredations in the island to which the houses were but a trifle, he seemed much affected, but at the same time said that, instead of the huts burnt, he would yet build

houses of stone. Afterward, walking on a narrow green near the cottage, he said that this was a bitter, hard life, but he would rather live ten years in that way than be taken by his enemies, and seemed a little surprised himself how he did bear such fatigues ; 'for,' says he, 'since the battle of Culloden, I have endured more than would kill a hundred men ; sure Providence does not design this for nothing ; I am certainly yet reserved for some good !' Thus they passed the day, and after supper he went to rest with as great pleasure, and in outward appearance as little concerned, as if in the greatest prosperity." One of the party asking him, in the course of the evening, what he thought his enemies would do with him, should he have the misfortune to fall into their hands. "I do not think," he said, "that they would dare to take away my life publicly ; but I dread being privately destroyed, either by poison or assassination."

Notwithstanding his habitual cheerfulness, the persons who were with Charles at this period describe his health as a good deal impaired by hunger, fatigue, and watching. Boswell was told by Malcolm Macleod that, on the night on which the prince landed in Raasay, though he slept a long time in consequence of the fatiguing day he had passed, his slumbers were broken ones, and he frequently started in his sleep, "speaking to himself in different languages, — French, Italian,

and English." One of his expressions in English was, "O God! poor Scotland!"

Probably there was no period during the wanderings of the unfortunate prince in which he was safer from the pursuit of his enemies than during his short stay in Raasay. There were no soldiers on the island; the few inhabitants were devoted to his cause; Donald Roy was conveniently stationed in Skye for the purpose of giving him the earliest notice of the approach of an enemy; and the two faithful boatmen, M'Kenzie and M'Friar, were placed as sentinels on different eminences, which rendered it impossible for any person to approach the prince's hiding-place without being seen. One incident, however, occurred, which caused serious alarm to Charles and his companions, the circumstances connected with which were thus related to Boswell by Malcolm Macleod: "There was a man wandering about the island selling tobacco. Nobody knew him, and he was suspected of being a spy. M'Kenzie came running to the hut, and told us that this suspected person was approaching; upon which the three gentlemen, Raasay, Murdoch Macleod, and Malcolm, held a council of war upon him, and were unanimously of opinion that he should instantly be put to death. The prince, at once assuming a grave and even serious countenance, said, 'God forbid that we should take away a man's life who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own.'

The gentlemen, however, persisted in their resolution, while he as strenuously continued to take the merciful side. John M'Kenzie who sat watching at the door of the hut, and overheard the debate, said in Erse, 'Well, well, he must be shot; you are the king, but we are the Parliament, and will do what we choose.' The prince, seeing the gentlemen smile, asked what the man had said, and being told in English, he observed that he was a clever fellow, and, notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he was, laughed loud and heartily. Luckily, the unknown person did not perceive that there were people in the hut, at least, did not come to it, but walked on past it, unknowing of his risk." Had the intruder approached nearer to the hut, there can be little doubt that he would have been shot. Raasay is said to have had his pistol in his hand ready cocked for the purpose, and Malcolm Macleod told Boswell that under the circumstances he would have shot his own brother. The individual who had this narrow escape afterward proved to be one of their own party who had made his escape from Culloden, and who was a proscribed wanderer like themselves.

CHAPTER X.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Charles Proceeds to the Isle of Skye — His Consideration for Those Accompanying Him — Malcolm Macleod — Arrival of Charles in the Mackinnons' Country — His Narrow Escape — Proceeds to Borrodaile, the Residence of Angus Macdonald.

ON the 3d of July, after a residence of two days and a half in Raasay, Charles set sail for Skye, in the same small boat which had conveyed him from Portree, and with the same party which had accompanied him from that place. His companions would willingly have prevailed upon him to remain where he was, but he refused to listen to their arguments. It was highly inadvisable, he said, for him to continue long in the same place ; and, moreover, he added that he was extremely anxious to reach the country of the Mackenzies, where he expected to find a French vessel on the lookout for him in the neighbourhood of Lochbroom.

The little party had been at sea only a short time when the wind blew so violently, and the vessel shipped so much water, that his companions strongly recommended Charles to return to Raa-

say. He insisted, however, on proceeding. "Providence," he said, "has carried me through so many dangers that I do not doubt it will have the same care for me now." He appeared extremely cheerful during the whole voyage, and, we are told, "sang an Erse song with much vivacity." Observing the great exertions which were made to bail out the water in order to keep the boat from swamping, "Gentlemen," he said, "I hope to thank you for this trouble yet at St. James's."

At eleven o'clock at night, after a dangerous voyage of fifteen miles, the fugitives effected a landing on the north coast of the Isle of Skye, at a place called Nicholson's Great Rock, near Scorbreck in Troternish. According to the interesting narrative of one of the prince's companions, "in rowing along they found the coast very bad and dangerous ; yet, when they came to the rock, the prince was the third man that jumped out into the water and cried out, 'Take care of the boat, and haul her up to dry ground ;' which was immediately done, he himself assisting as much as any one of them. The prince had upon him a large big-coat, which was become very heavy and cumbersome by the waves beating so much upon it, for it was wet through and through. Captain Macleod proposed taking the big-coat to carry it, for the rock was steep and of a very uneasy ascent ; but the prince would not part with the coat, wet as it was, alleging he was as able to

carry it as the captain was." After a walk of about two miles, they came to a wretched cow-house, which they approached with great caution, young Raasay going forward to inspect it. "What must become of your Royal Highness," said Murdoch Macleod, "if there be people in the house, for certainly you must perish if long exposed to such weather?" "I care nothing for it," was Charles's answer, "for I have been abroad in a hundred such nights." Young Raasay having reported that the coast was clear, they took up their abode in this miserable place, and, having contrived to light a fire, they sat down and partook of some bread and cheese which they had brought with them.

The next day Charles took leave of young Raasay and his brother Murdoch, whom he despatched on different missions over the island. On parting with the latter, he presented him with his silver spoon, knife, and fork, which he desired him to keep till they met again.¹ He then set off with Malcolm Macleod, but without acquainting him in what direction he intended to proceed. They had left the cow-house a short distance behind them, when Malcolm made bold to inquire

¹ "The case," says Sir Walter Scott, "with the silver spoon, knife, and fork, given by the chevalier to Doctor Macleod, came into the hands of Mary, Lady Clerk, of Pennycuik, who entrusted me with the honourable commission of presenting them, in her Ladyship's name, to his present Majesty, upon his visit to Scotland, in 1822."

of the adventurer where he proposed to go. "Why, Malcolm," he replied, "I now throw myself entirely into your hands, and leave you to do with me as you please; I wish to go to Mac-kinnon's country, and if you can guide me there safe, I hope you will accompany me." Macleod assured him that he could carry him there safely by sea, but in consequence of the numerous parties of militia and regular troops which were scouring the island, it would be extremely hazardous to proceed by land. Charles, however, insisted on going by land, adding that "in their situation there was no doing anything without running risks." "You, Malcolm," he said, "must now act the master, and I the man." He then divested himself of his waistcoat of scarlet tartan with gold twist buttons, which he made Macleod put on, he himself wearing in exchange his companion's vest, which was of much plainer materials. His disguise was soon completed. Taking off his periwig, which he put in his pocket, he tied a dirty white napkin under his chin, so as nearly to conceal his face. He then took the buckles from his shoes, and tore the ruffles from his shirt, and taking from Macleod the bundle which contained his linen, he desired his companion to walk in advance, while he himself followed at a respectful distance, in his assumed character of a servant. Notwithstanding his disguise, or rather his disfigurement, Macleod intimated that he still thought

he might be recognised. "Why," said Charles, "I have got so odd and remarkable a face, that I believe nothing I could do would disguise it." Bishop Forbes informs us that he more than once heard Macleod speak of the utter uselessness of the prince attempting to dissemble the indefinable air which distinguished him. "There is not a person," he said, "who knows what the air of a noble or great man is, but, upon seeing the prince in any disguise he could put on, would see something about him that was not ordinary, — something of the stately and grand."

The distance to Mackinnon's country was more than thirty miles, and the journey was rendered particularly harassing in consequence of the rugged character of the country which they were compelled to traverse, and also from the scantiness of their provisions, which consisted only of some mouldy bread and cheese, a bottle of brandy and some water. Charles, however, showed no sign of fatigue; indeed, his companion, Malcolm Macleod, assured Boswell that, though himself an excellent walker, even for a Highlander, he found himself excelled by the prince. He boasted also to his companion of the swiftness with which he could run, adding that, if he should be pursued by the English soldiers, he had little doubt that he should outstrip them in the chase. "But what," observed Malcolm, "if you should be suddenly surprised?" "Why, I should fight," he said,

"to be sure." "I think," remarked Malcolm, "that if there were no more than four of them, I could engage to manage two." "And I," rejoined Charles, "would engage to do for the other two."

A pleasing instance of Charles's consideration for those about him was related by Malcolm Macleod to Bishop Forbes. The bottle of brandy which they had brought with them had been a source of great comfort to them during their painful journey, but unfortunately they had still some miles to go when it was reduced to a single glass. Remarking that Malcolm was more fatigued than himself, Charles desired him to drink the remainder. This, however, Malcolm positively refused to do, and in return attempted to force it on the prince, till at last, we are told, the "kind contest" rose very high between them. At length Charles showed himself so determined on the subject, — adding, "the devil a drop of it he would drink himself," — that Malcolm was compelled to obey him. Having drained the bottle, Charles proposed that they should break it. This, however, was opposed by Malcolm. "So far from breaking it," he said, "I will preserve it as a curious piece, and it may come to drink many a cask of whiskey to me yet." Accordingly he hid it among the heather, and when he was afterward on his return to Skye from his captivity in London, he told Bishop Forbes that he still hoped to find it, unless it

should have been unfortunately trodden to pieces by the cattle.

During their walk, Malcolm related to the prince many of the frightful barbarities committed by the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. He appeared to be deeply affected by the narrative, to which, however, he would only give partial credit, adding that he would not believe any general could be so barbarous. "For himself," he said, "all the fatigues and distresses he underwent signified nothing at all, because he was only a single person; but when he reflected on the many brave fellows who suffered in his cause, it did indeed strike him to the heart, and sink very deep into him."

After travelling all night, Charles and his companion arrived in the morning at Ellagol, near Kilmaree, in Mackinnon's country. The first persons whom they encountered were two of the Mackinnon clan, who had been engaged in the insurrection. These persons immediately recognised their beloved prince in spite of his disguise; and so affected were they at the wretched appearance which he now presented, — so different from the gay and gallant prince whom they had more than once beheld at the head of a victorious and devoted army, — that they lifted up their hands in astonishment, and burst into tears. Malcolm was much concerned at his circumstance, but having first cautioned them that any display of

their grief might prove fatal to the prince, he swore them to secrecy on his naked dirk, after the custom of the Highlanders, and then parted from them, well satisfied that Charles had nothing to fear at their hands. These men, indeed, may well have been affected by the wretched appearance of Charles, whose personal discomforts at this period no description could exaggerate. As an instance in point, we may mention the following anecdote, which was related by Malcolm Macleod to Bishop Forbes. "Happening," he said, "to see the prince uneasy and fidgety, he took him to the back of a knowe, and opening his breast, saw him troubled with vermin, for want of clean linen, and by reason of the coarse odd way he behaved to live in, both as to sustenance and sleep. Malcolm said he believed he took four score off him. This," says the bishop, "serves to show that he was reduced to the very lowest ebb of misery and distress, and is a certain indication of that greatness of soul which could rise above all misfortunes, and bear up with a cheerfulness not to be equalled in history, under all the scenes of woe that could happen."

Instead of conducting the prince at once to the house of the chieftain, Malcolm, at the wish of Charles, brought him to the house of his own brother-in-law, John Mackinnon, who had served like himself as a captain in the insurgent army. The master of the house was not at home, but

the travellers were kindly welcomed by Malcolm's sister, Charles being presented to her as one Lewie Caw, the son of a surgeon in Crieff, who had served in the Highland army, and who was now known to be skulking among his relations in Skye. Mrs. Mackinnon seems to have been much struck with the prince's appearance, observing that she saw something "very uncommon about him." "Poor man," she said, "I pity him; at the same time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." She soon provided them with a plentiful Highland breakfast, during which Charles continued to play the part of a servant, by sitting at a respectful distance from Malcolm, with his bonnet off. After the meal was over, an old woman, as was then the fashion of the Highlands, entered the room with some hot water to wash Malcolm's feet. As soon as she had washed and dried them, Malcolm pointed to Charles, observing, "You see that poor sick man there; I hope you will wash his feet, too; it will be a great charity, for he has as much need as I have." To this, however, the old woman decidedly objected, adding, in the Oriental mode of speech, so common in the Highlands, "Though I wash your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" At last Malcolm, with some difficulty, induced her to perform the kindly office, which she did, however, with so much unwillingness, and consequently with so much roughness, that Charles, who was proba-

bly footsore, was more than once compelled to request Malcolm to intercede for him during the ceremony.

The travellers now laid themselves down to rest, while their hostess kept watch on the top of a neighbouring hill. Macleod slept for some time longer than the prince, and, on rising, was surprised to see the prince dandling and singing to Mrs. Mackinnon's infant, with an old woman looking on. Expressing some surprise at the circumstance, Charles, who for a moment forgot his assumed character, observed, "Who knows but this little fellow may be a captain in my service yet?" This speech appears to have given no slight offence to the old woman. Glancing with contempt at the pretended servant, "You mean," she said, "that you may possibly be an old sergeant in his company."

Immediately afterward, Macleod was informed that his brother-in-law was approaching the house, and he hurried out to meet him. After their first greeting was over, "John," he said, pointing to some ships which were hovering along the coast, "what if the prince should be on board of one of those vessels?" "God forbid!" was the welcome reply. "Supposing," rejoined Macleod, "that he should be here; do you think, John, that he would be safe?" "I would he were," answered Mackinnon, "for we should take care of him, and he would be safe enough." Malcolm then informed

him, to his astonishment, that the prince was actually in his house. In the transport of his joy, he would immediately have rushed into the prince's presence; but Malcolm desired him to compose himself, adding, "Now is your time to behave well, and do nothing that can discover him." Mackinnon faithfully promised to keep his emotions within due bounds; but no sooner was he admitted to the presence of Charles, and beheld the miserable condition to which his beloved prince was reduced, than he burst into tears, and in this state was hurried by Malcolm from the apartment.

In the course of the day, the secret of Charles being in the neighbourhood was confided to the old chief of Mackinnon, who, together with his lady, hastened to pay his respects to the prince, and in the evening partook of an entertainment with him of cold meat and wine, in a cave near the shore. It was decided that Charles should repair to the mainland, under the guidance of John Mackinnon. Notwithstanding his advanced age, the old chieftain insisted on accompanying them, and accordingly, about eight o'clock at night, the whole party proceeded to the seashore, where a boat was in waiting for them. Before sailing, Charles wrote a short letter, subscribed "James Thompson," informing his friends of his departure from Skye, which he requested might be conveyed as soon as possible to young Raasay and his brother Mur-

doch. The epistle, which was written on the seashore, was as follows :

“SIR:—I have parted (thank God) as intended. Remember me to all friends, and thank them for the trouble they have been at.

“I am, sir, your humble servant,

“JAMES THOMPSON.

“*Ellighuil, July 4, 1746.*”

This letter Charles delivered to Malcolm Macleod, from whom he parted with the greatest reluctance, and, indeed, would only consent to their separation at the earnest entreaty of Malcolm himself. “For myself,” observed the devoted Highlander, “I have no care; but for you I am much afraid.” He had been so long absent, he said, that the military would probably pursue him on suspicion, and in that case, the prince might also fall into their hands. Should he be taken prisoner on his return, which, he added, would probably be the case, — inasmuch as there would be no one to confront with him, or contradict the tale which he might tell, — he should be enabled to throw the prince’s enemies on a wrong scent, which of course was of the utmost importance.

Before parting, Charles presented Malcolm with a silver stock-buckle, and also placed ten guineas in his hands. Knowing how small a stock of money the prince had reserved for his own use,

the generous Highlander positively refused to accept the gold; but Charles so pertinaciously insisted on his taking it, that he was at last compelled to obey. "You will have great need of money," said the prince, "and I shall obtain enough when I get to the mainland. Malcolm," he then said, "let us smoke a pipe together before we part." Accordingly, having obtained a light from the flint of Malcolm's musket, they sat down together, Charles smoking his usual stump of blackened pipe, of which notice has already been made. This curious relic afterward fell into the hands of a Doctor Burton, of York, who is said to have preserved it with religious care.

The subsequent history of the faithful Malcolm may be told in a few words. Having taken an affectionate farewell of the prince, who twice warmly embraced him, he remained on the side of a hill, anxiously watching the small boat which contained Charles and his fortunes, till it became lost in the distance. He then proceeded in the direction of his own country, where he had returned only a short time when, as he himself had anticipated, he was taken into custody. After being detained a prisoner for some time on board ship, he was conveyed to London, where he was kept in custody till July, 1747. At the same time Flora Macdonald also obtained her discharge, and being desired to name some person whom she would wish to accompany her on her return to

Scotland, she paid Malcolm the compliment of selecting him to be her companion. "And so," he used to say with great glee, "I went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a braw post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald." Boswell, who twenty-seven years afterward was introduced to Malcolm at Raasay, observes : "He was now sixty-two years of age, hale and well-proportioned, with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce; but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured. He wore a pair of brogues; tartan hose which came up near to his knees; a purple camlet kilt; a black waistcoat; a short green cloth coat, bound with gold cord; a yellowish bushy wig; and a large blue bonnet, with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and polite, in the true sense of the word."

On the night of the 5th of July, Charles, as has been already mentioned, quitted Skye, accompanied by the old chief of Mackinnon, and by his kinsman, John Mackinnon. During the voyage they met a boat filled with armed militia, but fortunately the weather was too rough to admit of their being boarded and examined, as they would

otherwise have been ; and, after exchanging a few words, the two vessels parted company. About four o'clock in the morning, after a tempestuous voyage of thirty miles, the whole party landed near a place called Little Mallack, on the south side of Loch Nevis, in the wild and mountainous district where Charles had first set foot in the Highlands. He soon discovered that his situation was changed but little for the better by his removal to the mainland. The militia were quartered in the immediate neighbourhood in considerable numbers, and consequently he had no choice but to remain near the spot where he first landed, and where he was compelled to pass three wretched days in the open air.

It was on the fourth day that Charles had a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of his pursuers. The old chief, accompanied by one of the boatmen, had wandered forth in search of a cave, which might at least shelter the unfortunate prince from the inclemency of the weather, when Charles, with John Mackinnon and the three remaining boatmen, entered the boat, and began coasting along the shores of Loch Nevis, probably with the same object in view. They had proceeded some distance, when, on turning a point, their oars suddenly struck against a boat which was fastened to a rock, and at the same time they perceived five men, whom they knew to be militia by the red crosses affixed to their

bonnets, standing upon the shore. The probability of such an accident occurring seems to have been foreseen by the fugitives, for Charles at the moment was lying at the bottom of the boat, with his head between John Mackinnon's knees, and with the plaid of the latter spread over him so as entirely to conceal his person. The first question of the militia was, from whence they came. The answer was, "From Sleat." They were then ordered to come on shore, in order to be subjected to the usual examination; but instead of obeying the summons, they plied their oars vigorously, on which the militiamen jumped into their boat and gave them chase. Charles had made a sudden effort to extricate himself from his hiding-place and spring on shore, but was forcibly kept down by John Mackinnon. For a short time the chase was one of intense interest both to the pursuers and the pursued. Mackinnon, prepared for the worst, desired his men to keep their muskets close by them, but not to fire them till they should hear the discharge of his own piece. "Be sure," he said, "to take a deliberate aim; only mark them well, and there is no fear." The prince, overhearing these orders, desired that no blood should be shed without absolute necessity; to which Mackinnon acceded, but at the same time added, briefly, that if necessity did require it not a man should escape. Fortunately, after a short chase, they reached a part of the lake which was so

thickly wooded to the water's edge as completely to conceal them from their enemies. They had no sooner reached the shore than the prince sprang out of the boat, and ran nimbly up a hill, from the summit of which he could perceive his pursuers returning sulkily from their fruitless pursuit. Having congratulated Charles on his escape, Mackinnon made an apology to him for having prevented his jumping on shore when they first encountered the militia, and respectfully asked him what object he had in making the attempt. "Why," said the prince, "I would rather fight for my life than be taken prisoner. I hope, however," he added, "that God will never so far afflict the king, my father, or the duke, my brother, as to permit me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies."

Having slept for about three hours, Charles descended the hill, and, having reëmbarked, crossed the lake to a small island near the family seat of Macdonald of Scothouse. From this place he despatched John Mackinnon to old Clanranald, who he learned was in the neighbourhood, soliciting his aid and advice in the present miserable condition to which he was reduced. The chieftain, however, who was himself a proscribed man, seems to have considered that he had already suffered sufficiently in the prince's cause by the ruin which he had brought on his family, and positively refused to incur any further risk. On

this Mackinnon quitted him, and returned in great indignation to the prince, to whom he related the result of his unsuccessful mission. Charles, we are told, listened to him "without any emotion," merely remarking, with his usual cheerfulness, "Well, Mackinnon, there is no help for it; we must do the best we can for ourselves."

Satisfied that it would be useless to press Clanranald further, Charles returned by water to Little Mallack, where he was rejoined by the old chief of Mackinnon, and thence proceeded to the house of Macdonald of Morar, situated on the lake of that name, where they arrived at an early hour in the morning, after a walk of about eleven miles. Morar received him with great kindness, as did also his lady, a sister of the celebrated Lochiel, who was so affected at witnessing the wretched condition to which her beloved prince was reduced, that she burst into tears. It was now decided that Morar should set out in search of young Clanranald, who it was expected would be both able and willing to aid in the prince's escape. Accordingly he departed cheerfully on his mission, but on his return, the following day, his manner had become so cold and altered as to render it evident that he had consulted with others in the meantime, who had succeeded in dissuading him from mixing himself up further in the prince's affairs. He had been unable, he said, to meet with young Clanranald, nor did he

know of any person to whose care he could recommend his Royal Highness. Charles was much affected by his change of manner, and observed deprecatingly, "Why, Morar, this is very hard; you were very kind yesternight, and said you would find out a hiding-place proof against all the search of the enemy's forces, and now you say you can do nothing at all for me. You can travel to no place but what I will travel to also. You can eat or drink nothing but I will take a share of them with you, and be well content. When fortune smiled on me and I had money to give, I found some people ready enough to serve me; but now, when fortune frowns on me, and I have no pay to give, they forsake me in my necessity."

Mackinnon was extremely incensed at Morar's conduct, and openly accused him of having allowed himself to be worked upon by others. At length, it being evident that neither taunts nor entreaties were of the least avail, Charles (who knew not what step to take next) gave vent to the bitterness of his feelings in the following passionate language. "Almighty God," he exclaimed, "look down upon my circumstances and pity me, for I am in a most melancholy situation. Some of those who joined me at first, and appeared to be fast friends, now turn their backs upon me in my greatest need; while some of those again who refused to join me, and stood at a distance, are now among my best friends; for it is remarkable

that those of Sir Alexander Macdonald's following have been most faithful to me in my distress, and contributed greatly to my preservation." He then added, plaintively, "I hope, Mackinnon, you will not desert me, too, and leave me in the lurch." The old chief, imagining that these words were addressed to him, was so affected as to shed tears. "I never," he said, "will leave your Royal Highness in the day of danger, but will, under God, do all I can for you, and go with you wherever you order me." "Oh, no," said Charles, "this is too much for one of your advanced years. I heartily thank you for your readiness to take care of me, and I am well satisfied of your zeal for me and my cause; but one of your age cannot well hold out with the fatigues and dangers I must undergo. It was to your friend John here, a stout young man, that I was addressing myself." "Well, then," said John, "with the help of God I will go through the wide world with your Royal Highness."

Accompanied by John Mackinnon, and with a son of Morar's for their guide, Charles proceeded toward Borrodaile, the residence of Angus Macdonald, where he had passed the night on his first landing in the Highlands. At Morar he took leave of the old chief of Mackinnon, who was captured the very next day in Morar's house. He now also bade farewell to the faithful John, who, being satisfied that the prince was in the

best hands, remained only to drink some warm milk, and then proceeded to his own country in Skye. He had scarcely reached his home when he was seized by the militia with two of his rowers, and carried before a Captain Ferguson, whose detestable barbarities have rendered his name still infamous in the Highlands. Finding it impossible to extract any information from Mackinnon or the rowers, either by promises or threats, Ferguson caused one of the latter to be stripped and tied to a tree, where he was lashed till the blood gushed from both his sides. He even threatened Mackinnon with similar treatment, but nothing could extort a confession from these faithful men. Both John Mackinnon and the old chief were sent on board ship and carried prisoners to London, where they remained in custody till July, 1747.¹

¹ John Mackinnon died on the 11th of May, 1762, at the age of forty-eight. The death of the old chieftain was thus noticed in the journals of the time: "May 7, 1756.—Died at his house of Kilmaine, in the Isle of Skye, John Mackinnon of that ilk, *i. e.* the old Laird of Mackinnon, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, leaving issue two sons and a daughter, Charles, Lachlan, and Margaret, all born after the seventy-first year of his age. He used to say he hoped God would not take him off the earth but on the field of battle, when fighting for his king and country. He frequently retired to the cave in which the prince, and he himself and his lady, dined just before the prince's leaving Skye in his skulking, and there he would have entertained himself with laying down a plan for the restoration, and with the execution thereof in theory, and then came home extremely well pleased."

CHAPTER XI.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Charles's Reception by Angus Macdonald — Joined by Macdonald of Glenaladale — By Cameron of Glenpean — Charles and His Party Pass between the Watch-fires of Their Enemies — Halt at Corriscorridale — Loss of the Prince's Purse the Saving of His Person — "The Seven Men of Glenmoriston" — Their Hospitality to the Prince — Incident that Forwards Charles's Escape.

By Angus Macdonald Charles was received with the greatest kindness. He is said to have shown some hesitation on entering the small hut in which Macdonald was now residing, and, indeed, the feeling was a natural one; for not only had the home of the gallant Highlander been burnt to the ground on account of his adopting the prince's cause, but he had also lost a beloved son at the battle of Culloden. When Charles entered the hut, the tears are said to have stood in his eyes as he encountered the bereaved mother. Advancing toward her, he asked her if she could endure the sight of one who had been the cause of so much misery to her and to her family. "Yes," was the noble reply, "even though all

my sons had fallen in your Royal Highness's service."

Charles remained for three days in a small hut in a neighbouring wood; but this place being considered insecure, he was conducted on the fourth day, by Angus Macdonald and his son Ranald, to another hiding-place on the coast, about four miles to the eastward. This place consisted of another small hut, which had been ingeniously constructed between two rocks, the roof being covered with green turf so as to give the appearance of a natural sward. Here it was hoped that the wanderer might remain in safety for some time; but, after a few days, Angus Macdonald received a letter from his son-in-law, Angus Mackechan, informing him that it was more than whispered that the prince was concealed at Borrodaile, and at the same time offering a more secure asylum which he had prepared in Morar.

In the meantime, Charles had been joined by a faithful adherent, Macdonald of Glenaladale. Accompanied by this person, by Angus Mackechan, and by John Macdonald, a younger son of his host, he set off in the direction of Glen Morar. Angus had gone before in search of intelligence, and when he rejoined them on their route, the following day, he brought tidings with him which might well have struck them with dismay. Never, indeed, had the situation of the unfortunate prince

been more critical than at this moment. His enemies had traced him from Skye, and were now surrounding him on all sides. General Campbell had anchored near Loch Nevis, with several vessels of war and a large body of troops, with the latter of which he had formed a complete cordon around the neighbouring district. Sentinels were placed within a short distance of each other, who allowed no person to pass without undergoing a previous examination; and at night large fires were lighted near the post of each sentry, so as to render it almost impossible for a person to pass unchallenged. In addition to these measures, large bodies of troops were despatched in all directions for the purpose of scouring the country, and with instructions to search every corner which might possibly afford a hiding-place to the unfortunate prince.

Charles now took leave of Angus Macdonald and Angus Mackechan, and, accompanied only by Glenaladale, proceeded stealthily through the rugged and mountainous district of Arisaig, till he reached the summit of a hill called Fruighvain. From this spot he despatched a messenger to Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who, it was hoped, would lend his aid to the royal wanderer in this his utmost need; and who, from his intimate acquaintance with the wild features of the surrounding district, was calculated to be an invaluable guide.

In the evening, however, while anxiously awaiting the arrival of Glenpean, the fugitives were suddenly startled by the alarming intelligence that a large body of the Argyllshire militia was approaching the very hill on which they were then stationed. The little party immediately broke up their quarters, and, descending the hill, proceeded cautiously in the direction of Loch Arkaig. About eleven o'clock at night, as they were passing through a deep ravine, they were surprised by seeing a man descending one of the hills above them, with the evident intention of addressing them. Desiring the prince and John Macdonald to conceal themselves as much as possible, Glenaladale advanced to encounter the stranger, in order to ascertain whether he were friend or foe. To the great delight of Charles, it proved to be the person he most wished to see, — Cameron of Glenpean. He had been desired to bring as much provisions with him as he could carry (for the fugitives had found the greatest difficulty in procuring even the smallest supply of food, and the prince was half dead with hunger), but all that he had been able to obtain was a small quantity of oatmeal and butter. This wretched fare, doled out in small quantities, comprised the only food tasted by the prince during the next four days of his miserable wanderings.

Under the guidance of Cameron of Glenpean, Charles was conducted through a series of rugged

ravines, and through almost inaccessible passes choked up with rocks and trees, till, on the morning of the 24th of July, he found himself on the summit of a hill in the braes of Loch Arkaig, called Mamnan-Callum. He was still, it must be remembered, within the military cordon, and if hitherto he had been sanguine enough to expect to elude the vigilance of his enemies, the sight which now met his eye could scarcely have failed to convert hope into despair. From the eminence on which he now stood he could perceive the enemy's camp, which was scarcely a mile distant ; he could see distinctly the whole of the organised plan which had been contrived to prevent his escape, and at night he could even hear the challenge of the sentries, while the glare of light, emanating from the numerous watch-fires which blazed along the line, showed him that he had as little to expect from the night as from the day.

As soon as the darkness had set in, Charles and his three companions (for he had recently been joined by John Macdonald, a brother of Glenaladale) descended the hill of Mamnan-Callum, and, about two o'clock in the morning of the 25th, came to Corinangaul, on the confines of Knoidart and Loch Arkaig. From hence they proceeded to a convenient hiding-place known to Glenpean, on the brow of a hill at the head of Lochnaig, within a mile of one of the military stations. Charles was lying concealed in this place when

two of the party, who had sallied forth in search of food, returned with the intelligence that a party of soldiers was approaching from the opposite side of the hill. A short consultation was then held, and as it was clear that their only hope of avoiding discovery lay in concealing themselves as closely as possible, the whole party remained huddled together, while the soldiers conducted a strict search in every direction around them. It was not till eight o'clock in the evening that they felt themselves sufficiently secure to emerge from their uncomfortable hiding-place.

Hazardous, and indeed almost desperate, as any attempt appeared to pass the military cordon unobserved, it was nevertheless evident that they ran scarcely less risk by remaining where they were; moreover, the impossibility which they found of procuring provisions offered an argument scarcely less imperative to induce them at least to make the attempt. Having come to the determination, therefore, of advancing at all hazards, it was decided that they should depart on their perilous enterprise the same night. Their route lay over a hill called Drumachosi, in ascending which, Charles, in consequence of his foot slipping, very nearly fell headlong down a steep precipice, and was only saved from being dashed to pieces by Glenpean promptly seizing hold of him by one of his arms, and Glenaladale by the other. On reaching the summit of the hill, the long line of sentries and

watch-fires lay extended before them, presenting a sight which made the attempt appear even more desperate than it had seemed before. Still, no proposal appears to have been made to turn back; and they advanced, creeping stealthily along the ground, till they had come within so short a distance of the sentinels that they could overhear them conversing with one another.

Anxious that the prince should run no unnecessary risk, Glenpean generously volunteered to make the attempt singly in the first instance. "If I get safe through," he said, "and also return safe, then you may venture with greater security, and I shall be all the better fitted to conduct." During the time that he was absent on his hazardous enterprise, the feelings of the rest of the party may be more easily imagined than described. At length, to their great delight, they could perceive Glenpean stealthily effecting his return, and, as the practicability of accomplishing their purpose was now placed beyond a doubt, they lost no time in putting it into execution. The morning was now breaking, and the brightness of the watch-fires was in some degree dimmed by the increasing light of day. Accordingly, with Glenpean at their head, they crawled up a deep and narrow ravine which intersected two of the fires, and, seizing a moment when the backs of the sentinels were turned toward them, advanced in deep silence, and on all fours, till they found

themselves, to their great joy, at a spot which completely concealed them from the observation of their enemies.

In order to place as great a distance as possible between themselves and their adversaries, they pushed forward to Corriscorridale, on the Glenelg side of the head of Loch Hourn, where they partook of a scanty meal, consisting of a small quantity of oatmeal and water, and part of a cheese, which Glenpean and Glenaladale's brother had fortunately been able to obtain on the preceding day. At Corriscorridale they passed the whole day unmolested; but their amazement may be readily imagined when, in breaking up their quarters at eight o'clock in the evening, they found that they had been for many hours within cannon-shot of two of the enemy's posts, and that a large party of soldiers was even still nearer to them.

Advancing in the direction of the Mackenzies' country (which, from the inhabitants being well-disposed toward the government, was unmolested by soldiers), Charles, at three o'clock in the morning of the 27th of July, arrived at Glenshiel, a wild and secluded valley in the estate of the Earl of Seaforth. It had been his object to obtain a guide to Pollew, where he hoped to find a French vessel to convey him to the Continent; but information reaching him in the course of the day, that the only French vessel which had been seen there

had long since taken its departure, it was deemed necessary to turn their steps in another direction. Fortunately, while making inquiries respecting a guide to Pollew, Glenaladale had encountered a Glengarry man, whose father had been killed by the soldiers on the preceding day, and who was himself flying from his own country in order to avoid a similar fate. This person was conducted by Glenaladale to the prince, and under his guidance it was decided to advance toward the south, with the hope of forming a junction with Lochiel and some other chiefs who had hitherto succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the government.

Accordingly, having taken leave of the faithful Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who could no longer be of service to him, Charles, as soon as night had set in, commenced his journey with Glenaladale, John Macdonald, and Glenaladale's brother, with the intention of proceeding to the braes of Glenmoriston. They had advanced a few miles, when Glenaladale suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of great distress, that he had lost the prince's purse. The loss was indeed a serious one, for the purse contained their whole stock of money, — about forty guineas, — and without gold they could not expect to obtain even the commonest necessities of life. Glenaladale proposed that he should retrace his steps in search of it, to which Charles at first objected with great earnestness; but having at last yielded to the entreaties of those about him,

he placed himself behind a piece of rising ground, where he might remain concealed till Glenaladale's return. The loss of the purse, which was naturally looked upon as a very annoying circumstance, subsequently proved the means, under Providence, by which Charles was saved from falling into the hands of his enemies. He had remained concealed only a short time, when he perceived a party of soldiers defiling along the very path by which he must necessarily have proceeded but for the loss he had sustained. Shortly afterward he was rejoined by Glenaladale with the missing treasure, when both united in hearty thanks to God, that what they had regarded as their greatest misfortune was, in fact, the means of their preservation. As usual, Charles took advantage of the circumstance to express his conviction that he was under the special guidance and care of Providence. "I scarcely believe," he said, "that I could be taken even though I wished it."

Having travelled all night, Charles, on the morning of the 28th, found himself on the side of a hill above Strathcluanie, where he remained with his companions in a convenient hiding-place till three o'clock in the afternoon. They then proceeded on their painful march, but had advanced little more than a mile when they were startled by the sound of several shots, which they discovered to proceed from the brutal soldiery

who were chasing the unfortunate country people who had fled to the hill with their cattle. The miseries of this day could never have been forgotten by Charles. The rain descended in torrents and without cessation, and not a mouthful of food passed his lips during the whole day. At night he found himself on the summit of a lofty hill between the braes of Glenmoriston and Strathglass, where, without food or fire, and wet to the skin, his only shelter was a small cave, the limits of which were so narrow, and the rocky floor so rugged, as almost to rob him even of the luxury of sleep.

We now arrive at the most remarkable period in the history of Charles's wanderings, his connection with the seven robbers, or, as they were commonly styled, the "Seven Men of Glenmoriston." The enthusiastic devotion of these wild mountaineers, who, though existing by a life of rapine and plunder, disdained to benefit by the splendid bribe which they might have shared by betraying the prince who confided in them, forms a very curious episode in the romantic tale of the chevalier's escape.

The "Seven Men of Glenmoriston" had all been actively engaged in the recent insurrection, and, though commonly designated as robbers, must be looked upon less as common plunderers than as following, partly from necessity, the predatory habits which formerly distinguished the Highland

character. Their names were Patrick Grant, a farmer, commonly called Black Peter of Craskie; John Macdonnell, *alias* Campbell; Alexander Macdonnell; Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers; and Grigor Macgregor. To these an eighth, Hugh Macmillan, was afterward added. Proscribed by the government on account of their having been in arms in the cause of the Stuarts, they had seen their homes laid desolate, their kindred slain, and their fellow clansmen sent as slaves to the Plantations. Infuriated by these circumstances, and rendered desperate by knowing that the same fate awaited themselves should they fall into the hands of the government, they seem to have been actuated, in the marauding life which they led, less by the paltry desire of acquisition than by an ardent longing to retaliate on their deadly foes. Entering into an association to seize every opportunity of avenging themselves on the Duke of Cumberland and his soldiers, they were bound by a solemn oath to stand by each other in every emergency, and never to yield up their arms except with life itself. Their lurking-places were in secret caves, situated among the rugged fastnesses of the wild district in which they had been bred, from which they sallied forth to attack the detached military parties which were employed in the neighbourhood, pouring down on them when least expected, and rarely failing to carry off their cattle and other spoil. At the

period when Charles proposed to trust his life in their hands, their acts of prowess and daring were the terror of the military, and formed the theme of every tongue. Some time since, four of the Glenmoriston men had attacked a party of seven soldiers, who were conveying wine and provisions from Fort Augustus to Glenelg, and had shot two of them dead. On another occasion they had shot an informer, whose head they cut off, and placed it on a tree near the highroad, where it long remained a warning to similar offenders; and more recently, they had performed the daring act of attacking a large body of soldiers, headed by three officers, on whom they kept up a running fire in a narrow ravine, till at length the military fled in confusion, leaving the cattle which they were escorting to their quarters in the hands of their opponents.

Such were the habits and character of the wild freebooters, among whom Charles was about to find himself a cherished guest. A negotiation had already been opened with them through the medium of the Glengarry man who had guided the fugitives from the valley of Glenshiel, of which the result had been that they consented to give shelter to Glenaladale, and to one or two other gentlemen, who were represented to them as sufferers in the Jacobite cause, and who it was stated would accompany him. Accordingly Charles and his companions proceeded to a wild spot called Coiraghoth, in the braes of Glenmoriston, where

they were met by three out of the seven freebooters, to whom Charles was formally introduced as young Clanranald. In spite, however, of his ragged attire, and the miserable condition to which he was reduced, the men instantly recognised their prince, and, after greeting him with every demonstration of respect and delight, conducted him in triumph to their cave.

Charles had now fasted no less than forty-eight hours, and his satisfaction, therefore, may be readily imagined, when he found himself a welcome guest in the robbers' stronghold, enjoying a hearty meal of mutton, butter, and cheese, with the additional luxury of some whiskey. The four other men, who had been absent on a foraging party, returned the following day, and these also recognised the prince. Under these circumstances, Glenaladale, at the request of Charles, administered an oath to the whole of them, in the awful terms of which, as was then customary in the Highlands, they invoked on themselves, — "That their backs might be to God, and their faces to the devil; that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger." This oath they kept with such religious exactness that not one of them mentioned that the prince had

been their guest until a twelvemonth had elapsed after he had effected his escape to the Continent.

The next three weeks were passed by Charles in different caves and hiding-places known to the Glenmoriston men, with the single exception of an expedition which he made in the direction of the seacoast, in the hope of finding a foreign vessel to convey him to France. Nothing could exceed the kindness, devotion, and attention which Charles received from the wild children of the mountain and the mist, although their care and attachment for him were sometimes exhibited in rather a singular manner. Distressed at the coarseness and tattered condition of the prince's dress, two of the party on one occasion waylaid some servants who were travelling to Fort Augustus with their master's baggage, and, having killed one of them, seized a portmanteau, which they carried in triumph to their cave, and presented its acceptable contents to Charles.¹ On another occasion, on the return of one of the Glenmoriston men from Fort Augustus, whither he had proceeded in disguise in search of intelligence, he

¹The prince's costume at this period is thus described by Home: "He had a bonnet on his head, a wretched yellow wig, and a clouted handkerchief about his neck. He had a coat of coarse, dark-coloured cloth, a Stirling tartan waistcoat much worn, a pretty good belted plaid, tartan hose, and Highland brogues, tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt (and he had not another) was of the colour of saffron."

presented the prince with a "pennyworth of gingerbread," which, in the singleness of his heart, he believed would prove a dainty of the first order.

Charles was exactly the person to win the devotion of these rude but warm-hearted mountaineers. Their respect he obtained by his superiority in all manly exercises, and by his powers of enduring fatigue; and their love by identifying himself with their interests, and the winning ease with which he associated with them. He compelled them to wear their bonnets in his company, and at meals they all sat down together in a circle, their food upon their knees, Charles occasionally suggesting improvements in their simple cookery, and sometimes even assisting in the preparation of their homely repast. The influence which he obtained over them was, at least on one occasion, turned to a laudable purpose. "Glenaladale," said Patrick Grant, "was interpreter between the prince and us; and it was agreed upon that we should say nothing but what the prince should be made to understand, and that the prince should say nothing but what we likewise should be made to understand. By this means the prince discovered that we were much addicted to common swearing in our conversation, for which he caused Glenaladale to reprove us; and at last the prince, by his repeated reproofs, prevailed on us so far that we gave that custom of swearing quite up." Charles, we are told, used to withdraw him-

self every morning and evening, for the purpose of performing his devotions in private.

About this period there occurred a remarkable instance of enthusiastic devotion in the prince's cause, which had no slight effect in aiding his escape. One Roderick Mackenzie, the son of a goldsmith of Edinburgh, happened to be lurking in the braes of Glenmoriston; he had served as an officer in the prince's Life Guards, and was thought to bear a strong resemblance to Charles, both in features and in person. Unfortunately, his hiding-place was discovered by the military, and a party was despatched to seize his person. He defended himself as long as he could with great gallantry, but at length receiving a fatal thrust, he dropped his sword, exclaiming in his last agony: "Villains! you have killed your prince." His design completely succeeded. The soldiers, believing that they had obtained the great prize for which they had so long panted, cut off his head, and carried it in triumph to Fort Augustus, from whence it was forwarded to London as that of the prince. "The depositions of several persons," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "who affirmed that this was the head of Prince Charles, had the good effect of rendering the English less vigilant and less active in their pursuits. Mr. Morrison, his *valet-de-chambre*, was then in the prison of Carlisle, condemned to death, and the government despatched a messenger to suspend

the execution of the sentence, and bring him to London, to declare upon oath whether this really was the head of Prince Charles; but Mr. Morrison having been attacked on the road with a violent fever, accompanied with delirium, remained in bed in the messenger's house, where he continued a prisoner for fifteen days after his arrival in London; and when he began to recover, the head was in such a putrid state that it was judged unnecessary to examine him, as it was no longer possible to distinguish any of the features."

Being desirous of forming a junction with Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, who were believed to be lurking in the wilds of Badenoch, Charles, on the 21st of August, took an affectionate leave of the "Seven Men of Glenmoriston," who accompanied him some distance on his way to a wood at the foot of Loch Arkaig. It was only with the greatest difficulty that these faithful and affectionate men would permit their beloved prince to leave them. "Stay with us," they said; "the mountains of gold which the government has set upon your head may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country, and live on the price of his dishonour; but to us there exists no such temptation. We can speak no language but our own; we can live nowhere but in this country, where, were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death." Patrick

Grant alone remained with the prince a few days longer, and on taking his departure was presented by Charles with twenty-four guineas, to be divided between himself and his companions.

CHAPTER XII.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Charles Joined by the Fugitives Macdonald of Lochgarry and Cameron of Clunes — Secreted in the Wood of Auchnacarry — Meeting between Charles and Lochiel — Termination of His Wanderings — Embarks on Board *L'Heureux* for France — Arrival and Reception by the King and Queen — Ordered to Quit Paris — His Refusal, and Arrest — Transported to Avignon, Where He Is Set at Liberty — Takes up His Residence at Liège as Baron de Montgomerie — Visits London in 1750 — Supposed to Have Been an Eye-witness at the Coronation of George III. — Abjures the Catholic Religion and Becomes a Protestant.

CHARLES had recently been joined by Macdonald of Lochgarry and Cameron of Clunes, who were fugitives like himself, and with these gentlemen he took up his abode in a small hut which had been constructed for him in a wood between Auchnasual and the end of Loch Arkaig. From this place he sent a messenger to his beloved Lochiel, expressing a strong wish that, if circumstances permitted, he would join him as soon as possible in his retreat. In the meantime, however, having learned that the prince had effected his escape from Skye to the main-

land, Lochiel had despatched his two brothers, Dr. Archibald Cameron and the Rev. John Cameron, in different directions, in order to obtain intelligence respecting him. After wandering about for some time, the two brothers again fell in with each other at Auchnacarry, the ancient seat of their family, which had recently been laid in ruins by the soldiery. From hence they proceeded along Loch Arkaig in a boat, and in the course of their voyage had the good fortune to encounter some of Clunes's retainers, and subsequently the chieftain himself, who forthwith conducted them to the presence of Charles.

At the moment when they were approaching the hut Charles was fast asleep, and his consternation may be easily imagined when he was suddenly aroused by Patrick Grant with the startling information that a body of men, apparently militia, were close upon him. He was advised to fly instantly to the mountains; but he rejected the proposition, adding that it were far better to take the enemy by surprise, and, after taking a steady aim at them from their ambuscade, to trust to Providence for the rest. Accordingly, Charles and Patrick Grant, with a son of Clunes, who was in the hut at the time, rested their guns along the stones, and were on the point of firing, when, to their great joy, they suddenly recognised Clunes at the head of the advancing party. The delight of Charles was greatly increased when the

two brothers of Lochiel were presented to him, and he learned from them that the chief was in good health and rapidly recovering from his wounds. He expressed "uncommon joy," we are told, at the circumstance, and "thrice returned God thanks" for the safety of his friend. In the words of John Cameron, "The prince was at this time barefooted, had an old black kilt coat on, philabeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt, and a long red beard, a gun in his hand, and a pistol and dirk by his side. He was very cheerful and in good health, and, in my opinion, fatter than when he was at Inverness. They had killed a cow the day before, and the servants were roasting some of it with spits. The prince knew their names, spoke in a familiar way to them, and some Erse. He ate very heartily of the roasted beef and some bread we had from Fort Augustus, and no man could sleep sounder in the night than he."

On the following day, the 26th of August, Charles removed to a wood near Lochiel's ruined seat of Auchnacarry. He had remained in this wood about four days, — residing sometimes in one hut, and sometimes in another, — when one morning, about eight o'clock, John Cameron, who had been absent in search of intelligence, suddenly returned, and awoke the prince with the information that a large body of soldiers was advancing in their immediate neighbourhood. As they had hitherto received no intelligence of any military

detachment having marched from Fort Augustus, Charles, as well as his companions, seems to have been fully impressed with the conviction that treachery was at work, and that they were surrounded on all sides. The prince, however, notwithstanding his imminent peril, betrayed neither perturbation nor alarm. "I awoke him," says John Cameron, "and desired him not to be surprised, for that a body of the enemy was in sight. He, with the utmost composure, got up, called for his gun, sent for Captain Macraw and Sandy, Clunes's son, who, with a servant, were doing duty as sentries about the wood." There still remained the hope of escape, but in the event of finding their retreat cut off, the whole party, which now consisted of eight persons, expressed their determination to die like men of honour, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Charles carefully examined all their guns, adding, cheerfully: "I have been bred a good shooter, can charge quick, and can make pretty sure of my aim."

Fortunately, under the cover of the wood, they were enabled to reach the top of a neighbouring hill without being perceived, and from thence commenced a toilsome march to the summit of another hill, called Mullantagart. Here Charles received a message from Clunes, that at night he would meet him with provisions, at a particular spot which he named in the mountains. The ground which they had to traverse was perhaps as craggy

and rugged as any in the Highlands, and, as they toiled in the dark up one difficult mountain path after another, their flesh, as well as their clothes, was constantly torn by the stumps of trees and jutting rocks with which they came in contact. The prince, on this particular occasion, was the first to give way from exhaustion. They had found it impossible to procure a mouthful of food during the whole day, and they had still some distance to proceed, when Charles expressed his inability to advance any further. By the assistance, however, of the Highlanders, who supported him by his arms on each side, he was able to totter through the rest of the journey, and he was at length cheered by the sight of Clunes and his son, who had succeeded in killing a cow, and were engaged in cooking a part of it for supper. Here Charles took up his quarters for a day or two, till the removal of some of the troops from the passes enabled him to advance nearer to Lochiel.

The prince's next move was to a hiding-place in the wood of Auchnacarry, where, to his great delight, he received a message from Lochiel, stating that he and his kinsman, Macpherson of Cluny, were safely concealed in Badenoch, and recommending that Charles should join them there without delay. Nothing could be more grateful to him than this proposition. Without waiting for the arrival of Macpherson of Cluny, who was on his way to conduct him to Badenoch, he set out

immediately, and at night found himself at a place called Corineuir, at the foot of the great mountain Benalder. The next day he arrived at Mellaneuir, also situated on Benalder, where Lochiel was residing in a small hut with his two companions in adversity, Macpherson of Cluny, and Macpherson the younger, of Breakachie. It is remarkable that, though their residence in this district was known to a number of persons, and although there was a large military post at Sherowmore, within the distance of a few miles, yet they had continued to reside in this retired spot for more than four months without suspicion; not only well provided with provisions by their friends, but also comfortably tended by as many as three servants.

The meeting between Charles and Lochiel was one of evident joy and satisfaction on both sides. On being informed that the prince was approaching his place of concealment, the chieftain went forth to meet him, and would have paid his respects on his knees had he not been checked by Charles. "My dear Lochiel," he said, "you don't know who may be looking from the tops of yonder trees; if any be there, and if they see such motions, they will conclude that I am here, which may prove of bad consequence." Lochiel then conducted the prince to the interior of his hovel, who, "upon his entry," we are informed, "took a hearty dram, which he pretty often called for thereafter to drink his friends' healths." Charles

now sat down to an excellent dinner of minced collops, together with other luxuries, to which he had recently been little accustomed. He was in an excellent humour, and expressed himself highly delighted with his fare. "Now, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I live like a prince."

The next day Cluny returned from his unsuccessful expedition in search of the prince. On entering the hut, he attempted, like Lochiel, to pay his duty to his young master on his knees; but the ceremony was interdicted by Charles, who, taking Cluny in his arms, kissed him affectionately.

Shortly afterward he said: "I am sorry, Cluny, that you and your regiment were not at Culloden; I did not hear till lately that you were so near us that day."

The day after Cluny's return, it was deemed advisable for some reason to shift their quarters, and, accordingly, the whole party removed to another hut in the wild recesses of Benalder, which, we are told, had the character of being superlatively bad and smoky. From hence they removed to a "very romantic and comical habitation," called the "Cage," also on Benalder, which had recently been constructed by Cluny for the purpose of concealment. "The Cage," says Donald Macpherson, "was only large enough to contain six or seven persons, four of which number were frequently employed in playing at cards;

one idle, looking on ; one baking ; and another firing bread and cooking."

The story of the prince's wanderings and escapes is now fast drawing to a close. Two vessels, *L'Heureux* and *La Princesse de Conti*, had been fitted out by a Colonel Warren, who had been promised a baronetcy by the old chevalier in the event of his succeeding in carrying off the prince. These vessels sailed from St. Maloes, at the end of August, and arrived in Lochnanuagh on the 6th of September. There landed from them four gentlemen, among whom were Captain Sheridan, a son of Sir Thomas, and a Mr. O'Beirne, a lieutenant in the French service, who were received by Macdonald of Glenaladale, who had taken his station on the coast for the purpose of communicating to Charles the arrival of any friendly vessel. The channel of communication between the prince and Glenaladale was Cameron of Clunes, but in consequence of an alarm which he had received at the approach of the military, Clunes had been compelled to quit his old quarters, and, to the annoyance of Glenaladale, it was some time before his present place of concealment could be discovered. At length, however, Glenaladale found means to communicate with him, when Clunes immediately despatched a faithful messenger to convey the important intelligence to Macpherson of Cluny, and through him to the prince.

Charles, it is needless to remark, lost no time

in availing himself of so favourable an opportunity for escape. He set out the same night (September the 13th), and before daybreak found himself in his old quarters in the smoky hut on Benalder. He arrived at Corvoy on the 14th, where he rested a short time, and on the 16th slept at Lochiel's seat at Auchnacarry. The following day he arrived at a place called Glencamger, and on the 19th was cheered with the sight of the vessels which were to bear him from the power and persecutions of his enemies. He generously remained upwards of a day on the coast, for the purpose of allowing any of his suffering followers, who might be lurking in the neighbouring districts, to avail themselves of the opportunity of effecting their escape.

On Saturday, September the 20th, Charles took his last leave of the Highlands, and proceeded on board *L'Heureux*, accompanied by Lochiel, Lochgarry, John Roy Stuart, and Doctor Cameron. There were in all, embarked with him on board the two vessels, twenty-three gentlemen and one hundred and seven common men ; the former including young Clanranald, Glenaladale, Macdonald of Dalely, and his two brothers. Beforegoing on board, Charles took an affectionate leave of Macpherson of Cluny, who preferred remaining among his own people to purchasing safety as an exile in a foreign land. The same deeply implanted love of country and kindred affected more or less every individual on

board. "The gentlemen, as well as commons," we are told, "were seen to weep, though they boasted of being soon back with an irresistible force."

The striking and melancholy story of the expedition of Charles Edward to Scotland, and of his romantic escapes and adventures, has now been brought to a close. Whether we reflect on the extraordinary fact of his landing in Scotland an almost friendless adventurer, without arms, money, or resources of any kind, and his having subsequently led a victorious army within a few days' march of the metropolis of England; whether we identify ourselves with the romantic tale of his imminent dangers, his hairbreadth escapes, his indomitable fortitude, and his cheerfulness under the severest trials; or whether we pause to pay our tribute to those generous and devoted individuals, who, scorning the splendid reward which they might have obtained by betraying him, preferred rather to work out his deliverance, at the imminent hazard of their lives and fortunes,—in whatever point of view we regard the story of Charles Edward up to this period, we must admit that it forms one of the most remarkable and interesting episodes in the annals of any country.

On turning his back on the Highlands, Charles left behind him the tears, the prayers, and best wishes of the generous people who had so long befriended him, and who seem to have loved him the more enthusiastically for the sufferings which

they endured in his cause. "He went," says Lord Mahon, "but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues, their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits, and inviting his return. Again, in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness, the strongest, perhaps, of all human feelings, yields to the passionate devotion to 'Prince Charlie.'"

On the 29th of September, after a prosperous voyage, Charles landed at Roscoff, near Morlaix, in France, from whence he proceeded to Paris, where the government had ordered the Château St. Antoine to be fitted up as his residence. On approaching the French capital, he was met by a gallant band of the young nobility, headed by his brother Henry, who no sooner recognised him, than he flung his arms around his neck and kissed him with the greatest affection.

A few days after his arrival, the prince paid a visit to the French king and queen at Fontainebleau. Unwilling to give more offence than necessary to the court of St. James's, Louis declined to receive him openly as Prince of Wales, but at the same time added that it would give him the greatest pleasure to embrace him as a friend. The state and magnificence with which Charles pro-

ceeded to Fontainebleau must have formed a striking contrast to the ragged and dirty appearance which he had presented scarcely a fortnight before. The journey was performed with a large suite in several carriages, Charles himself, who was magnificently dressed, proceeding with his master of the horse, the elder Lochiel, in a splendid equipage; ten footmen, dressed in the livery of the Prince of Wales, walking on each side of it. Lords Elcho and Ogilvie, his secretary Kelly, and three of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, followed in the other carriages, while the younger Lochiel, with a band of gentlemen on horseback, brought up the rear. Charles was received with great cordiality by the French king. After warmly embracing him, "*Mon très cher prince,*" said Louis, "*je rends grace au ciel, qui me donne le plaisir extrême de vous voir arrivé en bonne santé, après tant de fatigues et de dangers. Vous avez fait voir que toutes les grandes qualités des héros et des philosophes se trouvent réunies en vous; et j'espère qu'un de ces jours vous recevrez la récompense d'un mérite si extraordinaire.*" After his interview with the king, Charles was conducted to the apartments of the queen, who also received him with great kindness. In the evening he supped with the royal family, and both on this and on other occasions their Majesties are said to have listened with the deepest interest to the particulars of his adventures and escapes.

It was greatly to the credit of Charles that, after his return to France, he exerted himself in every possible manner to alleviate the distresses of his faithful followers, and to repair the losses which they had sustained by embracing his cause. He told the French minister, D'Argenson, shortly after his arrival in Paris, that he would never ask anything for himself, but that he was ready to go down on his knees to obtain any favour for his brother exiles. In a letter also to his father, dated the 19th of December, 1746, he writes: "I suppose O'Brien has already given an account to you of what pains I am at, and what has been done concerning the poor Scotch. I told the Marquis d'Argenson the other day how sensible I was of the king's goodness for what he has done for them, but that I would never ask anything for myself; for I came only into this country to do what I could for my poor country, and not for myself." Among the Scottish officers who had served in the prince's army, and who were now in France, the French government had distributed already thirty-four thousand livres, and subsequently the additional sum of twenty-nine thousand livres was divided, according to their rank, among those officers who had landed with the prince. We learn also, from Charles's own banking account, that he was in the habit of constantly transmitting large sums out of his own purse, not only to persons who had private claims on

him, such as Lord Nairn, Clanranald, and Ardsziel, but also to many individuals of inferior rank.

From the period when he returned to the French capital to the hour when all hope deserted him, Charles never ceased to importune the government for that aid with which he hoped to rekindle the war in the Highlands, and to recover the throne of his ancestors. He imagined, also, that Spain might be induced to assist him in his views; and, accordingly, in the month of January, 1747, we find him paying a secret visit to Madrid, in hopes of persuading Ferdinand the Sixth to furnish him with the means of fitting out a second expedition. His repeated applications, however, were met only with unmeaning promises and evasive replies, till at length, finding all his arguments and entreaties of no avail, he returned to Paris in the month of March, and commenced besieging the French government with fresh memorials and appeals; but Louis, who was now bent on obtaining a peace with England, proved even more obdurate than the Spanish monarch. The temper of Charles was already sufficiently irritated by these repeated disappointments of his darling hopes; but when, three months afterward, it was formally announced to him that his brother Henry was about to become an ecclesiastic, with the entire approbation of their

father, — thus tacitly admitting that his family abandoned all hopes of regaining the throne of Great Britain, — the prince's distress and indignation exceeded all bounds.

In the course of the following year, a last blow was given to the prince's hopes, in consequence of the treaty of peace which was signed between the courts of St. James's and Versailles, by one of the articles of which it was stipulated that Charles should be banished from the French territories. While the treaty was in progress, it had been anticipated that Charles would have made a merit of necessity, and, by quietly withdrawing to some other country, have spared the French king the disagreeable alternative of resorting to forcible measures to ensure his removal. Whether it was his object, however, to embarrass the French court, of whose injustice toward him he bitterly complained, or, whatever may have been his motive, certain it is that he adopted a line of policy very different from what had been expected.

In order to prove to the world how little intention he had of quitting Paris of his own accord, he commenced furnishing a new house, which he hired on the Quai Théatin. Alarmed at this conduct on the part of the prince, Louis sent the Cardinal de Tencin to him in the first instance, and, subsequently, the Duc de Gesores, Governor of Paris, who, in addition to using every argument

and entreaty to induce him to listen to reason, laid before him a *carte blanche*, which he was told he was at liberty to fill up with any sum he might be pleased to demand as a pension, in consideration of his yielding to the wishes of the king. Neither the dread of consequences, however, nor the dictates of reason or interest, — not even the urgent entreaties of the Pope's nuncio, nor an autograph letter addressed to him by the king himself, — had the least effect on the mind of the exasperated prince. The treaty had now been signed for some time, and the English government began naturally to exhibit some impatience at one of the most important of its conditions not having been fulfilled. Still, Louis was unwilling to proceed to extremities without making another effort; and, accordingly, as a last resource, he wrote to the old chevalier, entreating him to exercise his influence and authority over his son, to induce him to take the required step. In consequence of this communication, the chevalier addressed a strong letter to his son, under a flying seal, commanding him to quit Paris without delay; but even this final measure proved of no avail, and Charles appeared quite as obstinate as before. The king now summoned a council of state, at which it was determined to arrest the prince the same night, and carry him by force out of the French dominions. "*Ah, pauvre prince!*" said Louis, as he was signing the order for his arrest,

“qu’il est difficile pour un roi d’être un véritable ami !”

It was three o’clock when the order was signed, and before night the news had spread all over Paris, where it excited the most extraordinary sensation. Charles alone appeared calm and indifferent, and, when urged to quit Paris immediately, in order to avoid the fate which awaited him, he not only treated the advice with contempt, but, turning to one of his retinue, he ordered him to procure a box for him at the Opéra the same night. Charles had long been the idol of the French people. At the time, indeed, when he had quitted Paris to proceed on his Scottish expedition, his person was scarcely known to the Parisians; neither do they appear to have taken any particular interest in his history or his fate. But when he returned to them after his memorable campaign,—when they beheld the young and graceful prince, who had twice vanquished the royal forces of England on the field of battle, and who was the hero of so many romantic adventures and escapes,—he at once became an object of general interest and paramount attraction. If any circumstance, moreover, could have added to this feeling of enthusiasm, it was the opposition which he had shown to the absolute power of the French monarch, and his “brave answers to the king’s orders to him to quit the French dominions.” This conduct is said to have

rendered him more than ever the "observed of all observers;" the company followed him whenever he appeared on the public promenades; and, recently, the French government had been much alarmed and irritated by the fact of the whole audience having risen to applaud him when he entered the theatre.

It was probably, therefore, with the view of displaying the strength of the government, rather than from any apprehension of a rescue, that it was determined on arresting the prince in as public a place, and with as much parade, as was possible. As many as twelve hundred of the Royal Guards, under the Duke de Biron, were drawn up in the court of the Palais Royal; a great number of sergeants and grenadiers, armed with cuirasses and helmets, were posted in the passage of the Opera House; the City Guard lined the different streets in the vicinity, while large bodies of troops patrolled the road leading to the state prison of Vincennes, whither it was intended that the prince should be conducted. The excitement which pervaded Paris was intense, while Charles alone appeared apathetic and unmoved. Being told of the formidable preparations which were made for his arrest, "Well, be it so," he said, "we will not make them wait for us." Having alighted from his carriage, attended by three gentlemen of his household, he was in the act of entering the Opera House, when he was sud-

denly seized by eight sergeants dressed as tradesmen, with cuirasses under their coats, who carried him by force into the courtyard of the Palais Royal, while the soldiers kept off the crowd with their bayonets. His person was then searched, and his arms, consisting of a sword, a small dagger, and a pair of pocket pistols, having been taken away from him, he was bound hand and foot with a silken rope, and hurried into a coach drawn by six horses, which immediately drove off surrounded by a strong guard.

During the journey to Vincennes, Charles conversed cheerfully with the three officers who guarded him in the coach, and on reaching the prison, happening to recognise the governor as an old friend, "*Mon ami*," he said, alluding to the cords which bound him, "*venez donc m'embrasser puisque je ne puis pas vous embrasser*." He was then unbound and conducted to a small upper room, about ten feet square, lighted by a small window in the roof. His eye glanced displeased for a moment around this uncomfortable-looking apartment, but directly afterward he remarked, cheerfully, "I have seen worse in Scotland."

Collected and even cheerful as Charles had been in the presence of the French officers, they no sooner quitted him than his manner is said to have undergone a complete change. His sole companion in captivity was the faithful Niel Mackechan,

who has been so often mentioned as the prince's guide during his wanderings with Flora Macdonald. According to the account of this person, Charles, on being rid of his jailers, threw himself into a chair, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Ah, my faithful mountaineers! you would not have treated me thus! Would I were still with you!" Having been detained in prison five days, Charles, on the 15th of December, 1748, was removed under a strong guard to the papal city of Avignon, where he once more found himself at liberty. He made a public entry into that town on the 2d of January, 1749, in a coach and six, preceded by a troop of the Pope's horse-guards. The carriages of the nobility followed behind, and at night he was entertained with a magnificent supper and ball in the archiepiscopal palace.

After a residence of only a few months at Avignon, Charles quitted that place, almost secretly, and, with Colonel Goring only for his companion, repaired to Liège, where, under the name of Baron de Montgomerie, he lived in comparative privacy for several years. It was during his residence at Liège that he put into practice a favourite but dangerous project of paying a visit to London in disguise. The particulars of this curious fact are thus related by Doctor King. "In September, 1750," he says, "I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dress-

ing-room, and presented me to the prince. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable ; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came. As to his person," adds Doctor King, "he is tall and well-made, but stoops a little, owing, perhaps, to the great fatigue which he underwent in his Northern expedition. He has a handsome face and good eyes. I think his busts, which about this time were commonly sold in London, are more like him than any of his pictures which I have yet seen. He came one evening to my lodgings and drank tea with me. My servant, after he was gone, said to me, 'that he thought my new visitor very like Prince Charles.' 'Why,' said I, 'have you ever seen Prince Charles?' 'No, sir,' replied the fellow, 'but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts of Prince Charles.' The truth is, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from his face." The name adopted by Charles, during his visit to England, was Smith,

the same name which his great-grandfather, Charles the First, had assumed during his romantic journey to Madrid in 1623, to woo the Infanta of Spain.

With the exception of a short visit to Stockholm, we have little record of the prince's movements till we find him paying another hazardous secret visit to London about the years 1753-4. "That this unfortunate man," says Thicknesse, in his memoirs, "was in London about the year 1754, I can positively assert. He came hither contrary to the opinions of his friends abroad; but he was determined, he said, to see the capital of that kingdom over which he thought himself born to reign. After being a few days at a lady's house in Essex Street in the Strand, he was met by one who knew his person, in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him. This circumstance so alarmed the lady at whose house he resided, that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France. M. Massac, late secretary to the Duc de Noailles, told me he was sent to treat with the prince relative to a subsequent attempt to invade England. M. Massac dined with him, and had much conversation on the subject, but observed that he was rather a weak man, bigoted to his religion, and unable to refrain from the bottle, the only benefit, he said, he had acquired by his expedition among his countrymen in Scotland. Mr. Segrave, an Irish officer with only one arm, formerly well known at the Café de

Condé, at Paris, assured me that he had been with the prince in England between the years 1745 and 1756, and that they had laid a plan of seizing the person of the king (George the Second), as he returned from the play, by a body of Irish chair-men, who were to knock the servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and create a confusion while a party carried the king to the water-side, and hurried him away to France. It is certain that the late king often returned from the theatres in so private a manner that such an attempt was not impracticable; for what could not a hundred or two desperate villains effect, at eleven o'clock at night, in any of the public streets of London? Ten minutes' start would do it; and they could not have failed of a much greater length of time. He also told me that they had more than fifteen hundred chair-men, or that class of people, who were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields the instant they heard any particular news relative to the Pretender. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story; but it may be right to relate it, to prevent such an attempt, should any other Pretender start up; for I have the best authority to say such a thing is practicable, and that a person was taken off in broad daylight, and in the middle of a large city, though under the protection of an English major and seven old Frenchwomen, —and, that too, by an individual. There are many people now living

at Southampton who remember that transaction. It was not a king, it is true, who was taken off, nor was it a man ; but before the surprise of the major and his female party was over, the lady was far out of their reach."

This visit of the prince to England appears to be the same that is alluded to by Hume, the historian, in the following extract of a letter to Sir John Pringle, dated the 10th of February, 1773. It will be seen that Hume places the visit at a somewhat earlier period than Thicknesse. "That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Maréchal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me, that the evening before he had learned several curious particulars from a lady (who I imagined to be Lady Primrose), though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room, where she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name ; she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him ; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away,

the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the prince's picture, which hung on the chimneypiece in the very room in which he entered. My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady), that he used so little precaution that he went abroad openly in daylight in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribbon and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

"About five years ago," adds Hume, "I told this story to Lord Holdernessee, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753; and I added that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at the time escaped his lordship. 'By no means,' said he, 'and who do you think first told it me?' It was the king himself, who subjoined, 'And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?' Lord Holdernessee owned that he was puzzled how to reply; for, if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, 'My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again.' I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known. But, what will surprise you more, Lord Maréchal, a few days after the coronation of the present king (George the Third), told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least

had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. 'Why,' says he, 'a gentleman told me so that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ear these words, "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here." "It was curiosity that led me," said the other; "but I assure you," added he, "that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least."' You see this story is so nearly traced from the fountainhead as to wear a great face of probability. Query: What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

"I find that the Pretender's visit in England, in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand, and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a skeptic with regard to the last particulars."

With the exception of some short visits which he occasionally paid to Germany, Venice, and other places, Charles continued to reside chiefly at Liège till 1757. In that year he removed to Bouillon, in the Duchy of Luxemburg, where he lived privately for several years. During his resi-

dence at Bouillon, his time seems to have been principally occupied in hunting bears and wolves in the wild and vast forest of Ardennes.

Notwithstanding the doubts which Hume throws on the subject, it is now certain that Charles embraced the Protestant religion, although the exact period is not known. To his partisans in Scotland he writes on the 12th of August, 1762: "Assure my friends in Britain that I am in perfect health. They may be assured that I shall live and die in the religion of the Church of England, which I have embraced." According to Doctor King, he was certainly "free from all bigotry and superstition," and ready to conform to the established religion of Great Britain. "With the Catholics," he says, "he was a Catholic, and with the Protestants he was a Protestant." It seems to have been at an early period that he was in the habit of carrying an English Common Prayer Book in his pocket, and it is known that he caused his first illegitimate child by Miss Walkenshaw to be christened by a Protestant clergyman. A medal, bearing date the 23d of September, 1752, with the head of Charles on one side, on the reverse the words *Lætamini Cives*, is by some supposed to have reference to his having declared himself a Protestant in that year.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Death of the Old Pretender — Prince Charles Fails in Obtaining a Recognition of His Claims by France and Spain — Another Invasion of England Contemplated — Reasons for Abandoning It — The Prince Takes up His Abode at Florence as Count d'Albany — His Habit, at This Period of Life — His Marriage.

FROM the period of the prince's visit to England in 1760, when there is every reason to believe that he witnessed the coronation of George the Third, as mentioned by Hume, there is little of importance in his history till the death of the old chevalier in 1766, when he hastened from Bouillon to Rome, under the name of the Chevalier Douglas, — the same name which, in his days of youth and romance, he had adopted during his residence at Gravelines on the eve of his Highland expedition. He shortly afterward assumed the title of King of England, but to his bitter disappointment he failed in obtaining a recognition of his claims from the Kings of France and Spain, and, notwithstanding his grandfather, James the Second, had lost three kingdoms in upholding the religion of the

Church of Rome, even the Pope declined to acknowledge his pretensions. Notwithstanding the equanimity with which he usually bore his misfortunes, the latter circumstance seems to have irritated him beyond measure. "He told the Pope's nuncio," we are informed, "that the loss of Culoden gave him more real concern than any loss he could suffer by any orders from his Holiness, and that whatever titles he would take, neither Pope nor conclave could have nor had any right to take from him." "This," says Mr. Farquharson of Ardlerg, "I had from a gentleman who was present."

After the death of the old chevalier, Charles took up his residence at the seat of his late father at Albano, where he continued to reside in comparative seclusion, chiefly, it is said, on a pension which he received from his brother, Cardinal York. He still, however, kept up a constant correspondence with his Jacobite friends in Great Britain. Indeed, no new disappointment, no fresh unkindness of fortune, could eradicate from his mind the sanguine conviction that he was still destined to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Providence, it is said, in 1767, had conducted him safe through so many dangers, that he was certain he was under the peculiar care of Heaven, and that it destined him for some great end.

At length, in 1770, the commercial difficulties under which England was labouring, added to the

tumults fomented by Wilkes, and the unpopularity of George the Third at this period, revived once more the drooping spirits of the Jacobites, and induced them seriously to contemplate a second invasion.

"I know," says Wraxall, "from high authority, that as late as the year 1770, the Duc de Choiseul, then First Minister of France (not deterred by the ill success of the attempts made in 1715 and in 1745), meditated to undertake a third effort for restoring the House of Stuart. His enterprising spirit led him to profit by the dispute which arose between the English and Spanish Crowns, respecting the possession of the Falkland Islands, in order to accomplish this object. As the first step necessary toward it, he despatched a private emissary to Rome, who signified to Charles Edward the duke's desire of seeing him immediately at Paris. He complied, and arrived in that city with the utmost privacy. Having announced it to Choiseul, the minister fixed the same night, at twelve o'clock, when he and the Marshal de Broglie would be ready to receive the Pretender, and to lay before him their plan for an invasion of England. The Hôtel de Choiseul was named for the interview, to which place he was enjoined to repair in a hackney-coach, disguised, and without any attendant. At the appointed time, the duke and the marshal, furnished with the requisite papers and instructions, drawn up for his conduct on the expedition,

were ready ; but, after waiting a full hour, expecting his appearance every instant, when the clock struck one they concluded that some unforeseen accident must have intervened to prevent his arrival. Under this impression they were preparing to separate, when the noise of wheels was heard in the courtyard, and a few moments afterward the Pretender entered the room in a state of such intoxication as to be utterly incapable even of ordinary conversation. Disgusted, as well as indignant, at this disgraceful conduct, and well convinced that no expedition undertaken for the restoration of a man so lost to every sense of decency or self-interest could be crowned with success, Choiseul, without hesitation, sent him next morning a peremptory order to quit the French dominions." Wraxall informs us that he learned these particulars from a nobleman who, in 1770, whilst walking with the Duke of Gloucester through the streets of Genoa, met the chevalier, then on his way back to Italy from a visit which he had been paying to France.

In consequence of the repeated refusals of the Pope to acknowledge him as King of England, Charles retired in disgust to Florence, where, under the title of Count d'Albany, he resided for several years. Doctor Moore, the author of "Zeluco," who was at Florence with the young Duke of Hamilton, observes: "Soon after our arrival, in one of the avenues we observed two men and two ladies, followed by four servants in

livery. One of the four wore the insignia of the Garter. We were told this was the Count Albany, and that the lady next to him was the countess. We yielded the walk, and pulled off our hats. The gentleman along with them was the envoy from the King of Prussia, to the court of Turin. He whispered the count, who, returning the salutation, looked very earnestly at the Duke of Hamilton. We have seen them almost every evening since, either at the opera or on the public walk. His Grace does not affect to shun the avenue in which we happen to be ; and as often as we pass them, the count fixes his eyes in a most expressive manner upon the duke, as if he meant to say, ‘Our ancestors were better acquainted.’” Of the duke’s ancestors, one had died on the scaffold, for his attachment to Charles the First ; another perished of the wounds which he received at the battle of Worcester, in the cause of Charles the Second ; and a third had twice suffered imprisonment in the Tower, for maintaining his allegiance to James the Second. Under these circumstances, can we wonder that Charles should have glanced with a deep and mournful interest on the young Duke of Hamilton, whose forefathers had been so closely connected by their allegiance and misfortunes with his own unhappy race ?

Unfortunately, the latter days of Charles Edward present a strong and melancholy contrast to the

brilliancy of his early career. Widely different, indeed, was the selfish voluptuary, as he is painted in his closing years, from the high-spirited youth who had nearly won for himself the crown of Great Britain ; who had rendered himself the darling hero of the gallant Highlanders ; whose courage, energy, and perseverance had made him the theme of every tongue ; and who had alike borne prosperity with moderation, and the most afflicting distresses with almost unexampled equanimity.

It is a painful but well-known fact, that Charles had contracted, while yet young, a taste for the bottle, which increased fatally as he advanced in life, and after he had become enfeebled by years and irritated by constant disappointments. In perusing the tale of his wanderings in the Highlands, the frequent occasions on which he sought solace from ardent spirits can scarcely have failed to strike the reader. It seems, therefore, to be the more charitable as well as reasonable supposition that the taste was imbibed by him at this period, when the general example of those about him, and the almost unparalleled hardships and privations to which he was exposed, rendered the temptation almost irresistible. As early as the year 1747, this pernicious habit is commented upon in a contemporary letter ; and it seems gradually to have gained force, till in his latter years it led to many of those disgraceful scenes of intoxication, which lowered him in the estimation

of all about him, and did great injury to his cause.¹ In 1769 we find him, in a drunken fit, dismissing all his Scottish attendants, and supplying their places with Italians; and again, Doctor King observes, in alluding to the prince's mistress, Miss Walkenshaw: "I believe he spoke the truth, when he declared he had no esteem for his Northern mistress, although she had been his companion for so many years. She had no elegance of manners; and as they had both contracted an odious habit of drinking, so they exposed themselves very frequently, not only to their family, but to all their neighbours. They often quarrelled, and sometimes fought. It was one of these drunken scenes which probably occasioned a report of his madness."

¹ "It is generally acknowledged," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Charles Edward, the adventurous, the gallant, and the handsome, the leader of a race of pristine valour, whose romantic qualities may be said to have died along with him, had in his latter days yielded to those humiliating habits of intoxication, in which the meanest mortals seek to drown the recollection of their disappointments and miseries. Under such circumstances, the unhappy prince lost the friendship even of those faithful followers who had most devoted themselves to his misfortunes, and was surrounded, with some honourable exceptions, by men of a lower description, regardless of the character which he was himself no longer able to protect. It is a fact consistent with the author's knowledge, that persons totally unentitled to and unfitted for such a distinction were presented to the unfortunate prince, in moments unfit for presentation of any kind. Amid these clouds was at length extinguished the torch which once shook itself over Britain with such terrific glare, and at last sunk in its own ashes, scarce remembered, and scarce noted."

Those who have never been exposed to the same series of misfortunes and disappointments as Charles, and consequently have never been tempted in the same degree, will perhaps be inclined to regard him with blame, rather than with pity. Charity, however, demands that we should make some allowance for an unfortunate prince, whose melancholy motto was: "*De vivre et pas vivre, est beaucoup plus que mourir*;" and, moreover, we should not place implicit confidence in the prejudiced statements of party writers. To Charles, also, it is due to observe that he seems to have occasionally struggled successfully against the pernicious habit which he had contracted, and that he was not always represented by those who approached him as the confirmed debauchee he is painted by his enemies. Shortly after the dismissal of his Scottish servants, he is described by a person who had recently visited the chevalier's court as "enjoying more ease and quiet than formerly, never having been seen concerned in the least with liquor since that event, which was happily attended with one good effect, — to make him think more seriously upon what had happened; and no man could be of a firmer and more determined resolution than he was known to be. Not a blot, not so much as a pimple, was in his face, though maliciously given out by some as if it were all over blotted; but he is jolly and plump, though not to excess, being still agile, and fit for

undergoing toil." Again, his habits of life, as they are described at a rather later period, are very different from those of a confirmed drunkard. "He is a great economist," writes a Jacobite gentleman to Bishop Forbes, "and pays all accounts once a month at farthest. He gets up in the morning about four o'clock, takes breakfast about seven, dines at twelve on the plainest dishes, drinks tea at four, sups betwixt seven and eight, and is in his bedchamber by nine, or before it."

Doctor King, in his curious "Anecdotes of His Own Times," prefers some grave charges against Charles of ingratitude and obstinacy, of which the following appears to be the most deserving of credit: "There is one part of his character which I must particularly insist on, since it occasioned the defection of the most powerful of his friends and adherents in England, and by some concurring accidents totally blasted all his hopes and pretensions. When he was in Scotland he had a mistress, whose name is Walkenshaw, and whose sister was at that time, and is still, housekeeper at Leicester House.¹ Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him that she was acquainted with all his schemes and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known

¹ The residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in Leicester Square.

in England, all those persons of distinction who were attached to him were greatly alarmed ; they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English ministers ; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion ; wherefore they despatched a gentleman to Paris, where the prince then was, who had instructions to insist that Miss Walkenshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term. But her gallant absolutely refused to comply with this demand ; and although Mr. M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, and who has a natural eloquence and an excellent understanding, urged the most cogent reasons and used all the arts of persuasion to induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England — and, in short, that the ruin of his interest, which was now daily increasing — would be the infallible consequences of his refusal, yet he continued inflexible, and all Mr. M'Namara's entreaties and remonstrances were ineffectual. M'Namara stayed in Paris some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the prince into a better temper ; but, finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying as he passed out : ' What has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the

vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?' It is worthy of remark that, in all the conferences which M'Namara had with the prince on this occasion, the latter declared that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard, which attached him to Miss Walkenshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive."

As it is certain that about this period a remonstrance was made to Charles by his friends in England in regard to his general conduct and the life he was leading, there is probably a good deal of truth in Doctor King's statement. Still, it is natural that Charles should have felt highly indignant at being dictated to by persons whom he regarded as his own subjects; and, moreover, we must receive the whole of Doctor King's violent tirade with great caution, not only as being a mere *ex-parte* statement, but because the writer is evidently, for some reason, highly prejudiced against the unfortunate prince, of whom he had formerly been the most zealous adherent. It must be mentioned, also, that, in the written remonstrance made to Charles, there is no mention of Miss Walkenshaw. The remonstrance seems to have originated chiefly in the report of an English Jacobite abroad to the prince's friends in Britain, in which he was represented to be leading a

dissolute life, to be ungrateful and violent in his conduct, and too prone to take the advice of evil counsellors. What degree of justice there may have been in these charges, it is now difficult to ascertain; it is certain, however, that they were treated by Charles with great scorn and indignation. "Gentlemen," he writes, "I some time ago received a very surprising message, delivered in a still more surprising manner. Reason may, and I hope always shall, prevail; but my heart deceives me if threats or promises ever can. I had always determined to await events in silence or patience, and believed the advances which to your knowledge I have already made were as great as could be reasonably expected on my part. Yet the influence of well-wishers, of whose sincerity I am satisfied, has made me put pen to paper in vindication of my character, which, I understand by them, some unworthy people have had the insolence to attack, very possibly to serve some mean purpose of their own. Conscious of my conduct, I despise their low malice; and I consider it to be below my dignity to treat them in the terms they merit."

Although the French and Spanish monarchs had refused to acknowledge the prince's title of King of England, they were nevertheless desirous, from political motives, that the line of the Stuarts should be continued, and accordingly, in April, 1772, he was induced to marry the Princess

Louisa of Stolberg-Gædern, whose story will form the subject of a separate memoir. Charles was at this period in his fifty-second year, and the princess more than thirty years his junior. Their union was, in every respect, an unhappy one; and from this period it is to be feared that the conduct and habits of Charles changed considerably for the worse, and that he sought more than ever for solace from his miserable reflections in the adventitious excitement afforded by the bottle.

From the pages of different writers, who visited Italy in the lifetime of the unfortunate prince, we occasionally find some interesting particulars of him in his later years. Among others, a Mrs. Miller, the authoress of a work entitled "Letters from Italy," thus describes an interview which she had with him at Rome about the year 1775: "We were seated on a sofa, when one of the gentlemen in waiting announced the king. As there were many rooms to pass before this personage could appear, the lady of the house seized that opportunity to desire me upon no account to speak to or take the least notice of him, as it was not only what she insisted upon in her house, but that it was the Pope's desire that no stranger, particularly English, should hold any conversation with him. I assured her my principles were diametrically opposite to those of the Stuart family and their party, adding more of the like sort; but I concluded with saying that, if he spoke to

me, I could not, as a gentlewoman, refrain from answering him, considering him only in the light of a gentleman, and should treat him, as I would do any other foreigner or native, with that general civility requisite on such occasions. She still insisted upon my not answering, should he speak to me, with which I refused to comply. I think I was right; my reasons were these: I knew before, that no gentlemen of the British empire make themselves known to him, but, on the contrary, avoid it, except such as declare themselves disaffected to the present royal family; at least, so it is understood at Rome. I had also heard that he politely avoided embarrassing them by throwing himself in their way; but as I am not a man, it struck me as very ridiculous for me, a woman, not to reply to the Pretender if he spoke to me, as such a caution would bear the appearance of passing myself for being of political consequence. Added to these considerations, I had great curiosity to see him, and hear him speak. But to return. He entered, and, bowing very politely to the company, advanced to the individual sofa on which I was placed with the Duchess of Bracciano, and seated himself by me, having previously made me a particular bow, which I returned with a low curtsy. He endeavoured to enter into conversation with me, which he effected by addressing himself equally to the duchess, another lady, and myself. At last he addressed me in particular,

and asked me how many days since my arrival in Rome, how long I should stay, and several such questions. This conversation passed in French. What distressed me was how to style him. I had but a moment for reflection. It struck me that *mon prince* would not come well from me, as it might admit of a double sense in an uncandid mind. Highness was equally improper, so I hit upon what I thought a middle course, and called him *mon seigneur*. I wished to shorten the conversation, for all on a sudden he said, 'Speak English, madam.' Before I could reply, the Duchess of Monte Libretti came up and pulled me by the sleeve. I went with her to a card-table, at which she was going to play. I declined playing, not being perfect in the games; besides, you know I hate cards. At my departure, I took leave of the Duchess of Bracciano, agreeably to the custom; and the chevalier, who played at her table, officiously civil, rose up and wished me a good night.

"He is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in his face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given in to excess of drinking; but when a young man he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval. He is by no means thin; has a noble presence, and a graceful

manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with a broad gold lace. He wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo as large as the palm of my hand ; and wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him ; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics, you may be sure. This evening, after quitting the cardinal's, we were at the Princess Palestrine's conversazione, where he was also. He addressed me as politely as the evening before. The princess desired me to sit by her. She played with him. He asked me if I understood the game of tarrochi, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative ; upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards. I replied that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said, 'Here is everything in the world to be found in these cards; the sun, the moon, the stars; and here,' says he, showing me a card, 'is the Pope; here is the devil; there is but one of the trio wanting,' he added, 'and you know who that should be.' I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none, but avoided cultivating conversation as much as possible, lest he should give it a political turn.

What passed afterward was relative to some of the English manners and amusements; such as whether whist was in fashion at London, the assemblies numerous, etc. I was heartily glad when my visit was finished."

Wraxall, also, who visited Florence in 1779, has left us some interesting particulars respecting Charles, who was then resident in that city. "In 1779," he says, "Charles Edward exhibited to the world a very humiliating spectacle. At the theatre, where he appeared almost every evening, he was conducted by his domestics, who laid him on a species of sofa in the back part of his box; while the Countess of Albany, his consort, occupied the front seat during the whole performance. Count Alfieri, a man singularly eccentric in his mind, habits, and manners, whose dramatic productions have since rendered him known, her *cavaliero servente*, always attended on her in public, according to the established usages of society throughout Italy. As, for obvious reasons, English subjects could not be presented to a man who still laid claim to the British crown, no opportunity of distinctly seeing the Chevalier St. George offered itself, except across the theatre; and even there he lay concealed, as I have already observed, on account of his infirmities, rarely coming forward to view.

"Being desirous, therefore, to obtain a more accurate idea of his face and person than could be

acquired at such a distance, I took my station one evening at the head of a private staircase, near the door by which, when the performance closed, he quitted the playhouse. Previous to my leaving England in 1777, his Majesty had been pleased, at the application of Lord Robert Manners, who then commanded the third regiment of dragoon-guards, to give me a lieutenant's commission, and Lord Robert had allowed me to wear his uniform, which I had on at the time. The present General Manners, now first equerry to the king, then a cornet in his father's regiment, dressed in the same uniform, and actuated by a similiar curiosity, accompanied me. As soon as the chevalier approached near enough to distinguish the English regimentals, he instantly stopped, gently shook off the two servants who supported him, one on each side, and, taking off his hat, politely saluted us ; he then passed on to his carriage, sustained by the two attendants. As he descended the staircase, I could not help, as I looked at him, recollecting the series of dangers and escapes which he underwent or effected, for successive months, among the Hebrides after his defeat at Culloden. On the occasion just related, he wore, besides the decorations of the Order of the Garter, a velvet great-coat, which his infirm health rendered necessary, even in summer, on coming out of the theatre, and a cocked hat, the sides of which were half drawn up with gold twist. His whole figure, paralytic and

debilitated, presented the appearance of great bodily decay.”¹

It was a redeeming trait in the character of Charles, that in the wars between England and France, though it was of the utmost importance to his interests that the latter should triumph, yet he always appeared to rejoice at any victory obtained by the other. In the navy of England he took the greatest pride. When the Prince de Conti once made him a sneering speech in consequence of his having caused a medal to be struck on which was some shipping with the words, “*Amor et spes Britanniaë*,” “*Mon prince*,” he said, “*je suis l’ami de la flotte d’Angleterre contre tous ses ennemis ; comme je regarderai toujours la gloire d’Angleterre comme la mienne, et sa gloire est dans sa flotte.*”

It was another redeeming circumstance in the prince’s character, that, nearly forty years after the battle of Culloden, his eye lighted up when he spoke of his Highland campaign and the chivalrous companions of his youth, and that his emotion was even painful to behold when he reverted to the dreadful miseries they had suffered in his cause. A Mr. Greathead, a personal friend of Charles Fox, used to relate the particulars of a

¹ As early as the year 1770, Howard, “the philanthropist,” writes from Rome to a friend on the 16th of June: “The Pretender I meet in the streets ; he looks very stupid ; bends double, and is quite altered since I saw him at Paris twenty years ago.”

very curious interview he had with Charles Edward about the year 1783. By degrees he had induced the prince to speak of his expedition to Scotland, but the recollection seemed to occasion him so much mental distress that the other deeply regretted he had introduced the subject. "At length, however," we are told, "the prince seemed to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened; his face assumed unwonted animation, and he entered upon the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a distinct but somewhat vehement energy of manner; recounted his marches, his battles, his victories, his retreats, and his defeats; detailed his hairbreadth escapes in the Western Isles; the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland friends; and at length proceeded to allude to the dreadful penalties with which the chiefs among them had been visited. But here the tide of emotion rose too high to allow him to go on; his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell convulsed on the floor. The noise brought into the room his daughter, the Duchess of Albany, who happened to be in an adjoining apartment. 'Sir!' she exclaimed, 'what is this? you have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence.'"

The incident is an affecting one, that to the last Charles, in his sensual solitude, was in the habit of playing on the Highland bagpipe those

thrilling and inspiriting airs, to the sound of which he had dashed forward with his gallant chieftains at Preston and Falkirk, or danced the gay strathspey in the old halls of Holyrood. Mr. Chambers informs us that a beautiful set of pipes which belonged to him — “having the joints bound with silver, and the bag covered with silk tartan” — was lately in the possession of a gentleman residing in the south of Scotland.

Music had always been a passion of Charles. Domenico Corri, the musician, observes in his life of himself: “With Prince Charles I lived two years, during which time he kept entirely private, not seeing any one whatever, it being in the reign of the preceding Pope, who had refused to acknowledge the title he assumed. In his retired life Prince Charles employed his hours in exercise and music, of which he was remarkably fond. I usually remained alone with him every evening, the prince playing the violoncello, and I the harpsichord, also composing together little pieces of music; yet these *tête-à-têtes* were of a sombre cast. The apartment in which we sat was hung with old red damask, with two candles only, and on the table a pair of loaded pistols (instruments not at all congenial to my fancy), which he would often take up, examine, and again replace on the table; yet the manners of this prince were always mild, affable, and pleasing.”

When the separation took place between Charles

and his consort, the former — anxious to have some one connected with him by the ties of blood to share his comfortless solitude, and who would do the honours of his establishment — sent to Paris for his natural daughter, Miss Walkenshaw, who, since her childhood, had been residing in a convent in that capital. In order to ensure her a proper reception on her arrival in Italy, he created her Duchess of Albany, by which title he induced the court of Versailles to receive her, and also to award her the distinction of the *droit de tabouret*, or privilege of sitting on a stool in the presence of the Queen of France. Accordingly, on her arrival at Florence, she was treated with great distinction ; she was attended in public by her lady of honour, and was everywhere announced and received as Duchess of Albany. A person who saw her at Rome, in the winter of 1786, observes : “ She was a tall, robust woman, of a very dark complexion and coarse-grained skin, with more of masculine boldness than feminine modesty or elegance ; but easy and unassuming in her manners, and amply possessed of that volubility of tongue, and that spirit of coquetry, for which the women of the country where she was educated have at all times been particularly distinguished. Her equipage was that of the Pretender, with servants in the royal livery of Great Britain, and with the royal coronet and cipher of C. R. upon the carriage ; and she usually wore in

public the magnificent jewels of the Stuarts and Sobieskis, which had been given to her by her father and his brother, the Cardinal of York, whose conduct toward her was said to be full of affectionate attention. Although the Pretender was at that time in the last stage of a life embittered by disappointment, made comfortless by infirmity, and shortened by intemperance and debauchery, he still loved to show his once noble but then enfeebled and melancholy figure at the operas and assemblies, and to see his palace frequented by strangers of every country, with which, in times of peace, Rome usually abounds in winter; and as the English were received by the duchess with the most marked attention, there were few who had any scruples about partaking in the gaieties of a house whose master was become an object of compassion rather than of jealousy, and whose birth and misfortunes entitled him to a sort of melancholy respect."

During the last years of his life Charles resided principally at Florence, in a palace in the Via Bastiano. Some time, however, before his death, he returned to Rome, where he died in his sixty-eighth year, of an attack of palsy and apoplexy, on the 30th of January, 1788, the anniversary of the execution of his great-grandfather, Charles the First. His remains were interred with considerable pomp in the Cathedral Church of Frescati, of which his brother was bishop, but were after-

ward removed to St. Peter's at Rome, where a monument by Canova, raised, it is said, by the munificence of George the Fourth, bears the names of "James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, Kings of England." "Often, at the present day," says Lord Mahon, "does the English traveller turn from the sunny height of the Pincian, or the carnival throngs of the Corso, to gaze in thoughtful silence on that sad mockery of human greatness, and that last record of ruined hopes! The tomb before him is of a race justly expelled; the magnificent temple that enshrines it is of a faith wisely reformed; yet who at such a moment would harshly remember the errors of either, and might not join in the prayer even of that erring church for the departed exiles — *Requiescant in Pace!*" An urn, containing the heart of Charles Edward, was deposited in the Cathedral Church of Frescati, with some lines inscribed on it from the pen of the Abbate Felicé.

By his princess Charles had no issue. He was the father, however, of more than one illegitimate child by his mistress, Miss Walkenshaw,¹ one of whom only, the Duchess of Albany, appears to have survived him. By a deed, executed a short

¹ Clementina Walkenshaw, created Countess Alberstorf, was a lady of a good family in Scotland. She was alive as late as September, 1799, in which year she is mentioned in a letter from Cardinal Borgia to Sir John Hippisley as being still in receipt of an allowance of three thousand crowns a year, with which the personal estate of Cardinal York was burdened.

time before his death, and which is recorded in the Parliament of Paris, he legitimated her and constituted her his sole heir. The duchess, who is described as an amiable and accomplished person, died at Bologna, in 1789, when on a visit to the Princess Lambertine, of an abscess in her side, occasioned by a fall from a horse, about the fortieth year of her age.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOUISA, COUNTESS OF ALBANY.

Relationship of the Countess to the English Nobility — Her Manners and Disposition — Unkind Behaviour of Her Husband toward Her — Alfieri's Sonnet to Her — Escapes to a Nunnery — Takes up Her Residence with the Cardinal York — Wraxall's Character of Her — Her Death.

LOUISA MAXIMILIANA CAROLINA, Princess of Stolberg-Gædern, was born at Mons in 1752, and at the age of twenty became the wife of Charles Edward. She was granddaughter of Thomas Bruce, second Earl of Aylesbury, by which means she was nearly connected by blood with the Duke of Chandos, the Duchess of Richmond, and some of the first families in England. Lord Aylesbury, after his release from the Tower in 1688, where he had been confined for his allegiance to James the Second, had proceeded to Brussels, where he married Charlotte, Countess of Sannu, of the ancient house of Argenteau, by whom he had an only daughter, Charlotte Maria, who was married in 1722 to the Prince of Horne, one of the princes of the Empire. The issue of this marriage

Photo-etching after the painting by Humphreys.
The Countess of Albemarle.





The Countess of Albany.

Photo-etching after the painting by Humphreys.



was five children, of whom the youngest — the subject of the present memoir — became the wife of Charles Edward.

Beautiful in her person, engaging in her manners, and lively in her disposition, Louisa of Stolberg possessed all those engaging and endearing qualities which would probably have conferred happiness on a prince whose years and tastes at all assimilated with her own. With Charles Edward, however, she had no feeling in common. It is possible that, before marriage, her imagination may have been inflamed by the tale of his chivalrous exploits and romantic adventures, and that consequently she bestowed her hand with less reluctance on a man so many years older than herself. But the Charles Edward of 1772 had little in common with the young and adventurous hero of 1745. Old enough to be the father of his blooming bride, and with a mind soured by disappointment, and a body enfeebled by debauchery, it is natural that a young and high-spirited princess should have witnessed with disgust the degrading habits of her sensual lord, and that she should have sighed, in their seclusion at Albano, for those pleasures and pursuits in which she was of an age and temperament to take a keen delight.

If we are to believe the statement of Dutens, nothing could be more brutal than the prince's treatment of his young wife. Painfully jealous of

her, he is said not only to have kept her constantly in his sight, but to have locked her up whenever he was unavoidably absent from home, and even to have frequently struck her in moments of his ungovernable rage. Harsh and unfeeling as the prince's conduct unquestionably was toward his wife, the statement of Dutens must, nevertheless, be received with some caution. Charles, there can be no doubt, was an ardent admirer of his wife's beauty; and if the acts of violence referred to by Dutens were really committed, it was probably after she was known to have listened with favour to Alfieri's passionate protestations of love, and when the jealousy of Charles had consequently become painfully awakened.

Louisa and Alfieri are said to have first met about the year 1778, in the Great Gallery of Florence. On this occasion, while standing near a portrait of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, she happened to remark that she thought the costume very far from being an unbecoming one. Alfieri — the most passionate and indiscreet of poets — overheard the words, and two days afterward, to the astonishment of the Florentines, appeared publicly in the streets in a dress exactly similar to that in which the Swedish monarch was represented in the picture. It was shortly afterward that he celebrated the princess in a sonnet, entitled "A Description of my Mistress," which has been thus translated:

"Bright are the dark locks of her braided hair ;
 Grecian her brow ; its silken eyebrows brown ;
 Her eyes — oh, lover, to describe forbear !
 Life can their glance impart, and death their frown.
 Her mouth no rosebud, and no rose her cheek,
 May emulate in freshness, fragrance, hue :
 A voice so soft and sweet, to hear her speak
 Inspires delight and pleasures ever new :
 A smile to soothe all passions save despair ;
 A slight and graceful form ; a neck of snow ;
 A soft white hand, and polish'd arm as fair ;
 A foot whose traces Love delights to show.
 And with these outward charms which all adore,
 A mind and heart more pure and perfect given ;
 For thee thy lover can desire no more,
 Adorn'd by every grace and gift of Heaven."

The attentions paid by Alfieri to the princess, and the enamoured poet's undisguised admiration of her beauty, led to fresh acts of harshness, if not of cruelty, on the part of Charles, and to his watching her movements with increased vigilance. At length, eager at all hazards to escape from the miserable mode of life she was leading, she applied to Alfieri — her lover and her friend — to devise the means for effecting her release. The persons whom the poet selected to be his accomplices were the Signior Orlandini and his wife, who appear to have cheerfully entered into his views. On the 9th of December, 1780, at the suggestion of Alfieri, the signora invited the princess to inspect the works of some nuns in a neighbouring con-

vent. The invitation was accepted, and while Charles, whose progress was retarded by his bodily infirmities, ascended at his leisure the flight of steps which led to the door of the building, Orlandini escorted the princess and his wife to the entrance, where, as had previously been arranged with the nuns, they were immediately admitted. Orlandini then returned to meet the prince, whom he found panting up the stairs. "These nuns," said the former, "are very unmannerly, — they shut the door in my face, and would not let me enter with the ladies." To this Charles replied, unconcernedly, that he would soon make them open it. However, he soon found himself mistaken. After knocking at the door for some time, the abbess at length made her appearance, and coldly informed him that the princess had taken refuge there, and could not be disturbed. On receiving this intimation, Charles is said to have flown into a violent paroxysm of rage ; but at length, finding all his clamours and entreaties of no avail, he was induced to withdraw himself, and never saw his wife again.

After a short residence in the convent, the princess sought and found an asylum in the house of her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, at Rome, where she resided for some time under the protection of the Pope. Alfieri, notwithstanding the frequent remonstrances of Charles, was allowed by the cardinal to have free access to her, for which

the latter was much blamed at the time. As it is impossible, however, to believe that so virtuous and right-minded a prelate could have consented to become an accessory to his brother's shame, we must come to the conclusion, either, as has been confidently asserted, that there was nothing of criminality in the intercourse between Louisa and Alfieri, or else that the lovers had succeeded in duping the cardinal into that belief.

Wraxall has bequeathed us the following interesting notice of the princess, with whom he was personally acquainted. "Louisa of Stolberg," he says, "merited a more agreeable partner, and might herself have graced a throne. When I saw her at Florence, though she had been long married, she was not quite twenty-seven years of age. Her person was formed on a small scale : she had a fair complexion, delicate features, and lively as well as attractive manners. Born Princess of Stolberg-Gædern, she excited great admiration on her first arrival from Germany ; but in 1779 no hope of issue by the chevalier could be any longer entertained, and their mutual infelicity had attained to such a height that she made various ineffectual attempts to obtain a separation. The French court may indeed be censured, in the eye of policy, for not having earlier negotiated and concluded the Pretender's marriage, if it was desired to perpetuate the Stuart line of claimants to the English crown. When Charles Edward es-

poused the Princess of Stolberg, he had passed his fiftieth year, was broken in constitution, and debilitated by excesses of many kinds. Previous to his decease, she quitted Italy, and finally established herself at Paris. In the year 1787 I have passed the evening at her residence, the Hôtel de Bourgogne, situate in the Faubourg St. Germain, where she supported an elegant establishment. Her person then still retained many pretensions to beauty, and her deportment, unassuming but dignified, set off her attractions. In one of the apartments stood a canopy, with a chair of state, on which were displayed the royal arms of Great Britain; and every piece of plate, down to the very teaspoons, was ornamented in a similar manner. Some of the more massive pieces, which were said to have belonged to Mary of Modena, James the Second's queen, seemed to revive the extinct recollections of the revolution of 1688. A numerous company, both English and French, was assembled under her roof, by all of whom she was addressed only as Countess d'Albany; but her own domestics, when serving her, invariably gave her the title of Majesty. The honours of a queen were in like manner paid her by the nuns of all those convents in Paris which she was accustomed to visit on certain holidays or festivals."

After the death of her husband, in 1788, there is every reason to believe that the princess was secretly married to Alfieri, with whom she lived

till the death of the poet in 1803. Her residence was chiefly in Paris, till the breaking out of the French Revolution, when she repaired to England, where she not only found protection, but had a pension of two thousand a year conferred on her by George the Third. Some years after the death of Alfieri, Louisa is said to have formed a secret marriage with his friend, Francis Xavier Fabre, a French historical painter, whom she constituted her sole executor. Some doubt, however, has been thrown on the fact.

The princess passed the last years of her life at Florence, where she died on the 29th of January, 1824, at the age of seventy-two.

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